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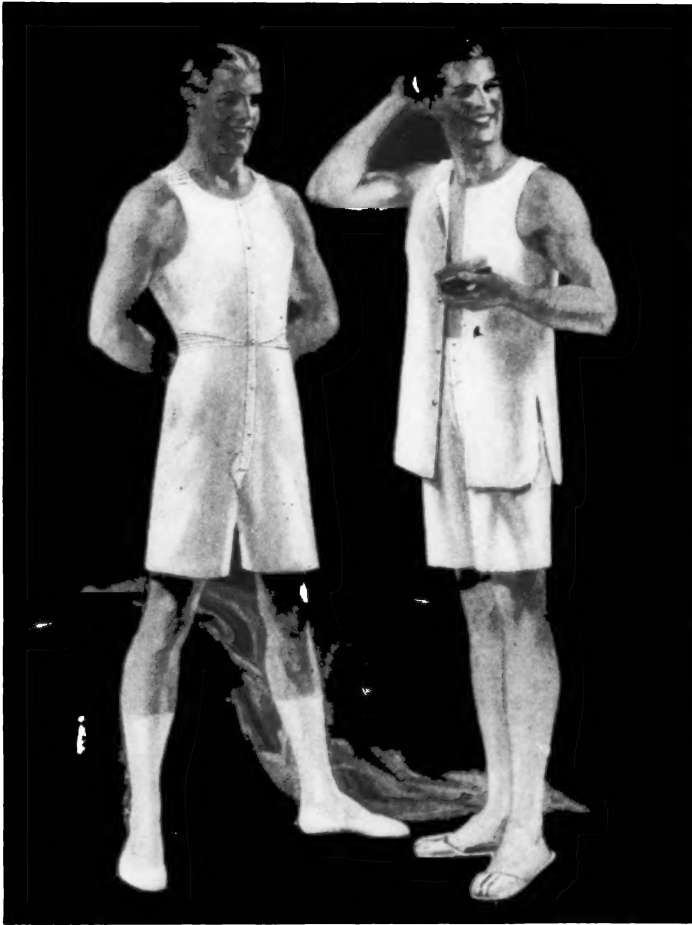
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JULY, 1925
VOL. 53, No. 1

Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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*The vivid drama of an adventurer's interference
in a native ceremony as old as the hills of Burma*

When the Red Star Rises

by
George Worts



Carriban drew her lithe body irresistibly forward. "Thou wilt learn not to jest," he said.

THE bazaar of Taung Byone hummed with mirth: the lovesick sahib had returned!

A strikingly tall man he was, measured by men of a race famously tall, lean and rangey and hard-fibered, with the boiled skin of a T.T.T., the refined, sensitive lips of a lonely sufferer, the jaundiced, searching eye of a water-fever victim—and the look of a man who got what he went after. There, they romantically called Maung Ho "Mr. Yonder." In more orderly parts of the world, such as Rangoon and Singapore, he was Carriban—Daniel J. Carriban, a number-one teakwood man and an American.

Carriban was conversing with Ma So at her tiny dais-like stall, where *iguana's* eggs, *leh-pot* and fish paste of assorted grades and robust odors were temptingly displayed for sale.

He spoke the ardent, caressing hill-talk with no hesitancy. The girl, lovely even under the saffron layer of scented *thanka* powder, studied him insolently.

"I leave before the side of the new moon," Carriban was saying. "I am a rich man and—without thee I will die."

The girl's swimming, oblique eyes gleamed with mirth.

"Any craving that is unfilled is a condition of sorrow. The world is a strange place—and thou art mad."

"A madness all of thy making," the red-faced giant declared with passion. Twelve years of Burma had sapped little of Carriban's ant-like energy. The toll had been taken in subtler ways. The thirsty suns, the monotonous rains, the fevers, the isolation, had sucked from his brain the cooling juices of deliberation. He

had become the tool of his desires. No jungle leaves a white man intact. But he was going soon—as soon as he could persuade this maddening girl to accompany him.

"Thy cheek is more beautiful than the dawn, Ma So. Thine eyes are deeper than the river pools. Thy hair when loosened upon thy shoulders is as night coming over the hills."

Ma So's young lips bubbled with laughter, and her eyes glowed with impudence and delight.

"I have heard that song."

Ma So was seventeen. Her eyes and hair were as black as the blackest thing in the world and her skin was the color of fresh rice straw in the sunlight. She was a Kachin; slim, small, exquisitely made. A *tamein* of orange and indigo checks was bound tightly about her round breasts and slender limbs. A maroon kerchief was draped across her shoulders. Her voluptuous slimness had lured many, but it had never driven a man to the pitch of this one.

"It is another man!" he guessed.

"Thou art a Yahanda," she laughed, "possessed of the six kinds of wisdom! Maung Ho, this was all talked out before the mango showers—"

"I'll steal thee, if need be!" Carriban threatened.

She swept her cheeks with lacey black lashes.

"May I sell thee some *pying-po*? Truly, it is from Gaung! Ah—why does the sahib pester a fatherless, motherless girl?" She laughed into his bloodshot eyes of blue. "What can the sahib see in poor Ma So, ugliest of all the bazaar girls?"

The white man's teeth flashed in a grin. "Who in these hills has thy skin of amber and ivory?"

"Aie! Who has my glide of the elephant?"

"Thy form is graceful as a young tree!"

"Hai-yah! My voice of the bird-that-beats-on-gold!"

"Thy palms like lotus blossoms!"

"My hair of burned rice stalks!"

"Ma So, thou art the most beautiful in Taung Byone. The girls of Taung Byone, are the most beautiful in Burma. And the girls of Burma are the most beautiful in the world. I would see the world at thy feet, Ma So."

"See me when the Red Star rises," she mocked the ardor in his tones. "Look, thou. Every eye in the bazaar is upon us. Art thou without shame?"

"When the Red Star rises?"

She laughed again. "See! Shee Dama has new *tameins*, all of silk, both warp and woof—"

"Thou shalt have silk and ivory, pearls and gold and jade—"

"Ho! Liberality is chief among the ten great virtues. It is the second of the three works of perfection. It is the absolute soul of the Five Renouncements!"

"When the Red Star rises?" he repeated sternly and wrapped brown tendons about her soft wrist.

"I was just jesting, sahib."

CARRIBAN drew her lithe body irresistibly forward seeming to sweep her into the flow of a limitless attraction.

"Thou wilt learn not to jest," he said. And when her face, distorted with grimaces, was near, he kissed her on the breathing mouth. In Ma So's village *betel*-chewing was taboo. Her unsoiled lips, slender and vibrant as the sappanwood bows of the Moosars, were quivering when he released her. She rubbed them roughly with the back of one olive hand and spat into the dirt.

Ma So was voiceless with fury.

"The fragrance of flowers is refreshing," he taunted her, "and the sweetness of sugarcane brings satiety, but the cool lips of a beautiful maiden never pall."

"Thou art a lizard that feeds on bats," she shrilled.

"Thou art fairer in anger than a mallflower when the dripping dew from its petals perfumes the forest," he sighed. "A thing so small as a kiss has awakened thee, I am no *Pongyi*. In the Lawakanadi it is said that monks are beautiful when they are lean; four-footed animals when they are fat; men when they are learned, and women when—"

"*Gekkol*!" Ma So screamed and thumped her chest with her fists. "Thou art a red-eyed *Bilu* and cast no shadow!"

Carriban lighted a white cheroot ten inches in length and fondled her with melancholy desireful eyes.

Fat, crippled Ma Hien, in the abutting stall, leaned weakly on a heap of flowered Manchester turbans that Ah Lok, the Chinese peddler, had brought in his boat from Rangoon, and cackled.

"They are to each other as burning poison falling to a man's eyes!" she announced and wiped tears.

Ma So recovered her dignity sufficiently to inform her neighbor that her ancestors had rooted for insects with their noses. There were red and yellow hedge-flowers in Ma So's coiled black hair, and white maid-o'-the-nights nestling like stars in the waves falling in lapets by her ears, and she arranged them now with lovely angry gestures.

"Bride of a *nal*!" jeered the old woman.

"When the Red Star rises, beloved?" Carriban murmured, ignoring her.

The girl snatched the cheroot from his mouth and crushed it under her sandals, then spat at him.

The American left the bazaar for the hot flood of sunlight with whitely compressed lips.

At midnight Carriban lay flat on his belly under a toddy-palm on a hilltop, feasting his sick man's eyes on the waves of candlelight beating upward to the stars from the valley of the Irriwaddi. Beneath him lay the village of Taung Byone. Like a veil that had no beginning and no end, the waxen smoke from the candles and lamps and torches ascended, through the windless air until sky and earth were welded.

The hillsides rippled red with light and the river was a coiling, sluggish, fiery serpent, gliding goldenly down its bed. The lent of the Buddhists was over and villages all along the great stream were setting adrift tonight tiny rafts each supporting an oil lamp, thousands from a single village, until the Irriwaddi from Bhamo to China-Buckeer was a blazing path of fealty to Shin-Upago, the river Buddha who dwells in the mud at the bottom.

The valley at Taung Byone owed its radiance to still another god, a superior diety-*nat* of all *nats*, king of all the spirits of evil—the *nat* king, Min Magayi. The people of the upper Irriwaddi valley are devil-worshippers, these devils, or *nats* inhabit trees, rivers, cattle, serpents, the very air! Min Magayi is king of all these *nats*—devils. And once in five years from the unmarried girls of Taung Byone a bride for the king of the devils is selected by means of a competitive dance. Fantastic ceremonies precede the dance. The girl who dances longest automatically becomes Min Magayi's bride. The bride of the king of the devils is a bride in spirit only. She does not change her way of living in the slightest. Five years later another bride is proffered to a greedy, invisible, all-powerful Min Magay; a bride whom he never, at least visibly, claims. To be a bride of Min Magayi is the greatest honor that can fall to a girl of Taung Byone; it makes her eminently desirable in the eyes of the young men of the village.

Twice before tonight Daniel Carriban had witnessed the dance that no unbeliever is permitted to behold, lying flat on his belly under the toddy-palm, trembling to the passion of music so unholy that the Yunnanese across the mountains have coined a proverb to express their envious disapproval of it. To the barbaric music of the *patma*, the *ya-gwin* and the gourds, the bride candidates, made sleepless and agonized by *leh-pet*, or pickled tea, abandoned themselves to the dance on the little square of pounded dirt far below him—little tufts of bright-hued rags, they seemed from that height, flipped and jerked by strings.

A hog, if permitted near the compound, so Carriban had heard, would cause the bride candidates to swoon in numbers, for Min Magayi had been in one of his incarnations a Mohammedan! And the presence of an unbeliever would drive the furious *nat*-king back to Toth-

ite, the *nat* hell-heaven, and the sacrifices of five years would have been made in vain.

Light from the clusters and mounds, the banks and fields, of candles blazed into the rising tallow smoke and was diffused until the surrounding hills were bathed in sunset.

Carriban sank his teeth in a cold cheroot, grinned and waited.

THE Taung Byone bazaar had closed that night not to reopen until sanity should return to the valley. Ma So, balancing upon her small head a vermilion lacquer basket containing all her wares, hastened to the bamboo and thekke-grass hut on the river where she and a widowed relative resided.

She glided sedately along the river path, giving a generous margin to such trees as were known to harbor *nats* of the lower order. She paused in the *ymason* to lay a hedge-flower out of her hair on the *nat* shrine. A wizened old man crouching beside it peered at her from half-blind eyes and childishly droned the Kachin blessing.

"Thou hast a knowledge of thy past life. Thou art a rosebud fairy, a *barani*, a daughter of *nats*. Meditate deeply on the nature of mind and matter, of Nam, and Rupa of Seit and Sedatheit, of Thissa and Zan."

Ma So tossed him a stick of purple rice from her basket and went happily on.

An hour later Ma So had no more soul than a cobra. Upon an empty stomach she had thrust mouthfuls of pickled tea, which is calculated to set every nerve in the body to sparkling, every cell in the brain aflame, every fiber of muscle afire. She decorated the cocoanut shell hanging from a peg on the southern roof-post with new tags of crimson and yellow silk, in honor of thirty-seven varieties of *nats*; she painted upon her low, wide forehead a few round dots in triangular formation with the "drug of tenderness"—vermilion paste mixed with ground herbs and pulverized lizard skin—and she changed to her most alluring *lamein*, a garment of stiff and glassy apple-green silk from the hand-loom at Mandalay.

All the maidens of Taung Byone were likewise girding for the dance, but none had more confidence. Had a single day come and gone in the past five years whereon she had not made devout offerings to Min Magayi and his disciples, the Royal Elder Brother and the Royal Younger Brother? Had not Daniel Carriban, who had seen enough of the world to know, quoted from the Kachin Song of Songs to prove that nowhere existed one more beautiful than she? Closer than a mirror to the image it contains was Ma So to the realization of her rare perfection! Let the answer be given by Min Magayi. Let Min Magyai permit her to dance just a little longer than the other girls!

In a corner of the compound where the competitive dance would soon begin an earthen jug painted with the figure of a *Bilu*, the fiend who devours men, had been placed. At sunset a former bride of Min Magayi—now an earthly mother, but proud, of three fat brown sons—solemnly demolished the jug with a club.

Pickled tea, taken upon young empty stomachs, was accomplishing its exhilarating ends. Maidens who would dance tonight shifted from tingling foot to tingling foot. Fragments of song and ululations of excitement came to Ma So as she pinned the ends of the green *tamein* together. The tinkle of small cymbals was obliterated by the clashing of *ya-gwins*, or large cymbals, the croaking of the "alligator," a banjo and the measured grunting of the *patma*, which resembles the tom-tom of India, but is longer and louder and imperative beyond belief.

The stars had swallowed the afterglow when Ma So, shivering and reeling with pickled tea, emerged from her hut, but the stars were hardly visible through the rising candle smoke. The light was spreading up both slopes of the valley like the patches on the cheeks of a man suddenly stricken with fever, and the Irriwaddi with its lamp rafts had become a tongue of yellow licking flame.

A GIRL was already whirling about the compound with hands above her head, bare feet lifting and falling and slithering in rhythm with the indecent *tum-tum tumpa tum* of the *patma*. The crowd of men and boys was densest about the musicians; the matrons and old women sat on mats about the other three sides and philosophically smoked green cheroots boiled in palm sugar.

One of the musicians freed a shriek from a varnished gourd; and Ma So leaped into the compound with a shrill, long yell, and the yell was caught up and flung from voice to voice until the candles rippled and danced.

The square of pounded dirt came suddenly alive with dancing olive-skinned girls—little saffron-faced ghosts in *tameins* of orange and crimson, purple and yellow, blue and green—flinging themselves about, swaying, hopping from foot to foot, gliding without meaning, never touching—a blurred, heaving mass of colors, as if a rainbow had collapsed and lay in writhing folds.

There would be no rest for the bride candidates of Min Magayi. A girl who swooned from over-excitement—or over-indulgence in pickled tea—might rise and dance again, but her swooning was not a propitious sign; it was symbolic of some *nat*'s displeasure. They would dance on through the night and on into the new day and so on through another night—those who did not succumb to fatigue and the poisons of excitement and pickled tea, drop-

ping one by one until one alone remained—the appointed bride of Min Magayi.

From time to time the spirit of some *nat* entered the body of one of the madly dancing maidens. She would scream, and a place would be made for her to dance a little more madly, a little more wildly, than the others.

The hour of the Red Star was at hand—one hour beyond midnight—when such a ghost entered the wiggling, perspiring body of Ma So. Space was made for her solo, and Ma So, with the apple-green *tamein* whipping like a sheet of green flame about her slim figure, spun and leaped and trotted.

And suddenly the *patma* stopped grunting, the little silvery cymbals and the clanging *ya-gwins* and the "alligator" all became still. A low sigh, like the coming of a wind, rose up from the assemblage. A mist of cold horror laid icy drops beside the hot ones on Ma So's powdered face. Her whirlings ceased and she gazed with all the others, toward the hillside, where the candles—tier upon tier—sent their pale smoke up to the stars.

Something was descending the hillside, moving downward amongst the candles with slow and measured tread. The earth seemed to jar with awful vibrations. The figure of a man stepped forth into the unflickering golden glare with folded arms, lips turned back in a set grin.

The face of the towering figure was vermilion; the hands were vermilion; the teeth were black; the eyelids were blue, as legends older than the hills had said. A *paso* of scarlet silk extended from chin to clinking metal sandals.

In dreadful silence the *nat* of all the *nats*, the king of all the spirits of evil, the ruler of hell-heaven, clinked down the wide path that was made for him. He strode down upon the compound where the bride candidates in attitudes of frozen terror waited. Never before had Min Magayi come to Taung Byone in person. His baleful spirit pervaded the houses; his horrid presence was acknowledged when unexplainable deaths occurred; when crops were lost; when tragedy in any form stalked in the land; but until this night, as far back as legends extended, he had never made himself visible.

A profound and icy silence welcomed the vermilion specter. None dared move. To escape Min Magayi was to escape the very earth, for his spirit haunted the river, the grains of dirt, the trees, the very roofs. All stared spellbound, for at any minute, the king of the *nats* might evaporate into a puff of silver smoke, or change his form to that of the elephant, the cobra, the hornet, the hawk—or the fluttering petal of a rose!

The metal sandals of the red monster clanked upon the compound. The candlelight danced upon his black teeth. He moved with the stiff precision of a machine. *Clink—clink—clink!*



One of the musicians freed a shriek from a varnished gourd, and Ma So leaped into the compound with a shrill, long yell.

A path cleaved generously for him as he advanced. Without turning his head, without so much as glancing to one side or the other, he strode to Ma So. Slowly he unfolded his arms. A vermilion finger pointed.

Ma So screamed and slid fainting to the hard-packed dirt.

Min Magayi lifted her lightly in his arms. Her head fell backward upon his wrist, and her black hair cascaded in an inky banner to the hem of the scarlet gown.

THERE was no sound but that of the hurrying river and the burning candles while Min Magayi carried his bride along the path down which he had come, or, until, far beyond the candles, in a cluster of palms at the crest of the hill, the vermilion apparition was lost to sight. Then a moan rose up and became a throbbing scream—the voice of Ma So's bereft relative and a thousand others.

At the hilltop, with the candlelight flooding the vermilion countenance above her, Ma So opened her eyes.

"It is—only thou!" she gasped. Ma So began to scream, but her voice was a drop in a cup filled to the brim with screams. She became breathless and limp with fear. "How didst thou dare?"

"A man burning with passion," Carriban calmly responded, "follows the undulations of a thought."

"Thou *nat*!"

Carriban laughed and kissed her. "Thou bride."

"All Burma will echo of this, sahib! A million eyes will be watching. Look, thou!"

The white man glanced into the valley. Men were running about with torches. A thin serpent of light was creeping up the hillside.

Carriban placed Ma So upon her feet, snatched a cloth-covered bundle from the ground, and jerked her after him into the darkness toward the east without pausing to change from the disguise with which he had so cleverly impersonated the king of the devils.

Pursuit there may have been, but Carriban was untroubled by it. They traveled through the night, and dawn found them high in the Karen hills, far from any village. Carriban's destination was Chengmai, a town that the Kachins call Zimme, in the valley of Me Ping and linked by railroad with the seaport town of Bangkok. As far as the misty blue mountain chain where Burma became Siam, the trail from Taung Byone to Chengmai was familiar to Carriban. Beyond that line no white man dared penetrate. There the Moosars, a tribe of copper-bronze aborigines, dwelled in their bamboo villages silhouetted like spiders against the mountain sky; a tribe with a fifty-word vocabulary, the habits of higher apes, and a deadly skill in

the placing of poisoned darts and arrows.

With the certainty of a jungle wallah Carriban followed the faint trails toward the Moosar hills, presently traveling by day and resting by night, as the danger of pursuit diminished. Ma So's attitude was unforgiving, sullen and, by fits, savage. In him surely a *nat* had taken residence. And as her hatred and fear of him increased his delight in her grew likewise.

The redness of the new moon awed her, it was an evil omen. And the jungles, lying between the hills, filled her with dread. They were denser than any she had known. She awoke one night screaming with fear of a nearby mahogany tree. From the foliage came slow, intermittent flashes of lavender-green. The cause was fireflies—countless fireflies in a cluster. But to Ma So the tree was the abode of a *nat*, who signaled a dire warning.

Her eyes became large and lusterless. Her body lost its roundness and softness. Her loveliness flickered, and at the end of some days of halting progress up precipitous slopes or through rank swampy forests, she resembled an old woman. She was an automaton dragging her feet wearily along the trails and speaking only when Carriban forced her to. Her terrified belief that a *nat* had entered him would not yield. To the end it did not yield.

In the lower jungles death had only to be reached out and grasped. Cobras lurked at the fringe of every swamp and stream. Pythons swung from the trees. Spotted forehead snakes, russel vipers and kreit adders scuttled from underfoot. Royal tigers, cheetahs and black panthers roamed these jungles; elephant-leeches dropped down silently from trees. At night she feared them more than the prowling animals. Men had been fastened upon in their sleep by these giant leeches and in the morning were bloodless, lifeless sacks of skin draped upon skeletons.

ONE day they entered the land of the Moosars, and Carriban made his preparations. There was vermilion skin paste and black teeth stain in his bundle, and he disguised himself again as Min Magayi, for the fountain-head of devil-worship was the Moosars.

Presently ape-men with coppery skin and matted blue-black hair were peering from the brush at the towering vermilion figure and the Kachin girl in the torn *tamein* who stumbled along behind him. Carriban did not see them, but he heard their stealthy gliding, and knew when their numbers were swelled. It was Ma So, rather than himself, for whom he feared, for Ma So was obviously, pathetically, human.

At noon he came upon a crude basket of offering—fruit, nuts, and sun-dried meat.

On their third day in the Moosar country he glimpsed a face shining like old weathered copper through the trees. Beady black eyes

glittered with terror, and the face vanished.

Hour after hour, as long as the light held, he strode up hill and down, with his arms folded upon his breast, his head back, his lips in a set grin upon the blackened teeth.

And suddenly the softly rolling hills of Siam were before him. In another day the Moosars would be left behind, and they would enter the land of the Llwas, the iron smelters, a friendly hospitable people, where they could rest and secure canoes and guides.

Ma So apathetically followed him, her eyes always on the ground. She stumbled and fell frequently, and sometimes would lie perfectly still for minutes at a time, seeming hardly to breathe, resting on hands and knees with her head hanging down between her shoulders, her black hair sprayed upon the ground. The impudent and beautiful bride candidate of Min Magayi was gone. In her place was a gaunt, hollow-eyed woman, indifferent to her fate.

The rounded hills of Siam, misted by the breath of innumerable swamps and muddy streams, greeted them from a thicket.

When they started down the hills, Ma So stumbled and fell. Carriban with folded arms and bared teeth, stared indifferently beyond

her at a purple moth fluttering away through the trees. He waited with godlike patience. Ma So did not stir. She lay as she had fallen, her face upward, her coiled black hair pillowing her head, her arms extended on either side of her, her eyes staring through a rift in the trees at a patch of blue sky above her.

Carriban became uneasy. The trees behind him and on either side made a rustling sound. With fixed grin and folded arms he stared at the giant moth, his heart sick with dread.

He dropped his eyes to the tattered green *tamein*, and then to her hands.

He stalked majestically toward her.

"Ma So!"

Her eyes remained fixed on the patch of blue sky.

Carriban dropped to his knees.

"Ma So! Ma So! Without thee—"

Still kneeling, he gathered her into his arms, knowing even as he did so that he invited death. For the king of all the devils would never stoop to touch a dying human.

The bushes about him were still for a time, as the truth stole slowly upon the copper-skinned watchers. And suddenly the air was angrily shrill with released arrows.

Gipsy Lass

by Faith Baldwin

LOVE caught me in a golden net
All scented rose and rue,
Love lured me to a little house,
And set me tasks to do.

I bake and sweep and sew a seam
And keep the hearth-flame bright,
And lie against my lover's breast
All through the starry night.

But, oh, the trails I once have roamed
Beyond this sheltered spot,
With high winds beating in my face
Where harborage was not!

I look from out my window pane
To Hills of Far Away,
My feet grow weary for the roads
Beyond the break of day.

But—Love has such imploring eyes,
I could not quench their light . . .
And so I bake and sweep and sew,
And lie awake at night!

America's Most Arrested Man

Edwin Brown has been repeatedly jailed as a vagrant in most of the big cities. Why he leaves a comfortable home to ride the rods and sleep in hobo "flops" with the down-and-outs

by Lee Shippey

A FEW weeks ago a decent-appearing gentleman with white hair, dressed in quiet good taste, registered under the name of Brown at one of the best hotels in Los Angeles. It had been years since he had visited that bustling city, and he was a stranger to practically every soul there. He went up to his hotel room, made a few changes in his clothes, and walked out through the lobby in a long overcoat, unnoticed even by the real estate salesman. When he checked his overcoat at a little tobacco store in a side street, the cigar clerk's eyes bulged. Underneath that fine coat were the dingy frayed clothes of a man who hadn't a dime. The very odor of poverty was on them.

As he drifted slowly down the street his gait and carriage seemed to have changed slightly with his appearance. He did not go with the broken-spirited shuffle of the out-and-out "bum," but there was all about him the slight vagueness, the half-hesitant manner of the itinerant worker who is broke. And so he was.

He wandered about the streets a while and, finally, with unfeigned weariness, sat down in a doorway. But not for long. A policeman routed him out, rapping his club sharply on the sole of an extended foot.

"Hey! Move on."

"Where to? I've nowhere to go and I'm broke."

"Why don't you go to the Salvation Army? They'll give you a bed."

"It costs twenty-five or thirty-five cents to get a bed there, and I haven't a dime."

The policeman hesitated. Brown thrilled. He was about to be arrested again. But the patrolman disappointed him.

"You look pretty old and decent to be taken down in the wagon," he said. "Besides, the jail's full already. You better go around to one of the missions. There's a couple of 'em will give you a flop for nothing—if they ain't too full."

He directed Brown, with rough kindness, and went on, swinging his club. Brown hurried to the nearest mission. It was so crowded that two hundred men were sleeping on the floor and across chairs in a place not too big for fifty. The floor was drafty—had to be for ventilation—yet the air was foul. Half a dozen men in the crowd seemed to be consumptive and were constantly coughing and expectorating.

Brown was taken in hospitably. The mission was doing its best. It was an unusually cold night for Los Angeles, with rain threatening, and they weren't going to turn any one away as long as they could squeeze him in. Brown was offered a place on the floor between a boy who seemed to have a fever and a filthy man whose face suggested the first stages of smallpox.

Brown didn't stay. He has had plenty of experiences like that in the past, and is getting a little old for that sort of thing. He returned to the hotel and a plump wallet which he had checked in the hotel safe. But the next day he called on Mayor Cryer and told him of his experiences. It was a long talk, but it paid for it bore fruit.

"Mr. Mayor," he concluded, "every city in America ought to have a municipal lodging house, such as New York City and Buffalo have where moneyless men and moneyless women can go. The first thing every applicant gets is a germicidal bath. Next comes medical examination, and the sick are separated from the well. Then they are given clean nightclothes and sent to sleep in clean, comfortable beds in well-ventilated dormitories, while their clothes are being fumigated. Next morning, after a good square breakfast, a man or woman who is broke can go out to look for honest work with a stout heart and no grudge of any kind against society.

"I have associated intimately with tramps from coast to coast, and have been thrown into

[Continued on page 163]



From this comfortable fireside at his ranch home, Arlee Lodge, in Colorado, Edwin A. Brown goes forth as a "side-door pullman tourist" in a typical vagrant's costume. He has suffered every kind of hardship and danger that a tramp encounters.



Helen Wainwright, nineteen-year-old swimming star, caught in mid-air by the camera as she does a graceful swan dive. Miss Wainwright is the American girl selected to attempt the difficult English Channel swim this summer



Charlotte Boyle Clune and Ethelda Bleibtry are photographed doing the double-oar stroke. As a young girl, Miss Bleibtry was seriously handicapped by curvature of the spine



Louis de B. Handley, instructor of the Women's Swimming Association of New York, is largely responsible for the brilliant records of most of our American girl aquatic stars.

A School for Swimming Stars

The spectacular success of our record-breaking women swimming and diving stars is the result of the superior training of the members of the Women's Swimming Association. The girl athletes are taught expert watermanship in a school of their own

by W. O. McGeehan

THE team of American girl swimmers furnished the real sensation of the last Olympic Games. It was not altogether the fact that they won all of the points in the aquatic events for women and helped to pile up the grand total of the American victory. Their comeliness, their glowing health, their charming lack of self-consciousness impressed the observers from all the other countries of the world.

They were displaying a new type of young womanhood. All members of the team seemed to conform to a type. It was a type that spoke well for the future of the race being developed in the new world. The admiration they excited was not altogether masculine. French women watched with envy these girls playing in the water like Naiads and walking about with the free stride of young boys.

The swimming events for the women of the countries entered for the Olympic Games made all observers think. Every event was won by American girls and every point went to swell the grand total of the United States. Here was something worth observing and worth investigating. Aside from Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and the British tennis and golf players, Europe seemed to have no women athletes. There were women who looked well in bathing cos-

THIS summer a nineteen-year-old American girl is trying to swim the English Channel. Only three powerful men swimmers have ever finished the terrific battle with the benumbing cold water, the tricky currents, choppy waves and baffling tides. Yet this girl, Helen Wainright, or her alternate, Gertrude Ederle, confidently expects to lower by two hours the present Channel record of sixteen-and-a-half hours. Behind these two girls stands one of the most remarkable athletic organizations in this country—and one of the most unique coaches. It is a fascinating story of the remarkable club which has done so much to make swimming for women a spectacular success in so short a time. The coach who is responsible is Louis de B. Handley.

tumes at Ostend or Deauville, but they were not what really could be called swimmers.

This victory for American girlhood started one question after another. How was this team of new Naiads developed? Were they the pick of a country that bred young superwomen? How did they learn to swim? How long did it take to train them and to bring them to this point?

There was a quiet, powerfully built man always with the swimming girls who could have answered

all of these questions and the thousands of others that came into the minds of the spectators. But he had very little to say about his part in the development of swimming as an exercise and sport for women or his part in coaching the girl swimmers who furnished the most impressive and decorative feature of the Olympic Games. He was Louis de B. Handley, amateur coach of the American women's swimming team and at present instructor for the Women's Swimming Association of New York, which furnished nearly all of the members of the Olympic team.

The "man behind" is an all-around athlete whose favorite sport is swimming. At one time he held many swimming records. Then came the younger men and the development of the swimming strokes for greater speed and for

speed better sustained over the distances. Mr. Handley saw his old records fall and took to water polo as a sport and to coaching as a vocation. Here is a little story that shows you how much swimming means to him: Some years ago they held a medley race consisting of a mile of running, a mile of horseback riding, a mile of bicycle riding and in fact a mile of every method of locomotion, ending with a mile of swimming. This was won by Mr. Handley.

"I was wishing all the time," he said, "that it had all been swimming. I would sooner swim a few miles than walk them any day. It is much easier."

Finland, a country which makes of athletics almost a religion, found out who Louis Handley was in a very short space of time. Finland is altogether satisfied with what Finnish training methods have done for the country's male athletes. But before Mr. Handley left Europe he was offered a position by the Finnish Government to teach the girls of Finland his swimming methods. Finland was envious of the American swimmers, as were all of the other countries with the physical well-being of their peoples at heart.

The Finns do not envy our Jack Dempsey or our Babe Ruth. These athletic types they do not know and do not understand. But they do envy us our Helen Wainwrights and our Gertrude Ederles. They are certain that the stock that produced Paavo Nurmi could produce women athletes of the type of our leading swimmers. And they are right. Any race could produce them with the proper training.

This athletic development is comparatively new in the United States. It has been going on hardly ten years. Yet already many of these girl swimmers have been on two Olympic teams and have always been victorious.

With the rotogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers full of pictures of American girl swimming champions, it is hard to remember that the very idea of distance swimming women is not more than ten years old. Now there is no need to indicate how zest for swimming on the part of women has grown. When the waters of the north become too cool they play in and out among the coral reefs of Florida or Bermuda, or venture out even farther where the tarpon and the sailfish play.

Swimming an Ideal Exercise

It is no longer necessary to argue about the value of swimming as an exercise for women. There are sufficient living proofs in Helen Wainwright, Aileen Riggin, Charlotte Boyle Clune, Ethelda Bleibtry, Gertrude Ederle, Ethel McGary and a score of others who are constantly breaking swimming records for women.

Of course one reason for this lies in the short time since women have really taken to swimming. Sometimes records are broken before there is time to enter them as records. Will

the women swimmers ever equal the records of the men?

"No," says Mr. Handley firmly but with a note of regret in his voice. Though his work is coaching women, he does not think that they can go that far. They have not the physical energy of the men and the conformation of the feminine hips forms a drag that hampers the speed of the woman swimmer and would hold her back even if she had the driving power of her male competitor.

Women Handicapped by Physique

You will recollect that even the fabled mermaid born to the water had a fulness of the hips. The body of the male human tapers toward his toes as the body of the fish tapers toward the tail. Even a fish with a fulness at the hips, if a fish had hips, would turn out to be a slow-swimming fish.

But in spite of all this, one woman swimmer will attempt this year to excel the greatest feat accomplished by a male swimmer, the swimming of the English Channel. She must have considerable hope of success, or Mr. Handley would not be giving his approval to the venture.

Miss Helen Wainwright, a nineteen-year-old girl, has been selected to make this attempt in the name of the Women's Swimming Association of New York, with Miss Gertrude Ederle for an alternate in the event that anything should happen to dissuade Miss Wainwright from the attempt.

The influence that put swimming for women on the map and the women swimmers of the United States all over it can be traced to this Women's Swimming Association of New York, which was formed from the former Women's Life-Saving League of Brooklyn. It started as a swimming club for business girls, swimming having been recommended by Mr. Handley as a safe and healthful exercise for women.

There are few swimming records for women that are not held by members of this club and few women swimmers who are not direct products of its teachings and the coaching of Mr. Handley. It could almost claim credit for all of them, for it was the impetus given to swimming as a sport for women that inspired the girl swimmers of other cities.

Some of the most prominent of the girl swimmers are wonderful demonstrations of what swimming will do for the building up of the weak and run down. You could not tell from looking at pictures of some of the most celebrated of the Naiads that they started their swimming when they were girls of almost frail physique.

There is, for instance, Miss Ethel McGary, who holds several records for distance swims. It was not so long ago that she was regarded as almost a physical wreck. In fact, there was a time when it was felt that she had not long to

live. She took up swimming very gradually and in spite of the misgivings of her relatives. She did a great deal of swimming outdoors and spent some time in the sun along the beaches. At first she merely paddled about in the water. Then she began to learn something about the different strokes in swimming. It gave her a new interest. It roused the spirit of competition.

As she persisted in her new-found ambition to learn swimming from beginning to end her figure began to round out. She developed the tan of the beaches. She began to breathe deeply and regularly. The tired look in her eyes was replaced by a sparkle and her cheeks were no longer wan. In less than a year the girl who had been almost a physical wreck was an athlete among athletes, competing in distance swims.

Miss McGary, now, is one of Mr. Handley's prize pupils, a living demonstration of the benefits of swimming. But there are others of the radiantly healthy disciples of water sports who were not always that way, either.

There is, for instance, Miss Ethelda Bleibtry, now as statuesque as a young Juno. It is hard to believe that when she was a child she suffered from a severe curvature of the spine. There is no trace of this left. Yet she took no other method of correcting it save to take to the water with a great many other girls.

There is something in the exercise of swimming that relaxes all of the muscles and permits the bones of the body to adjust themselves. It is the most natural exercise for soothing strained muscles and calming the mind. It builds as braces will not build.

There is Helen Meany, the woman diving champion, that lithe and graceful creature who is the living spirit of the swan dive. When she was a very little girl, Miss Meany was terribly chagrined at discovering that she was what they call knock-kneed. Yes, the very same

Miss Helen Meany who flashes down from the heights into still pools with the grace and swiftness of an osprey.

"What particular course of exercise cured that?" I demanded of Mr. Handley. "For the matter of knock-knees is not uncommon and those afflicted would like to know."

"Just swimming and keeping at it," replied the quiet coach. "Swimming as an exercise works so many miracles for women that I am afraid to accept some of them as facts.

"I do not claim that it is a cure-all, but sometimes I am astonished at what it will do for girls of frail physique. There was one in particular who joined the association over a year ago. I did not know that she was suffering from rheumatism or I would have advised her against keeping around the water.

"She started to learn to swim. By this time she has become a very good swimmer. She has gained in weight and I think some of these days she may do something in competition in distance swims. She has no trace of rheumatic trouble now and is inclined to regard herself as being entirely cured. Something made a new woman of her. This is one of the miracles of aquatics and I am not inclined to accept it in its entirety even now."

MR. HANDLEY has coached numerous swimming teams composed of men, but he prefers to

work with the women. The reason may sound startling. The women are better "sportsmen" than the men.

During the football season you occasionally hear whispers from the colleges about alleged favoritism in the selection of members for the varsity elevens. You never hear anything of this sort about women swimmers. There never is a protest when the teams for competition are selected.

This seems to go against all traditions. The notion is an old one that women have no



Little Helen Adama, youngest star of the Women's Swimming Association, is only eight years old. She started swimming at four, and swims a mile every day for exercise. She is a crack long-distance swimmer, an able fancy diver and is skilled in life-saving methods.

regard for the rules and customs of sport and that they are instinctively "bad sports."

"I do not know how it is in other things," said Mr. Handley, "but I know that this is not true among girl swimmers. They accept discipline beautifully. They are friendly and helpful to one another. Sometimes decisions have to be made that cause heartbreaks, but nobody ever knows about this from the attitude of the girls."

Girl Swimmers are "Good Sports"

"It may be that the notion that women are instinctively unfair and petulant is altogether wrong. The only women in sport with whom I am particularly familiar are the swimmers. I can say for them that they can teach the men athletes a great deal about good sportsmanship and the spirit of fair play. I do not like this patronizing attitude toward women in sport."

"The women train more faithfully than men. They are keener in competition, but for all that there is little of what we call temperament in the swimming pools, though I gather that there is some of it among women on the tennis-courts. Perhaps this is because swimming is such a soothing and nerve-quieting exercise."

While the women swimmers seem to be physically disqualified for taking the records away from the men, the women have done the leading in the matter of developing the standard swimming stroke. Mr. Handley is too modest to tell how much he himself has had to do with this.

Most of us can remember when the Australian crawl was something of an innovation and an experiment. In reality the crawl is not Australian. It was originated by the brown swimmers of the South Pacific. These almost amphibious creatures learned it from studying fish. You can diagram it in your mind's eye, imagining the arms as fins and the legs as a tapering tail. As Mr. Handley re-

lates it, the stroke was originated as follows:

"'Turns' Cavill, a member of the world-famous family of swimmers, was matched to meet Syd Davis at fifty yards, with legs tied. He beat Davis, only to be defeated later by the same man at the same distance, after his legs were untied."

"Dick Cavill was present and refused to believe what he saw. But a few private time trials convinced him that his brother could really sprint faster without the use of his legs. This started him thinking. He reasoned that every ounce of power properly applied must result in an increase of speed. Then the 'scissors' kick must be radically wrong. The question was to find a better kick. Cavill remembered having seen Alec Wickham, a fast young Rubiana sprinter, use an odd straight-legged kick, which he had learned from the natives at Colombo, in Ceylon. He decided to experiment with it. The result surprised him. The

kick proved speedy from the very first trial.

"Then the difficulty of finding an arm action that would harmonize bothered him considerably and by the time Dick Cavill found it the one-hundred-yard championship was only a few days off. He entered, however, anxious to give his find a public trial. Those who followed swimming at the time may remember the race. Starting out at a terrific pace, Cavill reached the fifty-yard mark fully five yards ahead of his nearest competitor. But here the imperfectly mastered stroke began to tell on him and he gradually died away. A few feet from the finish he was passed by the speedy Bishop."

"Notwithstanding the defeat, this performance gave the coaches an estimate of the value of the new stroke whose peculiar action won for it the title of 'crawl.' They took up the discovery immediately, forming classes to teach it, and their success was marvellous. Men who had



Ethel McGary took up swimming at a time when her relatives felt that she had not long to live. In less than a year she was competing in distance events. She is now a national long distance champion and holds the world's record for 880 yards.

been but indifferent swimmers came to the fore; good men improved, and soon the world was ringing with news of the great work done by 'crawlers.' Al Wickham at Rubiana swam fifty yards in twenty - four seconds with the stroke and then Dick Cavill went his phenomenal hundred yards in fifty-eight seconds. The crawl soon invaded Europe and eventually it reached America."

Since then the development of the crawl as the classic sprint stroke is part of the history of sports.

But it is not known to what an extent members of the Women's Swimming Association, under the direction of Mr. Handley, have been quietly experimenting with newer developments of the crawl. There was a hallucination that while the crawl worked for speed it

tired the swimmer more quickly than the old breast or side strokes. Mr. Handley, who had been studying the brown Kanakas swimming out beyond the reefs to meet the liners and dive for pieces of silver, had other theories. The women swimmers experimented with the six-beat double-rhythm stroke in distance swims. They did not tire as much as with the old distance strokes.

Now the six-beat double-rhythm crawl—that is, six beats of the kick to each complete cycle of the arms—is the standard stroke for the middle-distance and distance swims. The men use it. Everybody uses it. Mr. Handley is confident that American girl swimmers could beat the brown daughters of the South Pacific at their own game and with their own technique, although it has not yet been tried.

Eight-beat Crawl Stroke Coming

They are working now on the eight-beat stroke. Mr. Handley's theory is that this will become the standard stroke and remain standard for some time to come. You can improve on anything, of course, but you can go only just so far in improving upon the swimming technique of Kanakas or fish.

At the headquarters of the Women's Swimming Association, the center of all these women's swimming activities, they have a pool



Gertrude Ederle has been chosen alternate candidate for the arduous English Channel swim that Helen Wainright will attempt this summer. Miss Ederle holds a long string of records from 100 to 500 meters.

about forty feet square where all the champions of the Olympic Games have practiced at some time or other. The club started with a membership of fifty. There are now eleven hundred members and the little pool is crowded the year round.

From the start the members of the association have financed the institution themselves. Offers of financial aid have been frequent, but the spirit of the founders, the fifty girls who took to the water for exercise and recreation, prevails. They will accept no outside aid. Officers of the club help work in the maintenance of the clubhouse and pool. You will find the president behind the desk and the secretary at work with the lockers or somewhere else in order that the expenses may be

kept down to the meager budget.

Here in this tiny pool in the most crowded section of the world they are training future Olympic champions. Here you will find little Helen Adams, aged eight, who swims a mile a day for exercise, limbering up before practice for her competitions. Helen started her swimming lessons when she was four years old.

"That is not too early to start swimming," said Mr. Handley. "The younger the better. I would advise beginning to get a child used to the water at three. The sooner she gets to know it the better.

"Then children will never fear the water. Fear of the water is the great drawback. Those who fear the water fight it and that tires them out. Once they get to know it, they do not fear it. The physical strain certainly is not as great on the child as walking would be."

The training for competition in swimming events is not particularly rigorous, according to Mr. Handley. There is no particular course of diet prescribed. The members of the Women's Swimming Association have the athletes' pride in their physical well-being. "The only diet is sensible diet," said Mr. Handley, and that is the every-day diet of the members of the club.

"We try to get them early and teach them the standard strokes at the start. As soon as they show aptitude and zest for competition, we work

them a little harder. Really there is no very harsh régime for a champion girl swimmer. She just has to be normal and healthy and to keep herself that way. It is no great task and our members fall into it easily."

The Women's Swimming Association has saved enough money to make its great test, its big challenge to the men athletes, when one of its members, Miss Wainwright, or her alternate, Miss Ederle, will attempt to lower the record for the swimming of the English Channel. Helen Wainwright might be called the particular pride of the Women's Swimming Association. She started in competition when she was a slip of a girl and has already competed on two Olympic teams though she is only nineteen.

This Channel swim is not only a stern test of stamina but a gamble made decidedly more cruel by the low temperature of the water, the shifting winds and the uncertain tides that change the surface from mill-pond smoothness to a churning maelstrom. The temperature of the water is below sixty degrees even in the warmest month and it makes a constant tax upon the vitality of a swimmer. Just three men have succeeded in swimming the Channel. The best time was made by Enrico Tiraboschi, who completed the passage in 16 hours and 33 minutes in 1923.

"Women are known to stand the cold better than men," said Mr. Handley. "If it is Miss Wainwright who makes the attempt, I think her prospects of breaking the record are excellent. All who have seen her in competition will agree to that. In her distance races she has displayed striking speed and stamina.

"Also Miss Wainwright has plenty of pluck and determination. She never knows when she is beaten and it is because of her dauntless spirit that she has won many a contest only in the last game effort. She holds the National A. A. U. record for the mile in 26 minutes 44 and $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. Not one of the men who have swum the Channel could come

close to Miss Wainwright's record for the mile.

"Looking over her performance, we have found that she could keep an average pace of a mile in thirty-five to forty minutes in still water and across tide. If she has the luck and the breaks, she should be able to swim the Channel in less than fourteen hours. That, of course, will break the record.

"Luck will play quite a part in the attempt.

Tides and weather conditions can never be figured in advance to any degree of exactness. But the association feels that either Miss Wainwright or Miss Ederle could accomplish the feat. That is why the association has sanctioned the attempt and is drawing upon its funds to have one of them make the try."

Mr. Handley at present has one abiding sorrow. This is due to the fact that while the Board of Education of New York encourages schoolboys to compete in swimming races the schoolgirls are not permitted to hold competitions. The Public Schools Athletic League holds each year swimming meets that include twenty thousand boy swimmers.

But there are no meets for the girls. They are taught to swim, but they can not race under the auspices of the league.

"THIS is all wrong," said Mr. Handley. "It is only in competition that the best results are obtained from swimming. It does the girls no harm to swim. Certainly it does the boys no harm. We are teaching little girls from three years up to swim at the pool of the association.

"Girls are little human beings too. The competitive spirit is just as strong in them as it is in the boys and it should be encouraged and fostered. I am quite convinced that if the Board of Education of New York and of other cities in the United States only saw what could be obtained from encouraging swimming races for schoolgirls they would not only permit them but would encourage them by all the means in their power. It should be evident what they would mean to the health of the nation and to

THE Women's Swimming Association is a membership organization formed and conducted for the purpose of encouraging girls and women to learn to swim for self-protection, then to practice swimming for health, physical improvement and recreation. Under this interesting cooperative régime the association in a few years has grown from a struggling little club into the most prominent organization of its kind in the world, an organization whose influence has become world-wide. Annually the association teaches swimming to thousands of girls and women; its members have saved many lives; its contestants have reaped the highest laurels at home and abroad; the stroke developed and introduced by its experts—the six-beat double trudgeon-crawl—now is recognized the world over as the best evolved to date. Particularly commendable is the fine spirit of broadminded helpfulness always displayed by the Women's Swimming Association. No one desiring to study its methods or take advantage of its findings ever has failed to receive a welcome. Far and wide it has spread knowledge of the modern science of natation. American and foreign coaches have been afforded the opportunity to watch the teaching staff at work; swimmers of rival organizations throughout the country have sought coaching at the hands of the club experts and been cordially accommodated; several girl champions of other nations owe their success in large measure to the good offices of representatives of the association. No age limit is placed on membership, and the association usually welcomes little maids as young as three and four years of age as well as women of sixty and even upward.

the health and physique of coming generations."

A generation ago the effects of the modern style of swimming upon the feminine figure would have been looked upon askance. Swimming develops the lungs. It deepens the chest. It develops the waist to a degree that would have been regarded—to put it mildly—as being highly unfashionable. Its tendency is to remold the modern female figure along the lines of the Venus of Milo. But fortunately that is no longer regarded as ugly. This rush of the girls to the water is no passing fad. The modern American girl no longer considers it unwomanly to be radiantly healthy nor immodest to be happily without self-consciousness.

As to the one-piece bathing-suit which still causes perturbation in some unenlightened communities Mr. Handley says whimsically: "I believe that the Turks who kept their women veiled and in harems sometimes sewed

them into sacks and tossed them into the Bosphorus.

"Well, a girl who wants to swim might just as well be sewed into a sack as forced to wear one of the old-style bathing-suits in water beyond her depth. It was that bathing-suit that before this time prevented women swimmers from developing. How they could swim at all seems a marvel now. They have the freedom of the colleges, the freedom of participation in politics. You can not keep them from the freedom of the waters of the sea."

When the bobbed head of Miss Helen Wainwright rises above the surge of the English Channel as she breasts her courageous way from Dover to Calais, you will have the new woman, the modern American girl glorified as no Ziegfeld could glorify her with chiffons and cosmetics. You will have an epic as beautiful and as stirring as Atalanta's Race or any other legend of ancient Greece.

Next Month

Beginning with the August issue, EVERYBODY'S fiction features will include a complete novelette. Look for

The Lizard's Tail

by William Orton

Really a complete short novel compressed to a length that you can read handily in one sitting. An absorbing story of adventure and intrigue involving the British War Office and the cleverest of international spies. Mystery-story devotees will find a new kind of secret cipher to decode.

Big Boy

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An unusual animal story in which a gorilla puts to sea and a salty skipper learns something about designing women.

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by William Almon Wolff

A summer-time romance in which a very serious-minded young man has some pet theories upset by a chance encounter with a delightful girl

Buddie's One Idea

by William Slavens McNutt

A story about a new kind of prize-fighter—a boy who fixed a definite goal for himself and clung to it, despite fame and fortune and the advice of friends.

The Old or the New

In this unique fiction departmental feature there will be published two outstanding sea stories: "The Open Boat," a classic instance of its kind by Stephen Crane, and "The Trawler," by James B. Connolly, a living master of the sea story.



Breck sat with his back to the door. "I'm perfectly willing to marry the girl.

STACCATO

by Samuel Merwin

WITHIN the radius of about a third of a mile from the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, lodged in the towering and congested office buildings of the region, are to be found the most famous producers of plays and motion pictures in all America as well as the editors of many of the most influential and most popular magazines. Almost directly at the center of this teeming circle, almost invisible because of the high office buildings surrounding it on all sides, stands a smallish hotel which is by long custom the favorite meeting place of these fortunate folk.

The softly lighted lounge at noontime of any day presents a scene unique in New York life. By twos and threes and fours the habitués of the place push in through the revolving doors. The crowd swarms everywhere, thickening by the coat room and before the rope of blue velvet where the *maître d'hôtel*, who answers to the

name of George, picks and chooses with smiling skill among those who respectfully await admission to the dining-room. It is an atmosphere, in the main, of smart sophistication, of assured importance, of a confidence that here are pronounced authoritative final judgments, that here reputations are built in an hour and destroyed in a minute. Nearly everybody within the room knows nearly everybody else. Above the murmur and chatter that make a continuous sea of sound rises a froth of easily uttered first names.

Toward this hostelry, on a smiling Saturday in May, came a young man walking briskly across Forty-fourth Street. You might have passed him every day for a month without giving him a second glance—not tall, stooping a little, of medium blond coloring and wearing a small mustache, peering out at the world through nose glasses which, a little old-fashioned in design, were so different from the prevailing



Somebody's going to make a million dollars out of Bertie. Why shouldn't it be me?"

A romance of the theatrical world

Illustrated by Harry T. Fisk

black-rimmed spectacles as to present his only distinctive bit of personal color. There was not a mannerism of the actor about him, no trace of that sometimes overpowering sense of conspicuous personality which is to some men of the theater the vital breath of life. And yet he was, in fact, one of the most talented and on all counts the most interesting young actor in New York; a quiet person whose whimsical imagination and gift of subtle, gentle characterization in rôles commonly regarded as "straight" already bade fair to set a new fashion in the theater. Robert Skinner by name. A bachelor by habit and choice, dwelling in comfortable lodgings near the heart of this district. A nice little apartment with everything he needed. There, after the play, when others of his craft were out at supper or foregathering with friends at a jovial club, he read deeply in modern French publications or experimented at wood carving or at etching. He belonged to no club,

finding his own society adequate at all times. Though intimately of the theater, his personal life lay wholly out of it. To women he was known to be indifferent. More than one impulsive young actress who had nightly played love scenes, as the saying goes, opposite him, had found herself moved to break down his indifference, but none had succeeded. He often seemed shy, but could, as these attractive young women might bear witness, be brusque without discourtesy. What he wanted most, it seemed to appear to everybody, was to be let alone.

AT THIS moment, and because he had promised Harry Waterman that he would meet him at the famous old hotel and give his final answer, he was more than a little annoyed. He didn't like to go there. Those who did regularly go there he regarded as self-advertisers. The buzzing crowd was distasteful to

him, the sometimes complacent picture people, the swarming eager ingénues. But he had promised, and he went, hurrying intently inward from the door to that rope of blue velvet, wholly unaware of the many, mostly of the opposite sex, who turned with quickening interest to look after him and whisper his name.

The ubiquitous George espied him and hastened to unhook the rope.

"Coming in, Mr. Skinner?"

"Oh, hello, George! Looking for Mr. Waterman."

"He hasn't been in yet, Mr. Skinner."

"Hello, Bob! How are you!" This voice came from a near-by table.

Skinner peered through his glasses, then entered and with no marked enthusiasm clasped the hand of a young producing manager named John Breck. Breck was nervous and keen, with a high forehead and slightly protuberant eyes. Skinner didn't like him.

Then his narrow gaze rested on the young woman at the opposite side of the table. There would be a beautiful girl, of course. That was John Breck. Always an ingénue. His pose was helping them. This one was the most beautiful yet. A silent instant passed before he recognized her. He hadn't before seen her out of make-up. She was out of it, indeed, now. Even the almost universal lipstick had played no part in this girl's toilet for the day. She was, of course, Breck's newest and greatest discovery, Alberta Hill, who had appeared, back in February, and made an overnight success.

But she was the one ingénue in the world that Skinner didn't want to meet. There was reason enough. As an actress she had disarmed him. Here, sitting very still, looking up at him with naïve eagerness, she was still more disarming. She had great eyes, nearly black, fringed with long lashes, eyes that smoldered with a half-awakened emotional power. Her face, under the little round hat, was oval, soft, exquisite. Curves of brown-black hair framed it at the sides, hair that had never known the shears of the barber. He glanced about for some means of escape. He knew all about ingénues and didn't like them. They were ingratiating, exigent, inordinate. They messed up lives.

"Join us, Bob. . . . Oh, surely! Here George, bring a chair!"

Weakly, Skinner accepted the seat. Why hadn't he been ready with an excuse? In all ordinary circumstances his defensive armor was perfect. But now he was confusedly silent. It seemed almost, quite absurdly, as if he were responding to an appeal from that fool girl. Something in her eyes.

"Surely you know Bertie, Bob? Bertie Hill?"

"Why—no, I don't think we've met." That would be his own voice. It was a relief that she didn't offer him her hand. He wished she'd take those big eyes off him. But he said:

"It's a pleasure to meet you. I've enjoyed your work."

"Oh, really?" Her color rose a little. Which was odd. "You've seen the play?"

"Yes."

"You've closed, haven't you?" Her voice was of contralto quality, with vibrant depths beneath the pleasantly musical surface. He squirmed a little in his chair. He knew every note in that voice.

"Last week," he replied crisply. "When do you close?"

"Tonight." This from Breck. "But we'll open again up in Boston, in August, if I can persuade Bertie to go on the road. Where I made my mistake—" he was addressing the girl now—"was in not signing you up to a run-of-the-play contract, young lady." He chuckled over this, as if in reference to some little joke between them, but the girl lowered her eyes.

A bell boy intervened with, "Telephone, Mr. Brecks."

The young producer rose and glanced about him with a touch of self-consciousness. It is not unpleasant to be a successful and sought-after person. He strode out into the lounge.

Again Skinner helplessly considered the possibility of escape. He wished Harry Waterman would turn up. Why couldn't people keep their engagements?

Breck had all unconsciously left a silence behind him that was tinged with restraint. The girl was buttering a bit of roll, very slowly. Skinner reached for his water glass and sipped it. Then he glanced up and their eyes met.

"I've seen your play three times this spring," said she, in a hushed voice, adding, as if an explanation were called for, "Our matinées are on Thursdays, you know. I was free Wednesdays."

"I've seen you five times." This confession appeared to be wrong from him.

"Not really?"

"Yes!" Fiercely.

"I thought maybe I—maybe I could learn something from the way you do things. It looks so simple and natural. But, of course, it isn't. It has left me feeling—well, pretty small."

HE KNIT his brows. The little situation appeared to have taken on a puzzling measure of intimacy. It couldn't lie in what they were saying, for they had said next to nothing. "Look, out, you fool," ran his thoughts, "you're slipping!" And again he looked vainly about for the tardy Harry Waterman. The girl did seem to be sensitively interested in him. Surely so naïve a child couldn't be making the familiar play at him. Or could she? Why not? They were all alike. . . . He decided to act with firm restraint. No sense in letting anything start. Absurd little emotional whirlwinds had a way of setting in so quickly and unaccountably in this part of town. Really somebody

should protect this youngster. Develop in her something of that useful if pretty hard New York surface. He'd never develop it himself, but then he did have the gift of solitude. "If you're not hard-boiled, keep busy." Had he murmured this bit of worldly wisdom aloud? Apparently not, for she was speaking again, in that same intimately hushed voice.

"I DON'T see how you ever sat five times through 'Slumbering Fires.' I don't know an awful lot about plays—I mean my experience hasn't gone very far yet—but it seems to me pretty false in spots. That is—"

"Good Lord, I wasn't there to see the play! The play's rotten."

Her eyes widened, and her softly mobile lips formed themselves around an "Oh!" that failed to issue as sound.

"I went to see your third act. Happened in one Thursday and kept going every week after that. I was around this week. But don't tell John."

"I won't tell him."

"Now, don't misunderstand me. It wasn't your beauty. It was that third act. They told me you were good. I read the notices. Alec Woolcott and Heywood Brown and all. I didn't believe 'em. When I saw that third act coming—the first time—I dreaded it. I did. I knew you'd turn loose like all our other young ingénues and emote all over the stage. And then you didn't. You fooled me. I'll confess it piqued me. You gave me all I could stand, but you never gave yourself away."

"I don't know that I understand—of course it's wonderful to hear such things from you, but . . ." Her voice faded out. She was looking blankly at him. Only a little of the amazing praise he was giving her in that queerly cross way had as yet made its way past her ears into her brain. She was trying to believe that he had said it. That Robert Skinner had said it. Her color was rising and she had to bow her head. Then, at an abrupt memory, she sobered, and rather dutifully added, "but John Breck told me how to do everything. Everything. I owe him more than I—"

"John never gave you your restraint, or the power that's back of it."

"He did want me to play the third act higher."

"He would."

"But I couldn't. It wouldn't feel real to me that way, so I—"

"And he never gave you your lovely personal quality. 'Slumbering Fires' is about his gait. False. Cheap. Broadway stuff. No, he never gave you that quality. Of course, it's what saves the play." He seemed to have disposed of John, and pretty thoroughly.

Rather breathlessly, and perhaps nervously on the defensive, she contrived to say, "But he

did give me my chance. I owe him everything for that." After which she sank into silence.

He ignored her now. He had dropped his finely modeled head on one hand and was staring down under knit brows at the food on his plate. Could she have read his mind then she might have laughed right out. For he was asking himself when this food could have been put there. That waiter must have been pushing things around right under his nose without his knowing it. He was a little frightened. Mustn't let himself get worked up like that! People all around in this gay, noisy dining-room. The most conspicuous room in New York. What on earth was the matter with him, anyway! This damn girl was on his nerves. He was fighting her. All of a sudden, and all about nothing.

Her eyes rested on the ring he wore, in which was set an oval of mossy green jade. He looked up so abruptly that she started, and her coffee spoon jangled against the cup.

"I'm afraid I'm nervous today," she murmured.

"Jumpy myself."

"This part has been pretty wearing. I guess I'm tired."

"You'd naturally let down, knowing that it's over tonight."

"I suppose so. But—oh, I'm under a lot of pressure. It's a pretty—well, it's a critical time in my life. Rather a hard time."

"Look here, now that we've finally met, I suppose we'll have to see more of each other." He seemed angry about it.

"Why, it would be—of course if you—perhaps tea."

"This afternoon? I'm afraid it'll have to be. I'm off tonight. Going to Montreal."

"Why—why, yes. Or no!"—a nervous little laugh—"the matinée!"

"Good God, of course! It's Saturday!"

Their eyes met helplessly.

"Dinner, then?"

"I'd love it. But—oh, I forgot—I have an engagement."

"But my word! I'm leaving at seven-thirty!"

"I'm awfully sorry. You see, I—I told you it was a pretty critical time."

"I'll be back next week."

"I'm afraid I can't plan very far ahead."

"I'm not given to playing around much."

"Oh, I know."

ANOTHER silence fell. A curiously intense silence. To break it, she remarked, "That's a beautiful ring. I've been admiring it."

"You like jade?"

"I love it. I have a necklace that father brought mother from Canton. He was in the tea trade."

"Tell you what! I'll go to Montreal tomorrow night. Change my reservation. We

can have supper after the theater tonight."

"Oh, I don't know whether—"

"Oh, surely. I want to talk over your work. Perhaps I can help you."

"Help me!" She could only look blankly at him again.

"Could I call at the theater?"

"Why—perhaps you'd better not."

"Meet here?"

She hesitated. Suddenly he remembered Breck and glanced toward the door. Her eyes followed him.

"Step into the Astor," he said, with an air of relief. "That'll be handy."

"Well . . . I'm a little confused about it. . . . You see . . ."

He glanced again toward the door. His color was higher and one side of his mouth had twisted up a little way. She saw that. Hurriedly he pulled off the jade ring, twisted it nervously a moment in his fingers, then pressed it into her surprised hand. For an instant her warm little fingers held his. Then, in a flutter, he drew his hand away. He was watching that door, almost furtively. And he was scowling. He lit a cigaret, and tried to eat and smoke at the same time; caught himself at that and laid down the cigaret in confusion.

She was murmuring, more confused than he, "Oh—really—no."

"Damn small return for the pleasure you've given me."

"But—I don't know what to say. I'm rather swept away."

"So am I. But—"

"But a ring! And when we've only—"

"Mount the jade in a brooch or something."

"I've got to try to think. I—"

"Here's John. Perhaps we'd better—"

She fell silent. The tightly clenched hand that held the ring dropped to her lap. With the other hand she picked up her fork and pushed a bit of meat this way and that about her plate.

Breck paused at another table.

"I really don't feel that I—"

"If you won't keep it, I'll throw it off a ferry boat!"

Breck dropped into his chair. And while he was speaking she opened her vanity case in her lap and hid the ring within it.

"Thought that bird would never hang up," said Breck, importantly. Skinner, who had quite lost touch with this young man as a living reality, was squirming, but the producer, intent on self, didn't catch that. Nor did he study the extreme quiet of the girl. "The devil of it is, everybody knows I eat here, and they keep right after me. Hope you two have found something to talk about."

With this, Breck lifted a commanding finger.

"Here, George! George! I ordered my chop a little underdone. This one is burned black. Look at it. Look at it!"

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Breck," George said.

"Take it back! I won't have it!"

"Certainly, Mr. Breck."

"Well, Bobbie"—Breck was lighting a cigaret—"tell me, how long are you tied up with the Weinbergs?"

Skinner gave one swift, bewildered glance at the lowered head of the girl, then, with a determined effort to collect his scattered faculties, replied in a voice that was not wholly lacking in his usual dry quality, "I was untied last Saturday night."

"No contract for next season?"

"None yet."

"Then you're my man. Now listen! You listen, too, Bertie! I'm going to let you two into a real idea. I've got a play—'French Dolls,' by that new Englishman—cabled to London for the rights last week. I've bought it, understand. It's mine. It's absolutely sure fire. There's a delightful sympathetic part for Bertie, and a great big fat part for you, Bob. No reason why you shouldn't come in with me, is there? No! You and I can work together, Bob. God made us for each other. You know that. And I've got to offer Bertie here something worth while, or she'll walk out on me, sure as shooting." He chuckled knowingly, and rested a hand on the girl's arm. Skinner drew in his breath between his teeth and for an instant closed his eyes. "French Dolls, with Robert Skinner and Alberta Hill! How would that look in electric lights, eh?" went on Breck, smiling.

"Rather long," said Skinner, bitingly.

"I'm talking business, Bob. I'm not kidding. . . . What's that, son? Telephone again? Chicago on the wire? Oh, my word! I'll never get my lunch!"

Again he strode importantly out. And again he left a flat silence behind him.

SKINNER was scowling over his food, apparently absorbed in it. She, on the other hand, was fumbling in her vanity case. After a moment a little hand came sliding slowly across the table-cloth with the ring tightly clenched in it.

"Please," said she, very low, "about this—"

"No!"

"But—"

"Wear it, throw it away, anything! I won't take it back. It was silly, of course."

She couldn't speak.

"Getting emotional like that!" he went on disgustedly, after a moment, "I don't know what came over me. But it seems to have been real. Let it go as an honest impulse."

"It was a beautiful impulse. I'll have that, of course, anyway—the thought—"

"Listen here! I'm a little up in the air, anyway. Do you know Harry Waterman?"

Her head moved slightly in the negative.

"I promised to give him my answer today. He's directing for the Guild, you know. He ought to be here now. But he's late, as usual. They want me for the new Hartley West play they're putting on in August. It's a good play. Strong American theme. Family life. There's a splendid part in it for you. They were talking about you, but thought John had you tied up. Apparently he hasn't."

"Why—no. I mean the contract is up. My brother-in-law does all that for me. But it isn't altogether a matter of contracts."

"Naturally not."

"He's done so much for me."

"All the same, if you—"

"Please. . . . About this—"

"Wait a minute! It would be dreadful for you to do that 'French Dolls' thing. Risquée. Hard-boiled Broadway stuff. John ought to have more sense."

"I'm afraid I've got to tell you."

"You know what these Guild things are, of course. Just interesting work. Very little money. But they have an artistic conscience, that crowd. And that's something."

"You don't care so much about money?"

"What's the good? Why not do interesting things? Of course, there's seldom any real money in those. Not in this country. But I'd hate to think I was fastened for life to dirty Broadway farces and plays with a punch. Oh, that punch! And the hokum! Watch myself deteriorating from year to year. Where's the growth in that?"

"That's the thing, isn't it? Growth."

"I think so. You do have to face yourself in the mirror once in a while."

"I've thought about that, of course. And I've worried some. It isn't always easy to see just which way you're headed. But please—about this . . ."

"Wait! John'll be here any minute. I want to talk about this play. If there's a chance that you could feel yourself free to consider it—play it with me, I mean—it would have quite a bearing on what I say to—"

"It would be wonderful, but—I've tried to tell you I'm going through a pretty difficult—you see, it isn't just your wanting to give me this. . . . I can't tell you how much I wish I—but it's about tonight, too. I'm afraid I mustn't plan to meet you."

"Oh, but—"

"It's difficult. The trouble is, I don't know quite where I stand, myself."

"Oh, Lord, John's coming!"

Hesitatingly the little hand, still tightly clenched, retreated across the table-cloth.

"How soon do you have to leave for your matinée?"

"Not right away. I'm not in the first act, you know. But . . ."

"In God's name," said Breck who was cer-

tainly back, "why can't people have a little sense! Just a little sense! Here's Cooper got the Chicago booking so gummed up that I've got to jump the second 'Slumbering Fires' company all the way from St. Louis to Pittsburgh. Can you beat it? That company's been supporting the railroads these three months. Well, anyway, it's given you two a chance to talk over this little co-starring notion of mine. Pretty neat idea, eh? Good Heavens, boy, not the telephone again! Will they never let me alone?"

"It's for Miss Hill, sir."

She looked up with a start, then without speaking slipped away. Skinner saw that her left hand was still tightly closed.

"BOB, I'm going to talk straight out to you." Skinner, all nerves, braced himself.

"I believe you're the one man I can talk to. And it's got to be somebody. Bob, I'm crazy about that girl."

"Oh!"

"Sure! She's been acting a little offish lately. I don't know what's the matter. I don't mind saying that earlier in the spring we were—oh, but I've played fair with her. I've done everything in the world for that child, Bob. I have, you know. Damn it, I've made her. But there's the trouble. She is a child. She's a new kind. Lives uptown with her married sister. Always goes straight home after the play. Matter of fact, that damn brother-in-law of hers most always calls for her. They keep her guarded. I wanted to give her a nice little trip down to Atlantic City in April—oh, just a week-end—but there wasn't a chance."

"H'mmm!"

"Sure. It's terrible. They think I'm some kind of green ogre. And after I've done everything for her, too. I've tried to make her see that she's independent now. Paying her own way. No reason why she shouldn't move downtown here on her own. I pay her enough. But—here's the thing, Bob! All the men are falling for her. That'll be one of 'em talking to her now. I can't go on much longer like this. She's all emotion, more than she knows herself. Somebody'll get her sure. I've a chance to get Henry Atkins for that lead in 'French Dolls,' but damn it, Bob, I can't trust him! You know Henry. He'd have a net around her in no time. And she wouldn't know how to get out of it. She just isn't sophisticated enough to match her wits against Henry's. My guess is that that's why he is so keen to come in with me. I tell you he's after her. You know him."

"Yes. I know him."

"Well, now, here we are! You're the one actor I know that isn't susceptible at all. You're a woman hater. You'd let her alone. Come in with me, and you can write your own salary checks. I mean it."

Breck sat with his back to the door. He didn't see the girl returning, but Skinner did and sat motionless.

"I'm perfectly willing to marry her, if it comes to that, Bob." She paused, startled, behind his chair. "Why not? I've got my divorce, and the alimony won't break me. And there's more to it. Somebody's going to make a million dollars out of Bertie. Why shouldn't it be me? I ask you, why shouldn't it be me?"

At this Skinner couldn't resist looking up. Naturally Breck looked up too. The girl hesitated only a moment longer, then resumed her seat. There were tears in her eyes, and a new, softly sober beauty about her mouth.

"We were talking over this 'French Dolls' business, Bertie. And do you know, I think I've got this rising young actor here just about landed. With the two of you, it's a knockout."

The waiter appeared with his check. And almost at the same moment George made his way between the tables and handed Breck a penciled note. He looked up inquiringly, and caught the nod and smile of a handsome blonde woman who was sitting on the upholstered bench at the side of the room.

"Gloria Gaylord wants to speak to me," he said. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you two to excuse me once more." With which he made his way across the room.

The girl was staring down at her plate. Skinner looked up and around, his gaze resting on this and that pretty face. The room was bright with attractive costumes and gay with familiar talk. Certain of the luncheon parties had broken up, individuals dropping down to chat at other tables.

"Did it ever occur to you," he remarked moodily, "that every one of these careless looking people represents a pretty intense human life? Every one is here after something."

For just a moment the girl looked up at him. He turned abruptly to her. "You heard what John said?"

Her head moved in the affirmative.

"What do you think? Does it or doesn't it settle things for you?"

At this she neither moved nor spoke.

"OH, LORD, here's Harry Waterman! Hello, old man!"

"Hello, Bob! Awfully sorry to be late."

"You'd better be. You know Alberta Hill, surely?"

"Why, no. But I'm very glad to."

"Mr. Waterman."

"You'll forgive me, Miss Hill, if I drag Bob off for just a word?"

"Not necessary, Harry. Do you want me for that play?"

"You just know I do."

"All right. I'll do it. And I have a notion—a faint one—that you might not go wrong in

trying to interest Miss Hill in that other part."

"Bob, you're kidding!"

"Most certainly not."

"But I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought. 'Slumbering Fires' closes tonight."

"If there's a chance that we could interest you, Miss Hill—you know how little we pay over at the Guild?"

"Yes," she said, "I know."

"I'd love to send the script around for you to read—if you'll give me your address."

Her eyes rested soberly on Skinner. "You said you have read it?" Her words were scarcely audible.

"Oh, yes, I've read it."

"Do you think I could do the part?"

"I know you could."

"Then I'll try it."

Waterman looked down with a puzzled expression from one to the other.

"I don't know that I quite—"

"She'll do it," said Skinner. Then he smiled weakly. "Wont you sit down, Harry?"

"Honest, I can't. Everything in the world has piled on me today. You'll just have to excuse me. But this is wonderful! There'll be one large yelp of delight when I tell them at the office. I never dreamed of any such luck. Robert Skinner and Alberta Hill! Great! Of course, we all took it for granted that John Breck—"

Skinner stopped him with a look. And then, wearing a sly smile, he hurried away.

Breck had drawn up a chair to talk earnestly with the handsome blonde. Skinner observed him with a frown.

"There's another little matter," he said jerkily. "I may seem to have gone clean off my head, but I certainly know what I'm saying. Will you put that ring on?"

She sank weakly back in her chair and gazed full at him.

"I mean now, before John comes back. It's comic, of course, in a way. I mean it isn't the usual sort of ring. But it's here. We may as well put it to use."

His voice was light and crisp, but his eyes burned.

"I don't think I understand."

"I mean I want you to marry me." The light voice abruptly deepened and glowed with warm color. "That's what I mean about going off my head. I'm wild about you. Simply gone. It's the first time in my life. Not so sudden as it sounds, either. Not by a damn sight. Began six weeks ago. I didn't like it. I was afraid of you. I've fought you. Oh, I have! I didn't want to fall in love. Too selfish, I suppose. I'd never have sat down here this noon if I could have seen a way out of it." He was leaning over the table. She sat very still, weakly fingering the vanity case and trying to help

these struggling words through that final difficult passage from her stunned ears to her blank brain.

"I tell you I was afraid. But I'm gone now. I know myself. I'll never let go. I'll follow you, hound you. I'll fight for you. I'll be jealous. Difficult. You won't like me, but I'll never let you get away. I tell you I'm caught in the current. It's all over for me. But how about you? Can you stand for it? Can you stand for me?"

Her fingers had found their way to the golden catch on the vanity case, but there they faltered.

"You've got to say something. Here we are! We're burning our bridges and plunging in together. We couldn't help it. We've been rushed into it. Oh, damn it, am I taking too much for granted?"

Helplessly her lips formed the single word, "No."

"Then why wait? Why not clean this thing up? Settle it with ourselves, and John, and the world? Why not? Right now! Just settle everything and have it over with. We'll leave John here flat. I'll walk to the theater with you."

"I ought to go."

"We will go. Right away. Then I'll take the subway down to the City Hall and get a license."

She caught her breath with a sibilant sound.

"Maybe they aren't open Saturday afternoon. I don't know. I've never been interested in marriage licenses. If they're shut, we'll have to wait until Monday. Anyhow we'll go to Montreal by the first train we can catch after we're married. Will you put that ring on?"

"I wish I knew how I'm going to get through these two performances."

"Will you put it on? Quick! He's coming!"

She glanced desperately toward the side wall. Yes, John had risen.

SLOWLY she opened the case, found the ring, and slipped it on the third finger of her left hand.

"It's too big," she said, with what sounded at first like an uprushing little chuckle.

"You can keep it on for a few minutes. And good Lord, don't cry!"

"I can't help it, Mr.—"

"And don't call me Mr. Skinner."

"Well—what?"

"Bob."

"I'm not sure that I—"

"It isn't going to be any too easy for me to call you—what?"

"Anything."

"Bert, I think."

"I like Bert."

"Ready! Here he is! For God's sake, try to look natural. You're crying again!"

"I can't help it. I—don't care."

Smiling left and right in his easy, important way, Breck approached and resumed his seat.

"Well," he remarked cheerfully, "it's always something. I will say of Gloria that she's got nerve. She's all ready to play Cleopatra, Camille, Juliet, anything at all."

He stopped. It was unusual for John Breck to stop talking. But for the first time during this apparently commonplace hour his thoughts had wandered for a moment from himself. He saw the flush on the girl's lovely face. Then he saw the jade ring on a little hand that lay, uncompromisingly clenched, upon the table. His eyes narrowed and stared. Then he looked at Skinner's two hands that were firmly clasped against the edge of the table by his plate. And finally he felt that two pairs of unmistakably hostile eyes were fixed on himself.

"Well," he began, looking from one to the other. "Well . . ."

The girl deliberately nerved herself.

"Come on, Bob," she said, pretty steadily, "I really must get over to the theater."

"What's all this? What's all this?"

"I really must go."

"All right—Bert. I'll walk along with you."

"Just what does this mean?" Breck was suddenly pale. And his eyes were wide. He looked a frightened man.

"Why, that Bert and I are going to be married," replied Skinner.

With which they walked quietly out.

Breck sat motionless looking after them. He saw them cross the lounge, pass the clerk's desk, go out through the revolving doors. He might have been carved in stone.

It was a full minute later that he looked down at his plate.

"Here, George!" he called. "George!"

"Yes, Mr. Breck?"

"This chop's stone cold. Take it away!"

"I could have it warmed for you, Mr. Breck."

"Take it away! I don't want it!"

"Then perhaps you would—"

"Leave me alone! I don't want any lunch!"

He lit a cigarette. He did not want anything.

The people by the side wall were pushing out their table. In a moment they passed by him, nodding pleasantly. Gloria Gaylord came last. Was she hanging back?

"Well," she remarked, resting a shapely hand on the back of what had been, just now, Bertie Hill's chair, "you look positively lonely, John."

"Why not? Bob Skinner's stolen my girl."

"Bob Skinner could steal almost any man's girl, if he only knew it. Curious about him."

"That's her chair, Gloria. Better take it. Cheer me up. I've half a mind to knock off work and take you for a ride. How about it?"

Gloria Gaylord's steel blue eyes came, for a brief moment, to a hard focus that Breck didn't see. He saw so little.

Then, all smiles, she took the chair.

Coney Island's Gas Lady

Twenty years ago Mary E. Dillon quit her first job because she couldn't persuade her boss she was worth her dollar a day salary. Now she manages a fifty-million-dollar gas company

by Frances Drewry McMullen

THE sun beats down by day upon long expanses of lacy trackage that roll and dip or outline circles against the blue sky; upon fragile white wooden domes and towers; upon flimsy shanties draped with the likenesses on canvas of the "bearded lady" and the "tattooed man." By night the light of the moon grows faint in the glare from chains of electric lights that outline every curve and peak. By day and night alike human hordes, sometimes as many as five hundred thousand a day, file past hundreds of ticket-booths to seek a thousand thrills, stroll on the broad board walk or loll on the sandy beach, hot dogs "bark" on their plates, gewgaw venders cry their wares.

This is the Coney Island outsiders know—the beloved playground of the world in general and New York in particular, and the summer sleeping-porch of the city's tenements. There is another side to Coney Island, removed from the whirl of wheels in motion and the strains of jazz bands, from beauty contests and family picnics. This side is an extensive city of little houses and yards and substantial apartment buildings. Seasons may come and seasons may go, but some sixty or seventy thousand persons remain here the entire year around.

Like most other things at Coney Island, the gas company that supplies kitchen ranges, as well as hot-dog plates and terra-cotta restaurants, is out of the ordinary run. The "gas man," for instance, is a slim, blue-eyed, bobbed-haired woman, on the sunny side of forty. This same small person, twenty-odd years ago, quit her first job because she failed to persuade her boss that she was worth a dollar a day. Now Mary E. Dillon is valued at many times that much an hour. She is general manager and vice-president of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company, serving Coney Island and much of Brooklyn, New York. As such, she has the distinction of being the only woman in a posi-

tion of this kind in any gas company of size in the country. Having started without pull in the humblest job the company had, she has worked up by her own efforts in twenty-odd years to a place just short of the top. She has lived all her life within one hour of Manhattan Island, supposedly the Mecca of the ambitious and yet she found success by sticking to her own home town.

On a typical summer day, twenty-odd years ago, Mary Dillon, a merry-hearted high-school girl, could be found behind the counter at Louis Stauch's Coney Island baths. Streams of weary, perspiring women filed past, some fat, some lean, some medium-sized. Her job was to "size them up" and tactfully hand out suits to fit. Hers, indeed, was a problem in handling human relations, that of keeping the bathing patrons of Louis Stauch's in good humor in a crowded bathing-pavilion on a sweltering summer day.

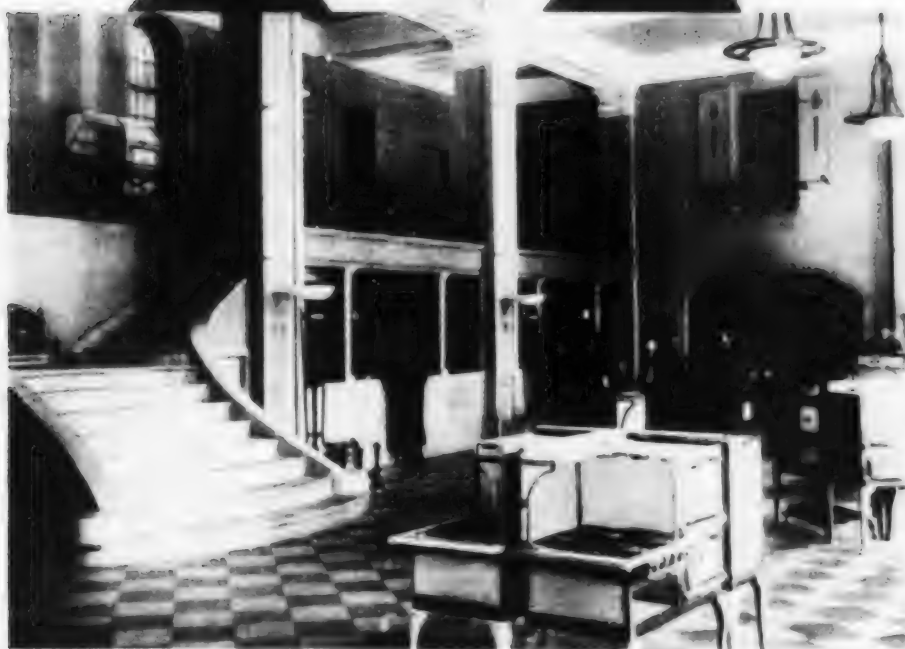
When Mary Dillon became apt on the job she up and asked for a raise. Louis Stauch drew a long face. He was already paying her the munificent sum of six dollars a week, and he told her she was not worth a cent more than that. Mary Dillon's answer was "Good-bye" to Louis Stauch's place.

As a business neighbor of Miss Dillon's to day and a fellow worker for the upbuilding of Coney Island, he is still trying to laugh off the fact that at one time he did not think the present manager of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company worth a dollar a day.

"Guess I was wrong," he admits, a smile on his face.

Henry Hudson, when he sailed in 1609 in his *Half Moon* past Coney Island and up the river that bears his name, played a part in the next step of Mary Dillon's career. Because she won the prize in an essay contest on Henry Hudson, the manager of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company offered her the place in the

(Continued on page 168)



Above is a glimpse of Coney Island on a night when as many as 500,000 visitors are entertained. The neighborly gas company over which Miss Dillon presides throws open its roomy new office building to social and community activities of some seventy thousand year-round residents of the world-famous summer resort.



Strongheart and his mate, Lady Julie, in the snows of the Canadian Rockies near Banff. They have "signed" the photograph with neat paw-prints that they put on hotel registers when making personal appearances at theaters throughout the country. Peter the Great (below) is of princely canine lineage and is the youngest of the wonder dogs.

Wonder Dogs of the Movies

Animal training has reached new heights in the amazing performances of these four-footed stars of the screen. How super dogs are bred and trained to play their rôles with uncanny skill and intelligence

by Margaret Norris

RIN-TIN-TIN," said Lee Duncan from his place behind the camera, "I want you to leap into the back seat of that car and sit up straight."

With his eyes fixed soulfully on his master and without so much as a wag of his tail, the big German shepherd dog bounded into the tonneau as directed.

"Now then," continued Mr. Duncan in his quiet, gentle voice, "reach down and try to open the car door; you can't do it; so leap into the front seat and put your paws on the steering-wheel as though you were driving the car."

Again without a moment's hesitation the dog obeyed directions to the letter.

"Now come back here and do it all over again from the beginning, just as I told you. Mind you do it gracefully now, for this time it is for the picture."

And with neither a pause nor a false movement Rin-Tin-Tin goes through his stunt while the camera grinds relentlessly on.

So that bit of the film is completed. The camera man snips it off; the continuity-man writes a brief caption and numbers it; some one else files it away—and they are ready for the next scene. Orders for that may run like this, in a monologue from master to dog:

"See that man over there to your left? You are not to let him out of your sight. Don't seize him roughly or hurt him in any way, but don't let him get out of that corner."

"And do you think I stood a chance of escaping that dog?" asked the man whose rôle

THE main requisites for the training of the police dog are stamina and intelligence—stamina to keep on going after the interest has died, intelligence to understand the meaning of the mechanical punishments meted out to him. Even the shepherd, the peer of his race, is sometimes broken by it and thrown out as useless. The dogs referred to here represent the last word in canine intelligence and are rewarded by choice porterhouse steaks, loving care and private hotel suites when they travel.

in the picture made him for the moment Rin-Tin-Tin's prisoner. "Say, if Lee Duncan had been struck dumb there on the lot before he had called off his dog, that hound would be guarding me still—until we both died of starvation."

For Rin-Tin-Tin, like all German shepherds, is a one-man dog. The orders his master gives him are law,

to be carried out to the death; what any one else may say he no doubt understands, but the words fall without authority on his canine consciousness. Rin-Tin-Tin obeys only Lee Duncan.

Rin-Tin-Tin is the star of the big company for whom he makes pictures in Hollywood. His films are their very best sellers. His name blazing above a theater, on Broadway or in Texas, is a box-office attraction, managers declare, rivaled by none of the human stars. Every one, from raggedy urchin to blasé society belle, will flock to see the picture; consequently theater owners will pay any price for his films. If orders of the producer are such that "Tracked in the Snow Country," his newest film, can be had only in a block with five others, the theater manager buys them all. The drawing power of the dog picture will cover any loss he may have on the others.

Gloria, Charlie Chaplin, Valentino, even Mary and Doug have, each one, their individual group of fans, some special class who adores them. But every one loves the dog star—bad boys, nice girls, young men and old ladies. His appeal is universal and his salary in proportion.

"Why should you think we are over-paid," asked a much-advertised screen star, "when even the dog in our picture gets five hundred dollars a week?"

As concerns ultimate profits, five hundred is barely the half of it. A glimpse at the weekly pay-check this dog drops at the feet of his master would make the successful Wall Street man dissatisfied with big business—and the contract calls for a bonus if the picture goes over big.

But the dog himself, a hero unaware, trots contentedly home to his kennels to take his pay in choice porterhouse steaks fed with a word of praise and a passing caress from the hand of his beloved master.

Duncan, his owner and trainer, never appears in the picture. He stands just beyond the range of the camera and directs the dog, and the dog reflects perfectly the mood his master wishes him to interpret.

"Turn your head to the right," he is saying, "and keep it there until I tell you to turn it the other way. Now this is the situation—I'm in trouble and you want to help me, but you can't and you're feeling very sorry. Look sorry, Rin-Tin-Tin." And the dog stares into the blinding light of the camera, all the agony of a soul in torment in his eyes.

Perhaps it is one of the big scenes, a dramatic water struggle in which Rin-Tin-Tin takes fate in his paws and plays the rescuer. With ears pricked high for every word he is listening for his cue.

"I want you to dive from the deck of this ship, swim to that girl and bring her safely to shore. Mind you get her—but don't hurt her. Hurry now—she's drowning!"

It may be from the deck of a real ship into the boiling sea waves; it may be only a make-believe ship afloat in the studio tank. It matters little to Rin-Tin-Tin; he is a mighty swimmer, and like a giant arrow from a monster bow he has plunged into the water. Even the struggling heroine knows that he will not fail her.

And when, the rescue completed, the dog lays his head on her shoulder, covers her with caresses, it does not mean that he loves her; you may be very sure that he does not. Rin-Tin-Tin loves only Lee Duncan, and other people in the world may go hang. He will not touch them if they leave him alone, but he will not court their affection. He goes through with this show of devotion because Duncan, back of the camera, has indicated that he wishes it and Duncan's wishes are the dog's commands.

For Lee Duncan is his master. He has had him since he was born, and from the moment he opened his puppy eyes this man has been teaching him things—with infinite love and patience as one would teach an intelligent child. He has never punished him in his life, never reprimanded him except by a word, and the love of

the dog for the master is scarcely greater than that of the man for the dog. This love is the secret of his wonderful acting.

Rin-Tin-Tin and his sister, Nannette, were found in France toward the close of the war by a group of American soldiers in an abandoned village near Metz that had been bombed by the Germans—a pair of whimpering puppies among the few things still alive.

A Canine War Romance

Duncan, a young lieutenant and amateur sportsman from California, bought property rights of the pair from the rest of the boys and named them for those grotesque, good-luck French dolls so well known to the American Expeditionary Forces in 1918. The original Rin-Tin-Tin and Nannette, so the war-time legend runs, were a pair of lovers, the sole survivors of a French village destroyed by the enemy. Shopkeepers commercialized the tale by making little good-luck yarn dolls with those names. They were to be carried by the soldiers as a charm against disaster. The names seemed coined for the dogs.

From the very beginning Duncan recognized the wonderful sagacity of the male and began training him in the trenches. At that time there was a plague in the war zone fatal to hundreds of police dogs. As a precaution against this, Duncan trained the dog to take no food from any one but himself. To this day Rin-Tin-Tin would starve before he would touch a morsel from a stranger.

Dog and master were under fire together, unflinching and unharmed, and in the spring of 1919 Duncan brought the puppies home with him, through all the maze of war-time red tape which hedged their arrival as aliens and orphans. Nannette he presented to a society woman on Long Island. But the little dog's health had been handicapped from the moment of her haphazard birth in a deserted trench; the perils of the journey were too much for her; she did not live a year.

Meanwhile in sunny California Rin-Tin-Tin was being groomed to be a star. His kennels adjoined the Duncan home; his food was the food of an athlete in training, delivered daily at his door by butchers to the "Four Hundred." He was fed by his master's hand, and each morning he rose, shook his mighty thighs and went through his canine daily dozen.

Today there is nothing the police dog has achieved which Rin-Tin-Tin can not do. He can leap a seven-foot obstacle, broad-jump a stream fifteen feet wide; seem to be tearing a man to pieces without even hurting him; distinguish between left and right; indicate all points of the compass, and before the camera follow his cues as definitely and concisely as the humans with whom he is working.

But Rin-Tin-Tin does not shine alone in

the constellation of dog stars. There is Strongheart, his predecessor in fame, and Peter the Great, a newcomer—names to conjure with in screenland's hall of fame. While some spend their lives achieving this place, these three had fame thrust upon them. Homeless puppies, born on a blood-drenched soil, the mascots and pets of the soldiers, they were brought to this country after the war, the stench of the trenches still in their nostrils. And to have their names blazing on Broadway or to roll up a bank-account were inconsequential matters which never stirred their canine ambitions. Yet all three dogs are now insured for more than most wealthy men. Strongheart's owner admits that since he has been in pictures this dog has earned a million and a quarter dollars.

Three finely bred police dogs, their early history is much the same, with only a few minor differences in the way they broke into the movies.

Whereas Rin-Tin-Tin was a waif and a stray, a mascot of the allied lines, Peter the Great is of princely blood with distinctly German sympathies. He was christened Peter der Grosse von Osteck by men on the Hindenburg line. In his finely formed nose runs cold the blood of many famous Teutonic ancestors. His mother was Dora von Oertzal, for four years pet of the Imperial Guard; his royal sire, Alex von Westfalenheim, the most famous dog in Germany, the champion of his breed. Peter was the offspring of their war romance and was born barking "Hoch der Kaiser!"

But the carefully built trench where his parents romped grew grim in the days of defeat, and Peter, for all his pedigree, came very near starving to death before he was brought to America by the Faust brothers, animal trainers. He was put under contract to pictures and made his bow in "The Silent Accuser." Peter is the



Peter the Great's favorite pastime is leaping at the throat of his trainer, Edward Faust. The dog is trained to be unafraid of revolver fire.

youngest of the wonder dogs; he has just turned four years old.

Strongheart, the first canine hero ever to be starred on the screen, was brought to this country immediately after the war by Bruno Hoffman, a famous breeder of police dogs, and bought for motion-picture purposes by Larry Trimble and Miss Jean Murfin.

"Strongheart was perfectly trained before I ever laid eyes on him," said Larry Trimble, "probably the most finely trained dog in the world. He had won his star from the German police and his Red Cross diploma for war service before he was one year old—a record held by only one other dog alive. The fact that he had been able to undergo this severe training without breaking under it convinced me that he was the dog I was looking for. But I had to teach him English before I could teach him to act."

The German shepherd dog was little known in America before the war, but it attained international fame on the battlefields. There it did Red Cross duty, sentry-go and dispatch work with an intelligence at times uncanny, remaining through it all insensible to fire, as callous as a front-line soldier. Its fine aristocratic appearance, its amazing strength and intelligence, have attracted much curiosity of recent years and made it one of the most popular and desired breeds in the country.

There is an old legend that says that this particular species of dog, which so closely resembles a wolf, is the product of a wolf-dog cross. But nothing could be further from the truth. Scientists have from time to time tried to interbreed the various species *canidae*—the dog with the wolf, the fox, or the coyote, but the result has always been the same—a hybrid curiosity lacking the good qualities of either parent and fit only for confinement in a zoo. Furthermore it would be the height of folly

to introduce the ferocious qualities of the wolf into a dog bred primarily for sheepfolding.

The strange resemblance of the shepherd dog to the wolf is due to the very purity of its breed, to the fact that it is a primitive dog whose genealogy may be traced back thousands of years to the bronze age of the canine, when wolf and dog sprang from the same family tree. This is its only connection with the wolf, dating back thousands of years. Another erroneous belief is that it is a cross with the Doberman Pincher. It is a cross with none but its own kind. In fact, with the exception of the Persian or Arabic greyhound, the oldest pure breed in the world, the German shepherd is the purest breed on record.

It is primarily a sheepfolding dog, used throughout Europe for herding purposes and known in various localities as the Alsatian wolf dog, the Belgian wolf dog, the German shepherd dog, etc.—the native herding-dog of the country. But in 1900 certain breeders in Germany decided to standardize the type—to develop it for police and army work as well as herding. Care was taken to retain the beauty of the dog while increasing his strength and fleetness. The result is the dog of amazing beauty and strength that we have today. Technically speaking, he should be known as the German shepherd dog, but in 1918 the American Kennel Club arbitrarily dropped the word German and christened him the shepherd dog. *Schafshund* or *schaferhund* is merely the German word for the same breed.

The shepherd is the only breed that can stand up under the rigid training of the German police. It is often called the police dog, because of the great numbers used by the police force in German cities. Today there is not a country in Europe that does not use the breed.

How Police Dogs are Trained

The training given by the German police is a purely mechanical process, quite different from the teaching given a dog for pictures. Training can be tried on any dog, but it breaks more than it trains. Even the most intelligent dog is apt to be stultified by it.

Two examples will serve to illustrate the method used:

The well-trained police dog will charge on command at any object indicated. Midway in the charge he will stop dead on the command to halt. Wire is used in both courses. To train him to charge, one end of the wire is attached to the dog, the other end to a windlass which can wind up the wire just one degree less fast than the dog can run. The command to charge at the windlass is given. Simultaneously the windlass starts winding up the wire. Unless the dog starts instantly and at his highest speed, he is jerked off his feet and dragged by the wire to the windlass. No intelligent dog

suffers this more than twice without learning how to protect himself.

After being taught to charge, he is taught to halt by the reverse process. A wire of certain length is attached, one end to his collar, the other end staked to the ground. The command to charge is given. But just before the wire tautens, comes the command to halt. Unless the dog stops instantly he is thrown on his nose and almost choked to death.

Even the shepherd, the peer of his race, is sometimes broken and thrown out as useless after a few trials.

When taken to be trained, the dog is not permitted to see any human being but his trainer; this leads him to suspect all strangers, a characteristic which clings to the breed. The police dog is never the pet of the crowd. Even on the movie lot where he is adored the dog is never friendly and children are not allowed near him.

Strongheart's uncanny intelligence and the degree to which he was trained before he came to America is proved by the incident which marked his introduction to Larry Trimble, who thus describes it:

"Miss Jean Murfin, Strongheart's present owner, and I had agreed to purchase jointly the best-trained dog in the world and put him into the movies. Bruno Hoffman had promised to secure him for us, and now at last he had cut the red tape of war times and brought Strongheart and two others out of Germany to his kennels near White Plains, New York. The day after they arrived we went up to look them over, to put the three through a series of tests and choose the one best suited. But Strongheart won the place before the tests ever began.

"The Hoffman home and kennels are enclosed by a fence with a bell on the gate and a sign reading, 'Please ring'; but Miss Murfin and I disregarded the bell and walked into the yard. Suddenly came a crash of glass, a horrid growl, and Strongheart came bounding through the front window of the Hoffman home in full charge upon us.

"Miss Murfin obeyed an impulse and started to run back. But I knew police dogs better than she did; I yelled to her: 'Halt where you are and stay there!'

"She stopped—and Strongheart stopped also. 'Halt' is good German for stop and he had obeyed my command. I believe a move on our part would have started his ferocious onslaught again, but when we remained quiet, he was willing to accept the pass-word since we had it. I took a chance and called him by name. He responded by walking back of me and coming to a halt at my right hand, facing the same direction I was—the position a dog is taught to assume toward his trainer when no command is being given. How much further I might have gone with him I shall

never know, for at that moment Mr. Hoffman came rushing out, terrified for our safety.

"There is more significance to this than is apparent to the casual reader. The police dog when on guard is trained to guard certain territory. This is done by establishing a deadline and giving the command to charge whenever any one passes over it, until the command becomes automatic on sight of any trespasser. Strongheart was on guard in the Hoffman home. The fact that no one had passed the gate unless accompanied by Mr. Hoffman had established the fence as a deadline. By charging at us when we entered alone, the dog had only done his duty. But when I gave him the command to halt, he felt perhaps we had authority there. That is why he let me go as far as I liked, provided I didn't disturb anything he was guarding.

"Clear reasoning like this was what I was looking for and I knew I had found my dog."

The well-trained police dog is taught also to seize an object without hurting it, keep an individual at bay until human help arrives, but attack if necessary when flight is attempted; he will face pistol fire unflinchingly and always respects the police uniform. One of his greatest assets is his uncanny ability to sense the presence of a criminal with whom he has had previous contact—in fact these dogs have been known to pick out an old enemy from a crowd.

But the police dog, it must be remembered, is not the fierce, wild beast he is often supposed to be. Quite the contrary. He is lovable, docile and faithful unto death, attacking only when his master is in danger. This is because these dogs are trained by kindness. So strong and ferocious are they when aroused, that no man would dare train them by fear.

"Peter the Great would have killed me long ago if he had not been trained by kindness," said Edward Faust. "His favorite pastime is leaping at my throat. But he never hurts me."

"To punish a dog is the worst thing you can do," said Larry Trimble. "First win his love and confidence; after that you can do anything with him. But reward him only by word or caress. To reward him with food is almost as bad as to punish him, for then he will obey you only when he is hungry.

"The secret of Strongheart's acting ability is that through his intelligence I was able to reach the last ounce of his love and loyalty. He expresses it by making his every desire dependent on my wishes. I merely have to feel and he does the expressing, sensing my mood from the words I give him."

Strongheart's pictures are so widely known that he has friends the world over. This story illustrates the extent of his fame: The dog with his director and the rest of the cast were *en route* for Banff, Canada, to go on location for making "The Love Master" in the land of eternal snow. Strongheart was in his crate in

the baggage car and Larry Trimble and the baggagemen were clearing one end of the car for space for his daily exercise. But just at the crucial moment the conductor entered, demanding to know what a passenger was doing in the baggage car. Trimble explained that his dog must have his daily dozen.

An Admiring Conductor

"That mutt can get along the way the rest of the dogs do," said the conductor. "He will be delivered to you when we get to the station. In the meantime, keep out of the baggage car."

Trimble immediately prepared telegrams to various officials of the Canadian Pacific whom he knew personally. He gave them to the porter to send, but the porter turned them over to the conductor, who immediately approached Mr. Trimble.

"Is that dog Strongheart, the picture star?"

"Of course—who'd you think it was?"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the conductor, seizing Trimble and dragging him back to the baggage car. "Give him the whole train if he likes!" and removing his official coat the conductor swung baggage like an expressman and waited while Trimble released his hound.

On his way back to the front of the train, the conductor was profuse in his apologies.

"I understand you have to enforce the rules," said Trimble. "I feel quite all right about it."

"I don't give a damn how you feel," replied the conductor. "I'm only hoping the dog will understand I wouldn't have called him a mutt if I'd known who he was."

Strongheart's mate is Lady Julie, an aristocrat of her line, imported from Germany when one year old to mate with the famous star. Although the female of the breed is considered too moody and temperamental to learn to act, Lady Julie made her screen debut in "The Love Master." She was coached and directed by her husband, who, aware of her inexperience, led her through every cue far more easily than Mr. Trimble could have done.

During the making of this picture, at Banff, Lady Julie bore three sons and a pair of daughters—a full house, indeed, as any head of a family will agree. So seven Stronghearts appear in this picture, Mr. and Mrs. and the blinking new-born pups.

Lady Julie and Strongheart recently made a series of personal appearances at theaters throughout the country. Wherever they went they occupied a suite in the best hotel.

Exclusive kennels were combed for a mate for Rin-Tin-Tin, and when one was found she was named Nannette in honor of little sister, though she is registered in dogdom's blue-book under a different name. In the hope that histrionic ability may be inherited as well as acquired, one of their sons is already being trained to succeed his famous sire.

The Irish

The story of a woman who cured

TERESA HALLIDAY must have heard the front door close, though that was accomplished with ever so meticulous a quiet. She must have heard her husband's footsteps—though their slow succession was ever so carefully padded—and in the interval must have braced herself for the coming combat. But she could not have presented, either in face or figure, any intimation of the frontal attack she was about to make. For after a single glance thrown in her direction and an airy, "Did I wake you, my darling?" Patrick started to take his coat off. But Theresa added to her quiet "No, I haven't been asleep yet" a "Please come over here, Patrick, I want to talk with you."

Patrick heard something in her voice which turned his powerful head—not with the sudden jerk which was his natural impulse but with a casual motion of an aroused caution—in her direction. Was anything wrong? He walked over to her bed, every antenna of his sensitive politician personality waving a protective barrage for his approach. Yes, there was something—she looked different. Yet in her pale-blue reading-jacket with its trimmings in white or marabou, the coffee-colored boudoir cap with its fringes in pale pink of rosebuds, Theresa was everything that was feminine.

The abnormal quality was a seriousness that seemed to pale the warm cream of her face and to enlarge the wide gray of her eyes. Perhaps, however, Patrick—accustomed to thinking swiftly and now thinking with an abnormal velocity—decided it was the contrast of the long braids of black hair, brought forward over her ears, which produced the one effect; the position of her head on the pillow, the other. The effort to look up at him at the slant at which she lay, threw her lashes so far back that their points seemed to prick through the transparent eyelids.

"Patrick," she said directly, "last night when you telephoned me that you were at the club, you were really at the Mannerings', weren't you?"

"I—that is—I—" Patrick actually stumbled. And yet while he wondered how she had found this out, while yet he realized that the inevitable first quarrel was on, he made one of the lightning decisions which were charac-

teristic of him—this time to tell the truth. "Yes."

"Before we go any further," Theresa went on, "let me tell you that for some time now I have known that you were deceiv—lying to me."

"You've been spying on me!" In dealing with women this had been one of Patrick's favorite coups—the accusatory counter-attack which, if consistently maintained, deflected attention from the main issue. Theresa was not at all like other women, but these tactics seemed about to succeed with her.

"No, I have never spied on you, Patrick. I love you—"

Ah, the fight was over before it began. Patrick made ready to bend to the kiss for forgiveness and reconciliation. And then—

"—but not enough to spy on you."

Patrick waived the line of counter-accusal. "Then what gave you this idea?" He might just as well be direct, for with Theresa he never had to be—never got anywhere by being—either casual or subtle.

Theresa answered with her usual disconcerting and disorganizing candor. "The first time—quite by accident. Jim dropped something."

Patrick groaned inwardly. Jim Dolan, the most devoted of friends, had holes in mind and memory; Jim had occasionally plunged him into political hot water; now he had thrown him into the matrimonial geyser.

"Then," Theresa continued, "for the first time, I developed a definite suspicion. I had occasionally experienced a vague uneasiness in regard to you and your doings—but I dismissed that as disloyal. Now—you see, Patrick, I am the easiest person on earth to deceive. Never did unfaithful husband—"

Patrick interrupted. And he threw a bolt of steel into his voice that augmented it to a roar. This often terrified women. "I don't like that word *unfaithful*!"

It did not terrify Theresa. "I take it back," she instantly offered, though it was apparent that she did not hear his roar; that she only was reconsidering her own words when she spoke.

Patrick had been sincere enough in his protest. He had not been and had no intention of being unfaithful to Theresa. With any other woman in the world, he reflected, ruefully, that

Language by Inez Haynes Irwin

a charming husband of lying

statement would have led instantly up a squirrel-track of argument down which he would ultimately lead her, through all the harsh stages of a violent quarrel, to the sweetest of reconciliations.

"I did not mean to use that word," Theresa apologized. "It had never occurred to me, Patrick, to doubt your fidelity. I'll begin again. Never did a lying husband have an easier victim. I am naturally unsuspicious. I take people at their face value and at their word. It never occurs to me to question—But fortunately for myself, I am a good listener and have a good memory. I remember everything—*everything*—All kinds of things stay in my memory—much of it trash that I wish I could get rid of—When *you* tell me something, it sticks. Later when somebody tells me the exact opposite, *that* sticks, too. About the Mannerings last night, Nellie—of course, quite innocently—happened to have heard all about the party. Her sister is the Mannerings' maid."

Of course! What a fool he had been. Perhaps he could not with dignity manage his wife's Nellie—but he could certainly drop a delicate hint to the Mannerings' Jane.

"Now, having answered your question, Patrick, I want you to answer mine. What object have you in lying to me?"

PATRICK did not like this question, but he replied immediately. "Public life gets me into strange mix-ups. You wouldn't believe the things people confide in me. They have to tell me them, of course, because they're generally asking me to get them out of a hole, or some member of their family, or some friend. I warned you when we were married that I'd never tell you these things. And I never will. I have never broken a confidence yet—and I wouldn't for all the wives on earth." This was true and Patrick paused with a very convincing appearance of a noble indignation.

"I understand that perfectly," Theresa informed him. "You know that. I told you when we had our long talk about these things before our marriage that I did not expect you to share other people's secrets with me. Have I ever told *you* anything that's been confided to *me*?"

So people confided in Theresa, too? This was a new point of view to Patrick. And yet, he reflected uneasily, they would, of course, because of that quiet of hers, that simplicity, that—what was the quality he always was trying to name? Well, *power* described it as closely as any word he had ever found. But who? Herron, of course, always sought her out—but it was not likely that Herron . . . When? . . . Where? . . . And most probably, particularly, what? Some day he would take Theresa apart and find what these confidences were. A woman had no matrimonial right to harbor secrets from her husband. Patrick could drag a secret from any woman if he only had a lead. Theresa was not, however, *any woman*.

"It's not *that* I'm talking about at all," Theresa continued. "And you know it! What I'm asking you is why, when I freely give you such liberty as no other woman I know accords her husband; when I ask you no questions in regard to affairs that do not concern me—why do you lie?"

How well she was phrasing all this, Patrick thought. Of course, though, she had had time to prepare. But then there was no question about it. Theresa's mind was superior to that of the average woman. Besides, she had had an education—advantages—His hunch to tell her the truth was the right one. He would go through with it now to the very end. It was going to be a real battle; as far as women were concerned, the king of battles. A kind of joy in combat warmed him.

"Well, Theresa," he began in the quietest of conversational tones, "it's this way. As men go, I think I'm rather an honest guy. I pay my debts, I keep my word, I carry out my promises. I tell you the truth in all matters that concern money, business and politics. I'm careful about not repeating gossip. Up to that point, I'm as pure as the saints. Beyond—well, perhaps, I'm as black as the devil himself. I've always held a theory that certain things are nobody's business but my own. If anybody asks me a private and personal question—you know what I mean. Suppose somebody said to me, 'Is it true that you and your wife are going to separate?'—I not only evade answering it, but I often lie. I not only lie sweetly and convincingly, but I take the greatest pleasure

in the lying. I lie often when the truth would do better." He paused and met with a square equability his wife's lovely listening look and the long pause in which that look turned to a considering one.

"I think I can understand that," Theresa commented slowly. "I suppose, though, in the case you cite, I should say, 'I prefer not to discuss my private affairs.'"

"Then, of course, the son-of-a-gun would know he'd guessed right," Patrick asserted with enjoyment.

"However," Theresa went on, as though he had not interrupted, "that's aside from the mark. I'll admit that point. I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about your lying to me—not in regard to matters on which we're agreed are not my concern—but in regard to those that are. I'll ask you again and I'll make it a particular case. Patrick, why did you lie to me about being at the Mannerings?"

Patrick almost laughed aloud. Of course he was going to win. He always won against women. But—"That kid's good!" he commented inwardly. "You can't move the previous question on her! She's got logic!" So more of her own medicine—candor.

"Well, the thing is this, Theresa," he continued with his most agreeable air. "I don't treat a woman just the way I treat a man. I can't. I don't know how to. I decide in my own mind how much of the truth is good for them—and give them that much. Perhaps I don't play fair with them, although I'll say I'm willing to put my record against any other man's. I don't think they're to be trusted with the truth."

Theresa flashed upright in her bed. "You mean you have always lied to women," she charged with a hot incredulity. "You mean you have lied, whenever you wanted, to *me*?"

Ah, she was angry. The end was in sight. Having aroused her wrath, he would begin to step. "I don't put it that way to myself," he explained affably. "Being half Irish, I say that when I talk to women I speak the Irish language."

"I won't stand for that," Theresa protested stormily. "I'm just as much Irish as you are and I tell the truth. So do all my friends and yours. Of course, I've always known that sometimes you *do* speak what you call the Irish language. I know what you mean; being agreeable and flattering. But you can do that and tell the truth, too."

"I'm afraid I can't," Patrick asserted with suavity. He watched with intense enjoyment the visible effort with which his wife controlled herself.

"Do you mean, Patrick," she said after a while, "that I can't depend on you to tell me all the truth about things that actually concern me?"

"In most cases—but not in some," he admitted blandly. "It'll be all in the way I feel about it."

"Suppose—suppose I took to lying to you."

"I should always find you out," Patrick informed her. "Your life is an open book to me."

"And most of yours must be a closed one to me," Theresa commented. She lay back on the pillow, each of her beautiful hands holding straight upward, over the shining expanse of linen, the blue-bowed end of a black braid—and meditated.

COMFORTABLY even with a secret amusement—the basis of his enjoyment, a very solid sense of security, Patrick watched her eyes. Blazings . . . stars . . . odd, irregular flamed lights . . . formed there. Suddenly Theresa dropped her lids and when next she raised them all those fires were out.

"Patrick," she said, "I shall never lie to you. Perhaps that might be one way of keeping your affection. I don't know. And I do think I could get away with it at times. I give myself credit for that. Women can always beat a man's game in small matters. But I sha'n't lie. I love you—or I don't love you—enough for that. Nor will I ask you questions about what doesn't concern me. If by accident I do, I shall consider that you have a perfect right—not to evade or lie—but to say, 'I can't discuss that with you.' But you must tell me the truth in regard to what is, after all, my own affair. You *must*! I don't think you're playing fair not to—"

Patrick made a faint outward deprecatory gesture with a pair of hands powerful and almost as shapely as hers. His gesture said, for him, "So be it—but that's the kind of man I am!"

"—Because, you see, you married me first and told me this afterward. You once said to me that you did not mind playing any game as long as the rules were explained to you before you went into it. I thought that a noble—a sporting—line of conduct. But you're not sporting with me at all. You expect me to play the game. Yet you change the rules while the game is in progress."

Logically, of course, she had him. Patrick recognized that. But he only smiled and said, "It's altogether different with women. I was talking then about the rules of life as they affect men. There are no rules between men and women—or rather every married pair lays down its own rules. No, I promised at the altar to be faithful to you. That promise I'll keep. As to what are my private affairs, I shall use my own judgment as to what you'll know or when. It will save you a good deal of distress, my dear, if you think I'm not lying to you—only speaking the Irish language—and then put the whole thing out of your mind."

Theresa's inky lashes swept her cheek. She played meditatively for an interval with the blue tassels of her reading jacket. Then she spoke.

"No. I'm afraid I shall never reconcile myself to your Irish language. What's more, I think I shall cure you of using it. I am not a very subtle person, Patrick. You are. I don't lie. You do. I can't right lies with lies. You can. I sha'n't always know when you lie to me. I've not enough intuition for that. But I shall often know—and in the end, because of that good memory of mine, I shall find out many things that you have deceived me about. It looks to you now, I'm sure, as though I were pretty helpless. But I'm not. I have one weapon—a powerful one. You don't know how powerful a weapon it is, Patrick, because I have never used it against you. I'm going to cure you of this Irish language habit—you watch!"

"I'll watch!" Patrick assured her.

"There's only one thing I'll ask, Patrick," Theresa went on. "When I've beaten you, will you admit it?"

"You *know* I would," was all Patrick said, "but it's a losing fight you're engaging in, my darling."

"Perhaps." Theresa smiled enigmatically. Then, "You see, I want you to be a congressman sometime. I want to help to make a big man of you."

"God speed you, my dear." Patrick studied her curiously. She had lost all her anger. She showed a strange calm. What on earth did she mean? As he bent to her good-night kiss, he was conscious of a slight sinking of the heart.

PATRICK arose the next morning with all the appearance of a man who has dropped a disagreeable subject completely out of his thoughts. Theresa, a charming figure in her filmy bridal negligée, equally looked as though she too had dismissed the subject from her mind. This may have been true of Theresa, but it was certainly not true of Patrick. He had lain awake the night before reviewing the situation. What did the woman mean by that word *weapon*? Had she something on her that he did not know anything about? Of course, she was better educated—but that did not bother Patrick. It was Patrick's opinion that highbrow stuff got you nowhere. However, these uneasy reflections vanished as Theresa poured his coffee. And as he left the house his chest swelled as it always did, with his sense of pride in the charming home which Theresa's taste, plus all those pretty trifles that she had accumulated on her trip round the world, had made for him.

Those uneasy reflections recurred once or twice in the course of the morning—then they died down for good. And for at least a week

he was a model husband in the accuracy with which he retailed each night over the telephone his movements for the evening. Then one evening a party formed at the club to go to the Humphreys. Mrs. Humphrey, it happened, was a woman Theresa did not like. Patrick did not like her either for that matter. She was noisy, sensational and flirtatious. What exactly it was that impelled him to accept the invitation in the first place, and then to say over the telephone, "I'm going up to see Herron tonight, Theresa. Don't expect me until late," he could not exactly have said himself. He was even conscious of a slight feeling of stupefaction when he hung up the receiver. He had lied instinctively—mechanically.

The party proved to be the failure that in his secret heart Patrick had known it would be. He came home earlier than he expected. Theresa was asleep. For the first time in his married experience, Patrick was conscious of a sense of relief. Ordinarily he looked forward to their nocturnal chats; Theresa was so full of intelligent comment on the day's events as the newspapers had brought them to her. Moreover, she had the gift of gossip on its best side. And then she often discussed with him the ideas she had garnered from her reading. This, although he was proud of her—Patrick did not take too seriously. He distrusted books, specially of the highbrow quality, and he detested the periodicals which considered only affairs. However, Theresa's Washington experience had set her in the habit of following international situations, and he listened to her reflections with a benign sense of indulgence.

He was conscious the next morning of a little apprehension as he approached the breakfast-table. But Theresa received him with her usual gentle gravity.

"That big meeting, Theresa," he began glibly at once, "is coming off next week. Herron and I are going to be the only speakers. It's the first time I've ever been featured like this, alone with him. It seems to settle it to my mind that if Herron will only make up his mind that he doesn't want to run, I won't have any opposition to speak of."

Theresa bent over the coffee-pot. "I hope so. This meeting is on the League of Nations, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Theresa said no more.

The night of the meeting came. It was a crowded affair. Patrick spoke first, and he certainly, as he himself would have expressed it, extended himself. The applause was tremendous. Patrick sat down warm with that glow of gratification which comes from a successful speech. Herron, he felt, would really be left at the post. Herron had a dry quality of expression. He tended to abstractions. But this time he was far from abstract. His facts in



*Illustration by
S. George Phillips*

regard to the League were new and interesting; more, they were even picturesque. He was anecdotal. He sat down in the midst of an ovation which compelled him to rise and bow.

Patrick was the first to congratulate him. "That was a cracker-jack of a speech," he exclaimed heartily. "As full of meat as a nut—I should think you'd just come back from Geneva!"

"Well," Herron exclaimed, electrically, "you know where I got my dope, don't you?"

"Not the least idea in the world," Patrick asserted.

"Why, your wife gave it to me, the night I called—last week, wasn't it? I found she had more information than anybody I'd struck in San Francisco. She said you weren't going to use it—and so I just helped myself."

"Good business," Patrick approved. He smiled cordially—even slapped Herron on the back. But all kinds of thoughts were zig-zagging through his mind. That strange



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unease filled his mentality with its cold. Where had Theresa seen Herron? When—why—how? After a proper interval he started to join his wife in the audience, but she had gone home.

He found her in bed reading quietly.

"Where'd you see Herron," he began instantly, "and why did you give him all that stuff on the League of Nations, instead of handing it to me?"

"Well, you see, Patrick," Theresa answered in the calmest of voices, "that night about ten days ago that you said that you were going to spend the evening with Herron, Herron called here. He was on his way to the ferry. He said

you and he had had a talk about this trip of his, and there was some question about social insurance he wanted to ask you. I didn't tell him—I couldn't—that fifteen minutes before you had telephoned me from his house that you were spending the evening with him; I simply told him I didn't know where you were—and I didn't. He had an hour before his train went, and we talked about the League. It happened that the other night at the Dalby's I had a long talk with a man I used to know in the East, Ordway of the *Washington Sun*, who had just come from Geneva. He gave me this information. I knew you would not use it, so I just passed it on to Herron."

If this was the first skirmish, Theresa had won. But there was no suggestion of Patrick's acceptance of this in his, "And you did just right, my dear! He's the head of the party and he ought to get the first chance at everything. You showed great political wisdom there."

Theresa made no further reference to his little adventure in falsehood and Patrick did not refer to it himself. But his unease persisted. And now it had complications. In the first place he actually did not like to think of Herron talking with Theresa alone for a whole hour, and in the second place the revelation that all this highbrow stuff that Theresa was reading might be directly useful politically knocked certain props from under him. If you let books into this business of politics where would you end? And to get your ammunition from a woman. But that was Herron—the clever old skate! He turned everything that came his way to political advantage. That unease persisted through Patrick's sleep, hung over his morning's work, broke only in the fusillade of wit which his advent started up at the club. For weeks his telephoned messages to Theresa coincided perfectly with the facts.

And then simultaneously with a plunge into new semi-social, semi-political activities the necessity for new deceptions seemed to present itself.

Senator Henderson returned from Washington for his summer vacation. Did the senator intend to run for the Presidency? That was a burning question. The party leaders were perpetually closeted with him. The senator had a secretary, Al Fallows. Fallows had a niece who appeared often at the senator's house. She was a wild young thing and pretty. Patrick was not the least infatuated with her, in fact he did not like her. He very soon realized that her point of view had an edge of malice. But she was witty, especially where her remarks concerned women. And Patrick belonged to that type of men who is not in the least bothered by woman's unchivalry to woman, especially where it is accompanied by an entertaining consideration of men. But Dolly Fallows was a little too raw even for Patrick's taste. However, she knew the political game as the senator played it—and with Patrick she showed a disposition to spill her information. Somewhere along the line it was proposed that a party, chaperoned by Mrs. Fallows, go by automobile to Sacramento, spend the night and return the next day. Patrick accepted the invitation with alacrity.

Again it was purely instinctive with him when he said to Theresa one morning, "I've got to go to Los Angeles, day after tomorrow, Theresa. There's a crowd going down on that water conservation business. I'll not be back till the next morning. I wish I could take you."

For the first part of the little trip Patrick enjoyed himself quite as much as he expected. But midway his spirits began to sink.

It was with a real sense of relief and release that Patrick saw San Francisco approach. Theresa asked him the usual concrete questions about his trip, and he answered them with the proper degree of abstract casualness. He volunteered no information, and he turned the subject as soon as possible, he did not want to get his wires crossed. Their luncheon together was a quiet but a civil occasion. But something subtly unpleasant in the Los Angeles experience had dragged a trail through Patrick's mind. He did not like to think of it. He dismissed it from his mind. For days he enjoyed a virtuous sense of pleasure in the fact that nothing came up which impelled him to lie to Theresa. But one night in the club a haphazard allusion leaped out of the conversation which almost paralyzed him; sent him at once to the telephone to break an engagement, and then flying home.

"Did you have Senator Henderson to dinner here the night I went to Los Angeles, Theresa?" he demanded peremptorily.

"I had him here the night you went to Sacramento with the Fallows family," Theresa replied directly.

This was a shock, but Patrick launched through the first breaker.

"What do you mean by entertaining a man like Senator Henderson in this house and not letting me know anything about it?"

"What do you mean by going to one city and telling me that you are going to another?" Theresa demanded with equal spirit.

"I've already explained my platform on that matter to you," Patrick asserted with all the righteous indignation that he could summon. "You know that I told you I wouldn't always inform you exactly as to my doings."

"Then I will now tell you," Theresa came back with spirit, "that I sha'n't always inform you exactly as to my doings. Any time I know or suspect that you are not telling me the truth, I shall entertain myself with a party here at home."

"We can't afford it," Patrick launched stormily along a by-path.

"It won't cost you anything, Patrick," Theresa said. "You know I have always spent the allowance that Uncle Jim gives me on little extras for the house. In the future, I am going to spend it on my own enjoyments. You see, Patrick, I have met a great many people, some of them even very distinguished—in the East, and especially in Washington. I see their names sometimes in the list of arrivals at the various hotels. After this, I am going to have them here as they pass through."

"You mean," Patrick said, "that you'll entertain when I'm not around?"

"If you continue to lie to me, you will not be invited. If you come home by chance, I shall be delighted to see you, but if you don't, you will never know, so far as I am concerned, that there has been such a party."

Patrick stared at her—started to speak—bit his lip.

"And a very good idea," he approved. "I shall be glad to think you are having a good time."

But in reality he was not glad at all. The whole situation very definitely irritated him.

"Do you mind telling me who were your guests with Senator Henderson?" he inquired.

"Not at all," Theresa asserted calmly. "Mrs. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Herron, a Mr. and Mrs. Delaney. Mr. Delaney is a famous economist. The senator wanted especially to talk with him."

"How late did they stay?" Patrick asked.

"Until about one," Theresa said evenly. "We got awfully interested in a discussion of labor, and it was one before we knew it."

A tingle of pride ran through Patrick's veins. He had no doubt that Theresa had held her own with those men. But his pride did not dispense that strange sense of . . . what was it?

He was never free from that unease now. He found himself telephoning his wife two or three times an evening, listening, avidly, for the sound of voices back of her. He found himself going home earlier than he expected, and curiously enough these were always from social affairs about which he had deceived her a little. But on these occasions she had apparently not checked up on him in any way. He found her reading or sleeping quietly. Lying to her since the Sacramento affair had been merely bravado on his part—there had been no necessity for deceit, but he had to do it to prove that he could. And having proved to himself that a woman could not beat his game, he found himself really enjoying telling Theresa the exact truth. Certain habitual engagements, too, began to lose their importance in his eyes. He came home to dinner frequently.

THEN the political situation began suddenly but subtly to tangle. Herron would not say whether or not he was going to run for assessor, although the time was fast approaching when he must make up his mind. Moreover, Patrick was not sitting quite pretty in the political saddle as three months before. Lonigan had suddenly shown a spectacular power in a fight over the new tunnel in the Board of Supervisors. He had put up a terrific battle and won. The papers were full of him. How about—even Patrick heard these rumors—Lonigan for assessor? Patrick was in a continual state of suppressed irritation. "Herron is the most close-mouthed fish I ever saw in my life," he fumed to Theresa.

"Why doesn't the man know his own mind."

"Sometimes I've wondered if it were a matter of Mrs. Herron's health," Theresa said. "She's always been so quiet socially. That isn't natural in a politician's wife."

"She's never had a sick day since I've known them," Patrick declared. "No, it's only that she's a dumbell."

"I like Mrs. Herron very much," Theresa asserted quietly, "and she likes me. She tries to show me that every time we meet."

"Well, she's all right," Patrick asserted. "Look at the color she has!"

"Yes, but—" Theresa did not finish her sentence.

The situation prolonged itself.

And then Patrick was invited by the Dacey set to go for three days to Yosemite. The Dacey set invited Theresa, too. But although Patrick enjoyed the Dacey set very much himself, he had so little intention of letting Theresa mingle with them that he did not even extend the invitation to her. Moreover, as he knew very well, Theresa despised them—and with perfect justice. They were a roaring, drinking, dancing crowd, empty-headed, but with a wild capacity for enjoyment that had a sort of charm for Patrick. To be sure, with them, conversation any evening consisted almost entirely of a description of that morning's "head" and an account, punctuated with shrieks of laughter, of what they had done in that illuminated period which preceded the "head." The Yosemite trip was going to be "one wild time," the Dacey set prophesied to Patrick. They showed him their reserves. Patrick felt that three days away from San Francisco could do him no harm. Herron at the earliest would make his public decision at the big rally the following week. He told Theresa—although as usual he did not know exactly why—that he was going to Shasta County.

The trip to Yosemite proceeded according to standardized Dacey form. They speeded at a reckless rate along dangerous roads, half the time not one of them in condition to drive the car but all laughing and shrieking, and all sublimely indifferent to the danger they ran. Other cars gave them a wide berth, or sometimes even stopped at the side of the road and let them pass. The first night was a riot. The second night was so much of a Dacey kind of night that it was almost noon before Patrick became himself again. And then he emerged into the light of the gorgeous California day only because Dacey had come galloping, obviously in a state of wild excitement, into his bedroom. "Say, the paper's full of news that'll make you sit up, Pat," he announced. "Herron's out. Last night there was a caucus of the party machine and they endorsed Lonigan."

"What!" Patrick demanded. He snatched the paper from Dacey's hand, ran through the

big black-headed morning's story, his face growing darker and darker. "I didn't think this could possibly happen," he said. "By God, somebody's going to pay for this! That Lonigan bunch just waited for me to get away to put this over." And then, the delicate political antenna apprising him that Dacey was not wholly lacking enjoyment in this situation, he broke off abruptly. "Well, Lonigan's a good man! A damn good man and a good fellow. If I couldn't get it myself, I am glad to see him win!"

But of course, the pleasure had all gone out of the expedition for Patrick. He withdrew abruptly from the party and returned that night to San Francisco.

Theresa greeted him with her usual luminous calm.

"I hadn't the faintest idea Herron would make up his mind so suddenly," he said, after they had talked over the news.

Theresa did not answer. There was a moment of quiet. Something was in the air. Patrick was always instantly conscious of a "something in the air." He raised his head and glanced covertly at his wife. "Did you suspect it?" he asked.

Theresa lifted her head from the bit of embroidery on which she was working. "I knew it the instant he made up his mind," she said calmly.

"You knew it—" Patrick seemed to stiffen to iron where he sat. "*You knew it!* When did you know it and how?"

"The afternoon of the day you went to Shasta, Herron told me it here in this house."

"And you didn't tell me."

"No. I went to the telephone to call your office. I couldn't get it. While I was waiting I called up Maud Dacey's house. I happened to cut into a conversation she was holding with her mother. Before I hung up, I heard her say that she was going to Yosemite with a party of which you were a member. You had kissed me good-by for Shasta, and so I let you go to—Yosemite."

PATRICK was livid. "Do you mean to tell me," he said in a steely voice, "that you were party to what for all you knew might be the political ruin of your husband?"

"No." Theresa preserved her emotionless serenity. "I was party to nothing of the sort. I only kept to the line of conduct that I warned you, when we had our talk six months ago, that I should pursue. I told you then, Patrick, that I had one weapon with which to fight you—you and your lies. I told you you'd never suspect what that weapon was. You didn't. Now I'll tell you what it is. It's silence. Only that—silence. I told you that I had only two things, a good memory and a capacity for keeping my mouth shut. You said that I could not

beat your game. I agreed with you, but I told you that I thought I could put some crimp in it. And you see, I have."

Patrick's livid look changed. He had a stricken air. "How did Herron come to tell you first of anybody?" he demanded, and in his voice swelled an emotion that was different from his despairing rage at the turn of political events.

"He did me the honor," Theresa explained, "to ask my advice. What I suspected turned out to be true. Mrs. Herron is not at all well. He said to me—and nothing, I think, that anybody has ever said has pleased me more—that he knew I would advise him with perfect impartiality, notwithstanding the fact that this was a matter in which my husband was intensely interested. That was true and I did so advise him. He's now about to make reservations for the Orient to give Mrs. Herron the rest which the doctor told him she needs."

"I'm deserted by everybody," Patrick said bitterly, "wife and friends."

"I shall never desert you, Patrick," Theresa said softly. "Come over and kiss me, honey! Then I'll tell you something nice."

"Theresa," Patrick burst out with a mighty effort, "you're right and I'm wrong. I knew I was wrong six months ago and I've known I was wrong ever since. I won't lie to you ever again—or at least, I'll try not to. It may be a difficult thing for me to keep this resolution, because I've got many years of habit to overcome. But if you will help me . . ." He looked pleadingly at her.

"Oh, I can help you," Theresa announced serenely. "I can help you. In the future if I have my doubts, I'll say, Patrick, are you speaking the Irish language?"

"And I'll tell you the truth, as I'm an Irishman," Patrick declared ruefully, "for I'll know damn well what I'm going to lose out by it if I don't."

For another moment Theresa was silent. Then, "Patrick," she said, "I didn't want you to run for assessor anyway. I had a long talk with Senator Henderson the night he was here on the subject of your going to Congress. He agreed with me that you were the legitimate successor of Ferguson and that now that Ferguson is out there is no need for a man of your ability to go through every stage of the political route. He promised me before he left that he would throw his influence all your way next fall."

Patrick stared. "Congress!" he ejaculated. "Lonigan can take his old assessorship. By golly, Theresa, you're some wife—believe me, some wife. To think I never knew I had my political manager in my own family." He paused. "Or is it— Oh, woman, woman, don't tell me you've begun to talk the Irish language yourself!"

We Must March

A novel of pioneer days in the Great Northwest

by Honoré Willsie Morrow

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

Begin this serial with any instalment. The story up to this point is here.

GEORGE SIMPSON, Governor of Rupert's Land in the year 1836, learns with consternation that a party of American missionaries are about to invade the Oregon Territory, held at that time by the Hudson's Bay Company. Realizing that a mission established on the Columbia River would blaze the trail for later homesteaders and deprive England of the territory, he determines to stop their progress at any cost and, under the guise of hospitality, offers them temporary quarters in his fort. From him the missionaries, Dr. Marcus Whitman, his wife Narcissa, the Reverend Henry Spalding, his wife Eliza, and a secular agent, William Gray, learn that the British are not amicable to their plans. Narcissa, through her beauty and courage, attracts the governor, who recognizes in her fine qualities that distinguish her from the others of the party. To her he offers the opportunity of establishing at the fort a school for the Indians and half breeds, telling her that her talent should not be wasted on a rough-and-tumble husband such as Marcus. His friendly advances touch the girl, who has married Whitman and undertaken the expedition as solace for an unfortunate love affair in the East, but she steadfastly refuses his offers, discerning behind them his intentions to thwart the missionaries' aims. One morning they learn that their cattle and horses have disappeared. Narcissa, becoming separated from the searching party, is discovered by an Indian, Joe Buffalo, who threatens to kidnap and marry her. She becomes frightened.

Second Instalment

"IF YOU do not take me back to the fort," declared Narcissa, with as haughty an air as she could muster, "the Hudson's Bay Company will punish you."

The Indian shook his head. "You, Boston! Hudson's Bay Company glad to have Boston die. Hudson's Bay Company not want white

women there," pointing west. "Injuns not want white women there. White man not stay long where no white women."

Sharp resentment added itself to Narcissa's fears. Was ever a woman made as unwelcome to any new land, as she was being made in Oregon?

"Nevertheless," she said disdainfully, "you must leave me in peace or Governor Simpson will have you shot. He is my friend."

"The Kitchie Okema?" asked Jo Buffalo. "Huh! Kitchie Okema give orders Injuns run off Boston's cows, Boston's horses, Boston's mules. He not friend."

"How do you know he gave those orders?" asked Narcissa, sharply.

Jo Buffalo shrugged his shoulders and dismounted. "You, yellow hair, get on Jo Buffalo's horse."

"Why?" asked Narcissa, wondering at the moment if the Indian could see the throbbing of her throat.

"Jo Buffalo mak' marry you in his lodge, tonight."

"I'll kill myself first," said Narcissa, slowly, looking the Indian full in the eye.

Jo Buffalo grunted with surprise. He glanced over his stalwart frame. He was a magnificent specimen of humanity. He stood well over six feet in height, and was possessed of regular, aquiline features that were not without a certain malignant beauty. Even the grotesque red calico shirt and the ugly "store pants" could not greatly mar his savage grace.

"Why kill yourself?" he asked, wonderingly. "You not like mak' marry Injun? Your buck not great man, like Jo Buffalo."

He sat down on the rock heap as though prepared to argue indefinitely on the subject.

ABOUT an hour after Jo Buffalo's arrival on the scene, the doctor, with Gray and Spalding, returned to the tent. Their hunt for the live stock had been fruitless. Mrs.



"Miles!" shouted Marcus. "Miles! We're coming!" And the two

Spalding, dozing within the tent, roused herself to express a grievance.

"Sister Whitman hasn't been near me since this morning. I suppose the men around here are beau-ing her, same as they did at Fort Laramie and the 'Rendezvous.' But she never did neglect me this way before."

"Well! Well!" laughed Marcus. "I don't blame you for complaining! I'll find her and do some complaining, myself. Last I saw her, she was talking to Governor Simpson. Poor girl! I suspect she's saying her farewell to civilization! We'll have to forgive her."

He appeared not to hear the derisive grunt with which the preacher met these remarks and made his way, a little dejectedly, perhaps, to the fort. Governor Simpson, looking up from the accounts John Leslie and Captain Thing were checking with him, greeted the doctor, cheerfully.

"Well, Dr. Whitman, have you found your truant herd?"

Marcus shook his head. "No Governor, I have not." Abruptly he changed the subject. "May I ask if you gentlemen know anything of Mrs. Whitman's whereabouts?"

Captain Thing looked up quickly. "I saw her about noon. She was walking briskly south of the fort."

"I saw her last," said the governor, "when

she finished talking with me by the great store yonder, about half after eleven."

"I, too, saw her then," added young Leslie, with anxiety in his voice.

"Mrs. Spalding hasn't seen her all afternoon," exclaimed Marcus. "She must have strayed away—" He stopped abruptly and looked bitterly at the three men. "I have neither horses nor food, though I have money to pay for both. By the Eternal, if you gentlemen will not allow me—"

Simpson, rising suddenly, interrupted. "Whitman, the resources of the fort are yours. Go out and search the Indian lodges and question all the whites you see, while we organize a search party."

Marcus's tense face blanched. "Do you actually fear—" he began.

But again the governor interrupted him this time with a roar. "I fear the worst. I Gad, didn't we warn you? Didn't we explain to you?"

But Marcus's roar drowned the governor. "After all your protests against my poor wife coming to Oregon, I suppose you would be delighted if she were lost!"

"Be silent, you fool!" Simpson's voice dropped to little more than a harsh whisper. "I would not have an Indian so much as touch the hem of Madam Whitman's skirt. Do



horses, spurred on by their riders, went toward the sound of the voice.

waste time making insulting innuendos, man!"

Marcus, with a groan of awful premonition, ran out into the stockade. Several persons had observed Narcissa start off on her walk. The doctor gathered all the meager information he could and returned to the stockade, to find a small search party organized. Few whites were available, for Factors McLeod and McKay had left that day. Governor Simpson and Captain Thing with Malcolm and Gray, leaving John Leslie to keep the fort, represented the white contingent. Monique and several of the other half-breed voyageurs were on hand, chattering excitedly among themselves. Marcus hastily mounted the horse provided for him and the cavalcade was starting when Henry Spalding ran in through the gates toward them at top speed.

"Give me a horse, some one!" he cried.

"Your place is with your wife, Henry!" exclaimed Marcus.

The preacher seized the bridle of Marcus's horse, his sallow face working as he looked up at the doctor. "I knew Narcissa Prentiss long before you did, Whitman! Tell them to give me a horse."

Governor Simpson nodded to Malcolm, and Spalding was hoisted into the saddle of one of the extra mounts. The party moved quickly out of the gates and started southward, John

Leslie and a handful of Indians silently watching their departure.

Simpson had given his orders. Hunting in pairs, the party was to spread fan wise and comb the valley, up into the hills that rose eight miles to the south.

Marcus was to work with the governor. For some time, they guided their horses zigzag, across every draw and hillock without speaking. But just before they reached the first of the hills, a sort of despair seized the doctor.

"I was a fool!" he burst out.

"You were," agreed Simpson grimly, glancing at Marcus from beneath the brim of his beaver. "By the living God, sir, how could you have had so little consideration, if you were at Green River the year before, as to bring her here?"

Marcus, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead, thrust his face into the Scotchman's, both visages gray and set in the light sinking sun. "You don't know what you're talking about! Would she have married me unless I'd had the founding of the mission to tempt her?"

"It was absolutely necessary that she marry you, then?" cried Simpson. "You and no one else? God, what selfishness we men are capable of!"

He dug his spurs into his horse and plunged

into the sage-brush thicket that choked the little valley. With a groan, Marcus followed him. Working through the sage brush was a heart-breaking job. The horses detested it and showed their dislike by bucking and shaking their heads and kicking, as the prickly shrub tore at their manes and flanks. Their progress was slow until, beyond them, sounded a boy's angry voice.

"Oh, you would, you damned snake! I'll show you!"

"Miles!" shouted Marcus. "Miles! We're coming!" And the two horses, spurred on by their riders, went toward the sound of the voice.

AGAINST a tall rock stood Narcissa. As Marcus and Simpson appeared an Indian dropped his hands from Miles Goodyear's throat, and, flinging himself on his pony, crashed away through the underbrush.

"Catch him!" shrieked Miles. "Catch him! It's Jo Buffalo!"

"We'll get him at our leisure," said Simpson grimly, watching the doctor, who, with a great cry, had thrown himself from his horse.

"Narcissa! Are you hurt?"

"Not at all, except for a twisted wrist," replied Narcissa, her voice a little uneven. "He had just grasped me to force me on his horse when Miles came. I must have held him in parley for an hour. I even sang to him!"

"It was the singing I heard," panted Miles.

"I think I'd like to sit down a moment," said Narcissa, looking about her vaguely.

Governor Simpson laid his blue cape against the rock. "Lean on this, Madam Whitman," he said.

Narcissa, helped by the two men, slid to the ground and lay back against the cloak-draped rock, her eyes closed, her face deathly white.

"Has she fainted?" gasped Miles.

"No!" murmured Narcissa, with a little, twisted smile. "I'm just enjoying my fright, now!"

Simpson cleared his throat. "How did you come here, Master Goodyear?"

"Oh, I was scouting after the horses and cows and I just got 'em located up the valley here where an Injun has them cached, when I heard Mrs. Whitman singing. I wanted to sneak quietly away from the Indian that had the herd and doing that I came upon Mrs. Whitman just as she was trying to pull her arm away from Jo Buffalo."

"Well," said the governor, "you are a credit to the Hudson's Bay Company, young sir! Now, climb you up on the hillside yonder and fire your gun three times. That's the signal to the other searchers."

Miles dug his ragged boot into the ground with an embarrassed air. "I—I ain't got any ammunition. That's why I didn't shoot Jo

Buffalo and that Injun that stole our herd."

"How did you waste your powder and shot?" demanded the governor.

"Waste it!" retorted Miles. "Gosh, I ain't had any for a month! I just carry this gun to scare folks with."

"I see!" chuckled Simpson. "Take the powder from my saddle and load your gun, quickly."

Marcus, chafing Narcissa's hands, watched her with agonized solicitude.

"Don't try to move till you feel quite yourself again," he said, as, at the sound of Miles's first shot, she sat erect.

"I shall do very well now," replied Narcissa. "You haven't asked me, Marcus, what I was doing so far from the fort."

"I was too happy to have found you to bother about that. But since you remind me, how could you be so foolhardy, Narcissa?" asked the doctor, his great voice astoundingly gentle.

"I was hunting for the lost herd," said Narcissa, looking, however, not at Marcus but at Governor Simpson. "Of course, now that Jo Buffalo will have warned his colleagues, the herd is lost forever."

"Not so!" declared Simpson. "I shall put Malcolm in charge to bring it in."

NARCISSA stared at the Scotchman, enigmatically, then she held out her hands to her husband. "If you will help me to rise and mount your horse, Marcus, I'll be glad to start for the fort."

"Are you fit?" exclaimed Simpson.

"Quite," replied Narcissa, as she rose and smoothed her hair. "Though I do wonder why all the hostility to Americans entering Oregon should center on me?"

"But Jo Buffalo evidently had no hostility to your entering Oregon," said Simpson, grimly.

"No," replied Narcissa, "but he feared no punishment from the one source of justice here—your company—because he knew of your hostility to me."

"And yet, Narcissa," interjected Marcus quickly, "the moment the governor heard that you had disappeared, he placed all the resources of the company at my disposal."

Narcissa smiled. "He was a generous enemy in that, of course!"

"Come! Come! Madam Whitman, you mustn't make me seem a brute when my heart was in my throat at the thought of your possible fate!" cried Simpson heatedly.

"I am so grateful to you!" Narcissa exclaimed, "and doubly so when I was so culpably careless in what I did."

"Then let's mount and start homeward," said the governor. "Doctor, take my horse and I'll wait for the others to find us."

"Not at all, sir!" replied Marcus, on whom, in spite of his opposition, the dignity of the

governor was making an impression. "With your permission, I'll send my wife on with you and I'll remain with Malcolm to bring in the herd."

"Very well!" agreed the governor, "if Madam Whitman consents."

Narcissa smiled and the governor gave his horse its head, to find, in the gathering darkness, the shortest way out of the sage brush. It was not until they were clear of the little valley and moving toward the beacon light kindled at the fort for their guidance, that either of the riders spoke. Then Narcissa said quietly:

"Lest we are not alone again, I will tell you now, Governor Simpson, that I must refuse your offer concerning the founding of the school."

"I'm exceedingly sorry to hear that," remarked the governor. "Will you, perhaps, give me reasons?"

"I have many, sir," replied Narcissa. "You know them all: loyalty to the American Board; to my husband's ambitions; to our religious convictions. But the immediate cause of the decision is anger."

"Anger?" repeated her companion.

"Yes, sir, anger! Anger at you! You stooped very low, Governor Simpson, when you stole our pitiful herd of live stock from us. I will not associate myself with a person or a concern that will so demean itself. More! I tell you that if our animals are fit to travel tomorrow, we leave without supplies for the Columbia."

"I did not steal your live stock, madam," declared Simpson, impatiently.

"You ordered it cached, for how long I do not know or care," replied Narcissa.

"Do you realize what you are saying?" demanded the governor.

"I do, indeed," answered Narcissa. "I realize that I'm making a powerful enemy for our future mission." She laughed a little sadly as she spoke. "And yet, we might have been great friends. One cannot lose a true friend without grief."

"You are quite correct," agreed Simpson, with a bitter note in his voice. "If you can endure it, madam, I'd be glad to spur to a gallop for the remaining way to the fort."

Nothing more was said during the ride.

After the confusion of explanation and comment concerning Narcissa's escapade had died down, young Gray looked up from feeding the camp fire round which all but Mrs. Spalding were seated and said:

"Captain Thing warned me that the only way our women folks could hope for safety would be for us to kill Jo Buffalo."

"Our women folks are going to know safety from now on," declared Marcus. "I'm going to procure safe conduct for them back to the States, while we men go on and establish our mission. I've had my lesson."

William Gray heaved a vast sigh of relief. "That's the best news I've had for a long time! They can come by ship round the Horn, when we've made a place for them."

HENRY SPALDING looked from Marcus to William, from William to Narcissa. "Just for a year, perhaps," he said, carefully. "Though it will be very difficult for me to get along without Eliza."

"Oh!" exclaimed Narcissa, looking half sadly, half reproachfully at the men. "Oh! Why was I so stupid as to wander off as I did? You must all try to believe that I've had my lesson and that I don't have to be sent home like a naughty child. Nor ought you to punish Mrs. Spalding for my carelessness."

"It's not a question of punishment, Narcissa," said the doctor. "I'm terrorized. Only the grace of God saved you today from worse than death."

"The grace of God working through Miles Goodyear." Narcissa was a little pale as she made the addition. "I was very, very culpable in my heedlessness, Marcus. I promise you that it will not happen again."

"I'm sure you never will stray again," replied Marcus, "but that's not the end of the matter. We are going to live among these savages and it's evident that the warnings of Thing and the governor were based on knowledge. The red brutes are going to pursue you white women."

"Marcus—" Narcissa's voice was tense—"I can't go back! All the interest, all the hopes of my life are centered on the founding of the mission. You need us. Henry has admitted that."

"But aren't you afraid for yourself, Mrs. Whitman?" asked William Gray.

"Terribly afraid," admitted Narcissa. "But more afraid to go back to the States with my work undone. Danger or no danger, none of you has the right to ask it of me."

Her low voice broke and she paused. How could she explain to these three men?

"After all," she said aloud, "I am a responsible human being with a right to make my own decisions, disposing of my own life. I choose to go on."

"But, Narcissa," began the doctor, impatiently.

"Please, Marcus," interrupted Narcissa, "don't let's argue about it. We settled our plans last March in Angelica. Are they based on so trivial a foundation that we can cast them aside at the first breath of danger?"

"I'm with you, Narcissa!" exclaimed Henry Spalding, with so unwonted a note of approval in his harsh voice that every one looked at him in astonishment. "And Eliza'll do what I tell her to."

"You've made greater progress in wife training in your six months of marriage than I have in my six months!" exclaimed the doctor, laughing ruefully and looking at Narcissa with an expression half admiring and half reproachful.

"What condition is the live stock in?" she asked suddenly.

"A little the better for their day of seclusion, I think," replied William Gray.

"Then let's start for Fort Boise in the morning," suggested Narcissa. "We're no worse off than we were for a week before we got here. They say we can buy salmon from the digger Indians, farther along the Snake River, and perhaps venison, too. If the company can prevent their selling to us, then we can live on dried beef and find what grazing we can for the stock. Only let's go on."

"I'll agree to that on one condition." The doctor leaned toward Narcissa and his face was grimly determined in the firelight. "That you begin tomorrow to learn to use a pistol and that you carry one with you constantly from this day forth."

"I promise!" exclaimed Narcissa.

"What do we do about Jo Buffalo?" asked William Gray.

"Apply your Indian policy to him," replied Narcissa. "Let us make every effort to entice him to our mission and convert him."

"Well, I hope my Indian policy is applicable to me and mine as well as to other folks," said Marcus. "But that Indian will never come within a hundred miles of our mission if I can prevent it. Outside of that I'm willing to leave him in the Lord's hands."

There was a moment's silence around the little fire. As he spoke Narcissa recalled Captain Thing's statement: "If you go among the Indians with your 'turn the other cheek' policy, instead of 'an eye for an eye,' you court the most terrible disaster." And, though it had been she who suggested the treatment of Jo Buffalo, a sudden awful qualm shook her at Marcus's acquiescence. But only for a moment. When she rose to say good night, it was with a feeling of keen exhilaration. On the morrow the combat would begin.

THE next morning William Gray and Henry Spalding, on their emaciated saddle horses, rounded up the dozen heavily laden pack ponies and the little herd of milch cows, and started them northwestward, up the valley. Narcissa and Eliza Spalding, on a pair of heavy footsore ponies, followed, and a moment later Marcus shouted,

"Hi, Jennie! Up, Jewel!" and the old wagon ricketed into line.

It seemed as if they might go without a gesture from the fort, but when the wagon was well launched, four figures in kilts lined up in

front of the stockade, and all the occupants of the fort appeared behind them. Above the shouts of Spalding and Gray at the head, above the creak-creak-creak of the old lady Conastoga, rose the shrieking of the bagpipes:

Malbrouch has gone a-fighting,
Mirorton, mironton, mirontaine,
Malbrouch has gone a-fighting,
But when will he return?

Until the gigantic growth of sage brush hid the little cavalcade from sight, the piercingly sweet notes of the old song floated down the echoing valley.

Five days later the missionaries pitched their camp near the American Falls of Snake River.

It had been rough going. Indescribably rough! Narcissa, sitting that night within sound of the falls, with her diary letter on her knee, was at a loss how to express in words to her father and mother the hazards and hardships that had beset them since leaving Fort Hall. For she had exhausted her vocabulary before making this plunge into the Snake River Canyon. And now, with a country infinitely wilder than any they had seen before, she was left without means of expression.

MARCUS, except for such slight help as he would allow Narcissa to give him, struggled alone with the wagon. Every day saw him a little more ragged, a little more worn, and, what worried him more than his own condition, saw Jennie and Jewel become so lame and so emaciated that their very kicks became only feeble suggestions. But no one heard the doctor complain and at last, in reluctant admiration of his perseverance, even Henry Spalding ceased to gibe at him.

They reached Fort Boise, on a little river tributary to the Snake, about the middle of August. It was really a tiny camp, more like a horse corral than a place of defense and was occupied by Thomas McKay, the Hudson's Bay factor, who had left Fort Hall a day before the mission party. The spot was as lonely as a raft in the wide Atlantic.

After their treatment at Fort Hall, no one had much hope that supplies could be procured here. But McLeod, who was stopping with McKay before proceeding to Fort Vancouver, sent to Narcissa, the evening they arrived, a half dozen fat ducks, a part of a great number his hunters had brought in that day.

The gift touched the missionaries deeply. They had expected nothing and this bit of human kindness cheered them. It gave Marcus courage to approach McKay on the subject of Jennie and Jewel. After supper, he asked the factor to come out and examine the mules. Two pitiful heaps of bone and hide, they lay in the sage brush, with strength only to raise



"I must be satisfied with your fine frankness," Governor Simpson said. "You have been very kind to me, Madam," and he lifted her hand to his lips.

their heads for an occasional bite of the wild hay Marcus had piled near them.

"Would you swap me these for a couple of horses, Mr. McKay?" asked Marcus.

But the factor shook his head. "I haven't an animal to spare, doctor. Oh, come now!" as Marcus looked sceptical, "you must believe me! Examine my corral for yourself. Those little Indian ponies are too light for your purpose."

Marcus drew a long breath, and stared at the mules. He knew that only months of rest would make them fit again. And the factor was right; Indian ponies were useless.

"Leave the wagon and mules with me," suggested McKay. "I'll get them in shape for the use of them. When you can, return for them. Or else," as Marcus hesitated, "take the cart to pieces, wrap it up in *parfleche* and pack it the rest of the way. My advice is, leave—" but he did not finish his sentence. Marcus was staring at Jennie and Jewel with an expression of grief that caused the factor to turn away as if on sudden business.

It was nearly dark when Narcissa found Marcus sitting on the ground with Jewel's head on his knee. He was talking to the mule in a low voice. Narcissa put her hand on the doctor's shoulder.

"I've been talking to Mr. McLeod," she said. "He insists that he can not help us with fresh animals."

"I know," mumbled the doctor. "Well, I'll leave the outfit here. We're only two weeks from the Columbia, and it's to be clearly understood that I'll return for them."

Narcissa patted his drooping shoulder. "I know how you feel! I'll help you to return for old Lady Conestoga. But, don't misunderstand me, Marcus, when I say that bitterly as I regret this frustration of your hope, I feel a certain relief. You are almost as tired as poor Jewel. Why, you don't look the same man who asked me in January to marry him! You aren't, by any chance, a changeling, are you Marcus?" with a whimsical smile.

Marcus sighed ruefully. "Perhaps I am. I know I'm a much more dejected man than the one who asked you to marry him."

"Oh, but Marcus, you mustn't begin to despair now! Why, the fight hasn't really begun!"

Marcus placed Jewel's pitiful head gently on the ground and rose. "The fight?" he repeated. "Oh, that doesn't trouble me!" He stared at his wife in the fading light. Travelworn as she was, her beauty was undimmed. "Narcissa! Narcissa!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "When I was so sure I could make you love me, I was living in a fool's paradise."

Narcissa's fine hands came together with a gesture at once regretful and appealing. "Don't say that! I was honest with you, Marcus, that January afternoon. I told you that I admired and respected you, and I told you that was all."

"Yes, you were honest, dear Narcissa," said Marcus, huskily. "I am not reproaching you. It's only that every day I live with you, I love you more. And—why, Narcissa, I'd be in heaven if you gave me a tenth of what plain little Eliza Spalding gives to that cross-grained man of hers."

Narcissa's lips quivered. "I want to do all that I can to make you happy, Marcus!"

"I know you do! Don't misunderstand me. You are wonderful on the trail. It must be distasteful to you, but you don't complain and you are the life of the expedition, with your singing and all. Mrs. Spalding, good and kind as she is, can't hold a candle to you. It's just that—Narcissa, I love you! I love you! Love you!" With a despairing fling of his arm, he turned away.

For a long time, Narcissa stood motionless, then with a sigh that was almost a sob, she went into the tent.

UNENCUMBERED by the wagon, their rate of travel was materially increased after leaving Fort Boise. They were much heartened, too, by the fact that Factor McLeod, with a considerable convoy, went with them. The missionaries were puzzled, at first, to know just why this was done but they were not left long in doubt. The quiet Scotchman himself constituted something that was a combination of watchman and teacher. He expressed himself as scandalized by the tariff paid by the missionaries to the Digger Indians.

"You ruin everything, you Americans!" he groaned. "Either you must overpay the savages or you must debauch them and earn their hatred. You were given our scale of prices at Fort Hall. Why could you not have the good sense to follow it?"

"Because it seemed atrociously small," replied William Gray flatly. "Two fish hook for a twenty-pound salmon. That's not decent."

McLeod flushed. "You're to understand, sir, that the scale of prices worked out by the Hudson's Bay Company is the result of over a hundred and fifty years experience in trading with Indians—years in which the Indians have been content. Our company will not tolerate your coming in here and upsetting our trade."

"I don't see what you can do about it!" blurted Gray.

"We can refuse to sell you supplies," replied the Scotchman gravely.

"Oh, well, we expect that anyhow." The young man shrugged his shoulders. The two were riding behind the pack animals. When Gray made his half-insolent gesture McLeod silently rode ahead.

But this did not deter him from giving instructions on the Hudson's Bay Company's methods to Marcus, whenever opportunity occurred. And Marcus, that born mixer with men,



"Welcome to Fort Vancouver!"
Dr. McLoughlin said courteously.

listened, commented affably, and promptly forgot most of what was said. He had not the slightest intention of living according to the British company's program.

THEY climbed fierce ranges and descended into the lovely mountain-encircled basin of the Grande Ronde. Here they gave their stock a full day's grazing. Then they toiled onward into the Blue Mountains, the last range that lay between them and the valley of the Columbia. Of all the ranges they had crossed, this seemed to the weary little band the most terrible. The very horses were afraid and trembled as they stood sweating on the edge of the unspeakable descents. The poor brutes were unshod and their hoofs were split to the quick by the miles of broken stone over which they had been urged. And still as the end of the journey was all but in sight, the beasts were urged on more pitilessly. A sudden desire to hurry consumed the whole party. It was as if they were fearful lest at the last something should occur to mar the unbelievable good fortune that had attended them thus far. They made their camps hastily, omitting many of the details for comfort that hitherto had seemed so important. They took less care for the meals, rose before

dawn and eliminated the noon rest, reaching their hastily chosen night camp after ten hours in the saddle, yet only subconsciously noting their great weariness. The Promised Land was just beyond the last seemingly impregnable wall that towered against the heavens.

At sunset, on the tenth day after leaving Fort Boise, they topped the last mountain. Far, far below and for a vast distance beyond, lay a great valley, cut from north to south by a silver ribbon, the Columbia. From the plains below, delicate lavender mists rose toward the heavens which were orange blue at the zenith and a fiery crimson toward the west where the sun had sunk behind the mountain range. From this range towered three gigantic, snow capped peaks.

For a moment the travelers paused, eyes tear dimmed, to take in this view of the Promised Land, then they plunged down the mountain-side and camped in the valley.

Factor McLeod had a suggestion to make when they reached the valley. All the pack animals, even his own, were too weary to keep up the terrific pace, which he, for reasons of his own, had been only too glad to keep.

"I must be in Fort Vancouver," he said, "in six days' time. We still are twenty-five miles from Fort Walla Walla. It will take the pack animals two days to cover that. And poor Mrs. Spalding is not fit to move at a faster pace than the pack train. Why should not Dr. Whitman and Mrs. Whitman come on with me, on our freshest horses, reaching the fort tomorrow afternoon? That will permit me to introduce at least a portion of your party to Mr. Pierre Pambrun, the factor in charge, and take part in the conference."



Mr. Beaver suddenly laughed. "Delighted! That's excellent! Americans have such curious ideas!"

"What conference, Captain McLeod?" asked Marcus.

"As to where you are to establish your missions," replied McLeod, coolly.

"I don't want that conference held without me being there!" exclaimed Henry Spalding.

"I see no necessity for such a conference," said William Gray, his face flushing with indignation.

Narcissa eyed the Scotchman thoughtfully. Ever since leaving Fort Boise, she had been puzzling over the problem of McLeod's attitude toward them. Undoubtedly he was acting under orders from Governor Simpson. Evidently, one of those orders was that the missionaries were to be constantly under the eye of a Hudson's Bay employee and McLeod, now pressed for time, was finding that order difficult to interpret literally. He returned her look with one equally keen.

"What do you say, Madam Whitman?" he asked.

"Let me consult Mrs. Spalding, before I express myself," replied Narcissa rising and going into the tent, where Eliza already was in bed. Narcissa had developed a real affection for this delicate, patient woman, and had learned, also, that her common sense verdicts were usually unassailable. Seating herself on the ground beside Eliza, she stated McLeod's proposition to her.

IT WAS twilight within the tent but even in that dim light the two women managed to exchange a look of singular intelligence.

"Do you think that conference had better be, Sister Whitman?" asked Eliza.

"It will be very enlightening, I think, as to the purposes of the Hudson's Bay Company," replied Narcissa. "And you know we must have supplies. We'll die before we can procure things from the Sandwich Islands. Do you realize that the plows and garden implements were all left at Fort Laramie with the understanding that we would buy from Fort Vancouver?"

"I know," sighed Eliza. "Well, there's just this much about it! If all three of our men attend the conference, there'll be a fight. I'll keep Henry here. You take the doctor and go ahead. Tell 'em I'm too sick to move. I really am! I suppose William Gray will do as he pleases."

"No he wont!" laughed Narcissa, as she rose to return to the camp fire where she took her place beside Marcus. "Mrs. Spalding feels that it will be impossible for her to hurry ahead, but she thinks the conference is a good idea. So, if it is essential that you shepherd a portion of our band as far as Fort Walla Walla, Captain McLeod, the doctor and I, if he is willing, can gallop on with you, tomorrow. Mr. Gray is, of course, secular agent in charge of supplies so his place is here, and as he is opposed to the er—

overlordship of the Hudson's Bay Company, you must not be offended if he insists on being consistent and refusing to leave his appointed task."

William Gray scratched his head but said nothing, while Marcus nodded and threw more buffalo chips on the fire. Henry Spalding muttered something to himself, and hurried into the tent. He was seen no more that night.

Before sun-up the following morning Narcissa, Marcus, and Factor McLeod were galloping over the plains toward Fort Walla Walla. They reached it early in the afternoon.

This fort was a much more substantial affair than Fort Hall, which had been bought from an American. Fort Walla Walla had been built, not in the flimsy American manner but with the usual Hudson's Bay substantiality. It stood near the spot where the Walla Walla joined the Columbia, the great thickets of scrub willow and cottonwood having been cleared away to prevent any one approaching the stockade under cover. The stockade was built of driftwood logs and was oblong in shape, with bastions at the southwest and northeast corners in which were cannon. Within the stockade was a corral for a hundred horses, with houses, a trading store and blacksmith shop. Each house was a single room, thatch-roofed affair, well floored, with a comfortable adobe brick fireplace, and a glass window.

To such a house, Pierre Pambrun, who had met the party at the gates, conducted Narcissa and the doctor. The French factor was, to Narcissa's surprise, not small and dark, but a tall, fair-haired man. He had too, the suave, courteous manner that seemed to her to be a hallmark of the British Company. Standing before the fireplace, in his living room, was an Indian woman, with two half-breed girls beside her.

"Madam Whitman," said Pambrun, "may I present my wife and two of my daughters, Maria and Julia?"

The Indian woman, a comely, self-possessed person in European clothing, greeted Narcissa and the doctor in French. When Narcissa replied in the same tongue, however, the self-possession gave place to a laugh of excitement.

"You speak my husband's tongue! Oh, that is such happiness. We have been hearing about you for many days—of your golden hair!"

"You must pardon my wife's excitement!" exclaimed Pambrun. "You are the first white woman she ever saw." He was pulling out a crude chair from the table, as he spoke. "We waited dinner for you, you see."

"You are very kind," said Marcus, wondering very much whether Pambrun's cordiality was the result of orders or of his own hospitable impulse.

McLeod, coming to the meal a few minutes later, enlightened him.

"I've been giving orders about the boats,

Pierre," he said. "I must leave at dawn tomorrow with letters for Dr. McLoughlin. I want to take Dr. and Mrs. Whitman with me."

Narcissa and Marcus did not permit themselves to show their surprise.

"A runner brought me word yesterday from Dr. McLoughlin," said Pambrun, "telling me to show every hospitality to this mission party and to invite them to settle here and on the Clearwater."

Factor McLeod's gray eyes filled with consternation. "But, Pierre," he cried, "that's—" He stopped abruptly.

Narcissa looked up with a little laugh. "Quite right, captain! I don't blame you for protesting. I'm confused myself. One order is to starve us. The other is to entertain us. Dr. McLoughlin and Governor Simpson really ought to have a single policy. But since they haven't, why not permit the doctor and me to arrange our own lives?"

Pambrun laughed. "I see you are not unreasonable, madam."

"Among what Indians would McLoughlin's invitation place us, Mr. Pambrun?" asked Marcus.

"The Cayuse and the Walla Wallapoos in this neighborhood," replied the Frenchman, "and the Nez Percés on the Clearwater."

"Fine!" cried Marcus. "I agree at once and, as far as I'm concerned, the conference is ended!"

"But not as far as I'm concerned," insisted McLeod. "Governor Simpson was explicit in expressing his desire that Dr. and Mrs. Whitman visit Fort Vancouver."

"And I suppose," said Pambrun, "that we must give precedence to the desires of the Governor of Rupert's Land."

"I'm not a citizen of Rupert's Land," declared Marcus, baldly. "I'm an American and by the Eternal I'll settle where I please! It happens that Dr. McLoughlin and I desire the same thing. Better let it alone, McLeod."

"I would not care to visit Fort Vancouver without the Spaldings and William Gray," said Narcissa. "I don't quite understand Governor Simpson's idea in dividing our party."

"It would cost more than twice as much to take the whole party to Fort Vancouver," said McLeod.

Narcissa laughed. "You make good use of

your reputation for Scotch thrift, Captain."

"I think it is in every way desirable that you accede to the governor's wishes in this," urged McLeod.

"We might accept the invitation later," said Narcissa, "but certainly we can not do so until the rest of the missionaries arrive."

"I'm going out and choose a site for a mission tomorrow," declared Marcus. "I want a roof over my wife's head before the winter rains begin."

"Perhaps the Spaldings will wish to settle here," suggested Narcissa, "and will ask us to go to the Clearwater."

"Even in that case," returned the doctor, "there will be a distinct saving in time by my having gone over the ground."

Factor McLeod moved uneasily but made no further protest for the time being. When dinner was over the Whitmans were allowed to withdraw to one of the bastions where two bunks had been placed for them beside the cannon. They sat down on the cots facing each other.

"Whew!" breathed Marcus. "What a relief to be alone for a few moments! Narcissa, we are never alone, particularly since the Hudson's Bay Company discovered us."

Narcissa nodded. "I know! Marcus, don't you think we'd better go on to Fort Vancouver?"

"I don't see why!" cried the doctor. "That man

Simpson must think he's czar of all the Russias."

"He is, as far as Rupert's Land is concerned," replied Narcissa.

"This isn't Rupert's Land," retorted Marcus.

"I wonder what are the boundaries of Rupert's Land," said Narcissa. "I shall ask one of the factors this evening. My reason for thinking we ought to go to Fort Vancouver is this, Marcus. From all we can discover, Dr. McLoughlin is friendly to Americans. Why, I can't imagine, when his company is so violently opposed to them. Evidently, there is friction between Governor Simpson and the chief factor on the Pacific Coast. If we are to work intelligently here it seems to me we must try to get them to agree on what they want us to do. If Dr. McLoughlin is the stronger the verdict will be as Mr. Pambrun gave it this afternoon. If Governor Simpson is stronger, we shall at



"You are the first white woman she has ever seen!" exclaimed Pambrun.

least know where we stand with the company, because he will be obliged to state his position."

"In other words," said Marcus, thoughtfully, "your idea is that the much talked of conference be held at Fort Vancouver with all our party there, instead of here with only you and me."

"Exactly!" replied Narcissa. "But also with Governor Simpson, for I have no doubt he plans to be there shortly."

"He must be," mused Marcus. "That is the important stopping place on his inspection trip. But Narcissa, why do you suppose he wanted us to go to Fort Vancouver?"

"I imagine he has some new form of bribe to offer us," replied his wife. Then she laughed. "It will be interesting to learn what it is."

"Interesting, yes!" exclaimed Marcus, impatiently. "But Narcissa, all this isn't converting Indians. This opposition and delay is very irritating to me."

"I don't see how we are to do effective work with the savages," said Narcissa, "unless we know how we stand with these British. I am surprised that the American Board did not inform itself and us before sending us out here."

Marcus gave an enigmatic grunt and took a restless turn up and down the tiny room. "Well, so be it, Narcissa! I suppose we'll have an awful time making young Gray fall into line, and Henry will fuss. But your ideas are sound and will persuade them. I'm thinking they'll be here rather early tomorrow. They're not going to linger along the way."

At supper time, that evening, Marcus gave the result of the conversation in the bastion to the two factors who received it without comment. Narcissa broke the rather unpleasant silence which followed the doctor's blunt statement by asking:

"By the way, Mr. Pambrun, will you forgive my ignorance and tell me what is the extent of Rupert's Land?"

Pambrun laughed. "That's more than mortal can do, madam."

"I can tell you what Charles II granted to Prince Rupert in 1670," said McLeod. "He granted the sole trade and commerce of all the seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks and sounds in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance of the straits commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands, countries and territories upon the coasts and confines of the seas, straits, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks and sounds aforesaid, which are not now actually possessed by any of our subjects. . . ."

"Well," exclaimed Marcus, with his great laugh, "he was a liberal giver, your King Charles II!"

"Much more likely he was king to your ancestors than to mine," retorted McLeod.

"Probably," agreed the doctor. "Anyhow, liberal as his gift was, your company has been

even more liberal in its interpretation. None of the seas and straits of Oregon territory empty into Hudson's Bay."

"We've never claimed they did," said the Scotchman placidly, "but we certainly have prior rights of occupancy in Oregon."

And Narcissa and Marcus, with their lack of other information, were obliged to allow this statement to stand.

Marcus's prophecy was true regarding the movements of the rest of the convoy and missionaries. It was only mid-morning when the stockade gates were thrown open to receive them. Their arrival was the signal for protracted and heated discussion, but it finally was agreed that all but necessary personal luggage would be stored at Fort Walla Walla and that the party would proceed by boat to Fort Vancouver. But not as guests of the Hudson's Bay Company! They would pay as they went. And at dawn the following day they started.

Mr. Pambrun, for reasons which he did not give, decided to accompany the party. Narcissa and Marcus, who had taken an immediate liking to this curly-haired Frenchman, were glad to have him go. There would have been room in the great thirty-foot, six-oared boats for still other unexpected guests after Pambrun was seated beside Henry Spalding; this, despite the fact that great packs of furs occupied the center of each boat.

NEAR noon of the fifth day after leaving Fort Walla Walla, they swung into the broad reaches of the waters before Fort Vancouver, and found two ships flying the British flag lying at anchor in midstream. The fort was located on a beautiful fertile slope rising from the river. Great trees bounded it on the land side. Mount Hood, a snow-capped sentinel, stood sixty miles to the east, the wonderful Willamette Valley stretched southward, and all the hundred miles westward to the Pacific was a harbor of unparalleled beauty and usefulness.

The grounds of the fort itself comprised about eight acres, surrounded by a log stockade twenty feet high. Inside was about forty buildings with the chief factor's house in the center. There were two chapels, a school-house, bachelors' halls, stores and workshops. On the river-bank outside were cottages for married employees, a hospital, a granary, boat-houses, threshing mills and dairies. And in every direction the farm lands, fifteen hundred acres in the finest state of productivity; three thousand head of cattle, two thousand sheep, three hundred brood mares and a hundred milch cows. Dr. McLoughlin did, indeed, as Governor Simpson had told Narcissa, live in regal splendor.

When the missionaries were admitted through the great gate he was standing at the door of his residence to welcome them—an enormously

tall man, with long prematurely white hair flowing back over his shoulders. He wore blue broadcloth and lace trimmed ruffles. And as he stood with a cordial hand extended, Narcissa noted that in the hall back of him were cannon that commanded the gate!

McLeod performed the introductions and whatever may have been the chief factor's feelings on being faced with the five unexpected visitors, he gave no sign of annoyance, or even of surprise. His greeting was courtly, the welcome of a feudal lord to honored guests.

A great bell in the yard rang as they stood at the door, and instantly the fort was alive with men.

"'Tis exactly the dinner hour!" exclaimed Dr. McLoughlin. "Come to the table! Mr. Gray, will you go with Mr. Pambrun and McLeod, please?"

GRAY, with a look of surprise that was tinged with resentment, followed the factor to the employees' dining-room, while Dr. McLoughlin led the others to the great dining-hall, where a hundred guests could have been comfortably seated. However, only four persons were gathered near a round table set before the huge fireplace. Dr. McLoughlin introduced them. Mr. Beaver was a clergyman who, with his wife and her companion, had recently arrived by ship from England. A tall, dark man, booted and spurred, with a quick, rather aggressive manner, was James Douglas, Dr. McLoughlin's protégé and right hand, in the great task of ruling Oregon territory.

When Dr. McLoughlin had seated the company to his own satisfaction, he waved his hand and a group of mensevants began to serve the dinner. There was an elaborate menu of soup, fish, game, roast, pastry, fruit and wines.

When the meal was well launched Dr. McLoughlin turned to Marcus. "You did not, then, receive my message at Fort Walla Walla?"

"Yes, doctor," replied Marcus. "Pambrun delivered your message and we were grateful for it. But, unfortunately, Governor Simpson had directed McLeod to bring Mrs. Whitman and myself here. In the face of contrary invitations we decided to accept the governor's in the hope that he would arrive about this time

and that a satisfactory agreement could be reached."

Dr. McLoughlin's eyes were stormy, but his voice was calm enough as he nodded. "I understand, sir. And what, may I ask, are your plans?"

Marcus told of the desire of the American Board to found two permanent missions among the Oregon Indians.

"What are your policies, Dr. Whitman?" asked the chief factor. "Are they such as Jason Lee pursues on the Willamette in the Methodist mission he has established there?"

"I don't know Lee or his policies," replied Marcus.

"The Reverend Mr. Lee," McLoughlin gave the title sonorously, "has done me the honor to follow very closely my suggestions. For example, we have on this coast from time to time, sailors who leave the Hudson's Bay Company's ships and desire to land. These men Jason has persuaded to marry native women and settle at the mission, where they now have a thriving farm."

"I certainly would not help them to marry natives," declared Henry Spalding suddenly.

"What would you do, sir?" thundered the chief factor. "Would you countenance their living in adultery and breeding nameless children?"

"No, I would not!" Spalding blushed furiously.

"'Tis either one or the other," declared McLoughlin. "Human nature is human nature. This is no country for white women and men must live like men, not monks. You are the clergyman of this group, sir?"

"I am," returned Spalding, lifting his sallow chin. "And I wish to state from the beginning that I will not countenance the loose living I see indulged in by white men

everywhere in Oregon."

"And will you not, indeed?" exclaimed McLoughlin, every white hair on his head seeming to lift as he glared at the hapless Spalding. "You and Mr. Beaver should be in accord, though I've not yet had the privilege of hearing our chaplain's opinion of us at first hand."

Mr. Beaver, a small man and with gray eyes and sandy hair, clad in the impressive black garb of a clergyman of the Church of England,



"That is a lie!" exclaimed the war chief.

had been listening to the conversation with an unmistakable air of disdain. When meeting Spalding, he had acknowledged the introduction by an almost imperceptible nod of his head. His arrogance toward the bigoted Henry had almost convulsed Narcissa and Marcus, whom Beaver had ignored except for a very slight raising of his brows.

McLoughlin turned his glare from Spalding to his chaplain and went on: "My idea of the duties of a minister, be he priest, missionary or appointed chaplain, like Beaver here, is to visit the sick, hold service on Sundays, give doles to the poor, and, otherwise, to mind his own business."

"Then missionaries are quite without the pale to you, Dr. McLoughlin!" exclaimed Narcissa, her rich voice in marked contrast to the chief factor's, which boomed like Marcus's great tones. "Then, indeed, your courtesy and hospitality are doubly appreciated by all of us! We have heard of the delights of Fort Vancouver ever since leaving Fort Laramie. We are fortunate to have a glimpse of them."

Mr. Beaver suddenly laughed. "Delights! That's good! That's excellent! You Americans have such curious ideas! Delights!"

"And who are you, sir, to laugh at a guest mine?" demanded the chief factor.

The clergymah returned Dr. McLoughlin's stare without blinking. "I? Sir, I am chaplain in charge of Fort Vancouver by virtue of power invested in me by Sir John Pelly, Governor of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company of London."

"Are you, indeed!" boomed McLoughlin. "Well! Well! All that for one small mannie! Jamie," turning to James Douglas, who had sat silently devouring his dinner. "Jamie, are you not impressed?"

"Divil a bit!" replied Douglas. "I may be a laird one day mysel'."

Something in the manner of the chief factor and the chief trader threw Mr. Beaver off his balance. He rose in his place and pointed a trembling forefinger at McLoughlin, while his voice lifted shrilly.

"Then allow me to state my position more clearly. I find myself chaplain to a man of alien faith, a man who is uncivil, whose clerks are bores. None of you are sufficiently enlightened to understand my sermons or to conform to the service. You are half savages who don't know the difference between a prayer book and an otter skin! You yourself, sir, you should not delay another day in requiring me to marry you to the person who calls herself Madam—"

Before he could utter the last word, Dr. McLoughlin had leaped from his place, had seized Mr. Beaver by the collar and ignominiously booted him from the room!

A dead silence greeted him from the guests

who during this entire act had risen and stood about the table. Dr. McLoughlin seated himself. "I've been wanting to do that for a month," he said, pouring himself some port.

Mrs. Beaver burst into sobs and rushed from the table. Dr. McLoughlin looked after her with a comical raising of his white brows. "And that will be an end of that, Jamie, I hope!" he said. "Let Sir John Pelly try another bit of absurdity like that and my patience won't last a month. Pray be seated, ladies, and try some of this fruit."

Dr. McLoughlin ate a bunch of grapes meditatively, then began in a gently reflective manner:

"The situation as to missionaries is this: we are very much in need of instruction, both religious and lay, for the children of the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. Our women folks very much need instruction in the manners and arts of white women. You can see that our superiors in London have no understanding of our needs. Mr. Beaver and his wife have managed to insult every soul in the fort from myself down to the smallest half-breed boy running cloutless in the sun. My experience with the Reverend Jason Lee has proved to me that I have little chance to persuade you to settle here, which is what I would earnestly recommend and desire. My alternative is that you settle, as I suggested, near Fort Walla Walla. We will loan you all necessary tools and provisions, and that you devote yourselves, not to teaching the impossible savage to become an improbable farmer, but to Christianize and educate the selected groups of women and children we shall send you from time to time. Oh, of course, preach the Gospel to the Indians—but that you will find futile work. The Indian is born and will die, as long as he is a pure blood, a pantheist."

"The idea is, then," said Marcus slowly, "to keep us dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company!"

"On whom else can you be dependent?" asked the chief factor benevolently.

On whom else indeed! Dr. McLoughlin allowed the idea to sink in for a few moments before he said:

"There is plenty of time to debate all these matters. I want you to see our farms and dairies. Fresh horses will be at the door in an hour. In the meantime, I wish you ladies to meet Madam McLoughlin. Burris," to the butler, "take the ladies to the Madam's room."

NARCISSA and Eliza followed obediently after Burris up the stairs and along the hall to an open door. Within a simple room hung with skins and furnished with the usual buffalo hide chairs, a middle-aged woman of swarthy skin, wearing a flowing black silk dress, stood beside the window. She looked at her two guests

questioningly, wistfully, but made no move to greet them. Narcissa thought suddenly of Mrs. Beaver and the probable snubbing Madam McLoughlin had received at her hands. She was conscious of being offended by the whole situation, yet her heart went out to the half pleading, half tragic expression in the woman's eyes.

"She doesn't know what white women's standards are," said Narcissa under her breath to Eliza, "and you can readily believe that the men will not have undeceived her. The Beavers have frightened her."

Burris put another log on the fire, bowed and went out. Narcissa, followed by Eliza, slowly crossed the room, holding out her hand.

"Madam McLoughlin," she said, "I am Mrs. Whitman and this is Mrs. Spalding. You are kind to have us here. It does seem wonderful after the rough strip from the States!"

A sudden glow lifted the half-breed woman's face to beauty. "You lak' it here? I am so glad! Madam Beaver say it the home of savag' and adul—adult—I cannot remem' that word. It mean me and all Indian wife are bad."

"It is just fine here," said Eliza Spalding heartily. "Let's sit down and have a good talk. I'm dying to know how you manage about butter making here. Some one said you could really make sweet butter in a hide!"

Madam McLoughlin pulled three chairs together eagerly. "Yes! Yes! I know all about such matt'! And keep the bee, too. That you must do also."

"And the babies?" asked Narcissa. "How do the Indians feed them when there is no mother's milk?"

"That I know, too." Madam McLoughlin sighed ecstatically. "I lak' you both. You mak' me feel I know much."

The three women laughed together.

An hour later Dr. McLoughlin appeared in the door, where he stood for several moments absolutely unheeded, even by his usually adoringly attentive mate. She was holding forth on the Indian care of babies and, except for an occasional question, Eliza and Narcissa listened without interruption.

An extraordinary look of gratification spread over the doctor's face.

"Well! Well! What's this? A lecture?" he demanded.

Madam McLoughlin ran toward him. "Doctor!" she exclaimed, "these white ladies are not lak' that other one. They lak' it here. They lak' me. I see it in their eyes."

"Madam McLoughlin is a perfect mine of information about all the things we most want to know," said Narcissa. "And she's been so good about answering all our stupid questions!"

"Your school's been established the other way round, doctor," said Eliza, with a smile.

The chief factor returned the smile. "Can you tear yourselves away to come for the ride?"

Narcissa turned quickly to the half-breed woman. "Then you can show us that patch of flax yourself!"

McLoughlin gave Narcissa a keen look that had something very like gratitude in it. Madam McLoughlin clasped her hands and gazed pleadingly at her lord.

"Please, Doctor, if Madam Beaver is not there!"

Dr. McLoughlin nodded. "Hurry then, Margaret! We will await you in the great hall."

That was a memorable ride, covering miles over the great farm and its environs: Dr. McLoughlin ahead on a great black horse, his beaver hat glistening in the sun; Madam McLoughlin riding astride, her skirts lifted by the high saddle to display a plump leg encased in Indian leggings; Narcissa with her graceful seat and sweeping broadcloth habit; Eliza with her meager skirt, her black sunbonnet, jogging uncomfortably but uncomplainingly in the gallop at which Dr. McLoughlin led; Marcus in the broadcloth on which Narcissa had insisted, a powerful, aggressive figure of a man; and Henry in his clerical black, hunched over his horse's neck, his eyes sedulously avoiding Madam McLoughlin's comfortable calves.

THEY swept in at the gates at supper time, at the same gallop at which they had left. And they had only just seated themselves at the evening meal at which, incidentally, the Beaver family did not appear, when a thunder of the cannon at the gate brought them to their feet.

"Governor Simpson is arriving," said Dr. McLoughlin quietly. "You will pray excuse Mr. Douglas and myself for a time."

It was a long time. The missionaries finished their supper and retired to their rooms and went to bed, tired out by the day's excitements. And during that time, save for deep voices that sounded continuously from the chief factor's office, they heard nothing from their host or his distinguished guest.

The two gentlemen were, as the missionaries supposed, deep in a discussion of the possible and feasible disposal of the Whitman party. They sat before a softly glowing fire, a decanter of wine between them, long after the rest of the fort was in darkness. It was nearing midnight when Simpson ran his hand wearily through his hair and said:

"We have arrived exactly where we started. You are the most obstinate man on earth, McLoughlin. Now then, let us coolly and clearly state our positions and see if we cannot compromise. I do not wish, unless forced to it, to use my authority."

"Do you not, indeed!" grunted the chief factor enigmatically. "Well, as I've been saying



The women reached their vantage point just as the Indians seated themselves on the floor. "They are ver' angry," Madam McLoughlin said. "They are ready to fight!"

repeatedly you do not appreciate the extent of my hold on this country."

"Is it your hold or the company's hold?" asked the governor.

Dr. McLoughlin brought his fist down on the table. "I am the company in Oregon."

The two men eyed each other, the doctor's black eyes red with anger, the governor's gray eyes cold and clear as ice.

"Get on with your tale, man," said the governor, finally.

"Well, then, that being understood, I recapitulate. 'Tis inevitable that this country be settled by farmers. The land cried for cropping. You say you must have two years in which to handle the congress. I am trying to give you those two years. I broke that clever American, Wyeth, and sent him out of the country after he'd established Fort Hall. Jason Lee came round the Horn with a shipload of supplies. A *shipload*, mind you! Would you have me murder the man? He was no trader like Wyeth. Money could not buy him, for I tried it. He actually wanted to save souls! Very well, if he must save souls let him do it as our acknowledged agent! I sent him as far south of the Columbia as he would go."

"You should have kept him here in the fort," said Simpson.

"He would not stay, as I have repeatedly told you. I settled him on the Willamette and I encouraged him to gather about his mission the handful of American and British whites in the country, marry them to natives and keep his hands on them. Therefore, I have in one spot, where at any time I may surround them by nearly a thousand half breeds who would bear arms for the Hudson's Bay Company, all the farmers west of the Rockies and north of California. Jason Lee is absolutely under my thumb."

"He escaped long enough to entice Officer Slacum to his mission," said Simpson coldly.

"Who said 'twas Lee?" demanded McLoughlin.

"I say it was," declared the governor. "Next to the arrival of the Whitmans he's our greatest mishap yet. Where is he now?"

"Exploring, I believe. When a man arrives, well found in his own ship, I cannot starve him."

"I admit that. But did you need to invite him here, to answer his questions, to loan him maps?"

"I needed to educate him as to the power and purpose of the Hudson's Bay Company. I needed to discourage him as to ever succeeding in making his jackass congress see Oregon as it is. I needed to delay him here, one year, two years, if possible, with soft blandishments."

"I respect your earnestness, McLoughlin." Simpson leaned forward and spoke gently.

"But cannot I make you see that, beyond a

certain point, diplomacy will not work in this situation? We are not fighting a rival commercial concern as we were the Nor'westers in Rupert's Land. We are struggling to hold back the inevitable. The empires of the world move westward by a force as invincible as the march of the sun. Our one hope, our one chance, is to keep the American government in ignorance until we have made this empire of the Columbia British. Then let the American migration pour in here, and welcome. Diplomacy is not enough, Doctor. Slacum's report must not reach the Congress. And the Whitmans—" He paused.

"Yes, what of the Whitmans? I had them located where Pierre Pambrun would manage them, could sicken them of the notion and finally entice them here to found your school or return them to the States. And you must rush in here, to upset all my plans. Now that they are here, what am I to do? Kidnap them and send them to the Sandwich Islands?" he asked sarcastically.

"I WANT to get them to the Sandwich Islands. Force them to go for supplies. The American Board Mission is wonderfully well outfitted. That delay allowed me, I have thought of pressure I can bring to bear on the American Board recalling them." Simpson's troubled brow suddenly cleared.

"If you can recall them, why trouble to get them to the islands?" asked Dr. McLoughlin. "I can keep them here for the winter. Madam Whitman will be extraordinarily useful. I would like her to act as governess to my daughter Eloise. They say she is a fine musician and we can see that she is a gentlewoman. By the lord Harry! how we need such a person here!"

"What of Madam Beaver?" asked Governor Simpson.

Dr. McLoughlin suddenly burst out laughing and gave his superior a rapid picture of the inadequacy of the Beaver family.

The Governor nodded. "I told Sir John he was a fool for his pains! Send them back to England by the 'Nereus.' Poor souls! 'Tis a ghastly trip round the Horn in that little ship. What do you think of Madam Whitman?"

"I like her!" McLoughlin nodded. "She'd better stay here than in a mud hut. She gave little Mrs. Spalding the cue and together they won Madam McLoughlin's heart."

Governor Simpson gazed long and thoughtfully into the fire. "Doctor," he said at last, "do you ever regret your exile?"

The keen-eyed chief factor favored the governor with a quick look before he replied. "When I sat at table today with Madam Whitman, I did. With Madam Beaver, no, decidedly no."

The governor rose and stood before the fire. "Keep the woman here all winter, if you can,

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Making the Steerage Respectable

Now it is called College Cabin and Europe is being deluged by travelers who formerly couldn't afford to go abroad. How Burke D. Adams, then a college student, developed his idea for a new class of ocean travel

by Alfred F. Loomis

TWO summers ago a Cornell undergraduate, Burke D. Adams of Oruche, Nebraska, went abroad to supplement his college education with travel. His purpose was high, but his funds were low, and so he was forced to ship third class, or, as it is more commonly known, steerage.

An ugly word, steerage. It calls to mind serried tiers of steel bunks, matted with pieces of gunny-sack—a huge caldron into which slatternly women drop their bags of vegetables, each one held by a string—long rows of wash-tubs—varieties of odors—community life in its lowest form. But that picture is out of date, since nowadays university students of slender means travel in the College Cabin. Why, then, did "Bob" Adams choose the ordinary steerage? The answer is that two summers ago this Cornell junior hadn't yet originated the mode of travel which is rapidly revolutionizing the steamship passenger business. He was studying to be a civil engineer and his knowledge of carrier problems was exactly nothing. The idea of the College Cabin only came to him on the way home from Europe. On this trip there were seventeen passengers rattling around in space for six hundred.

"Here," said Adams to himself, "is an economic waste. Five hundred and eighty-three bunks empty because of the restrictions of the immigration law. In the States hundreds of students, aching to go abroad, who haven't the price of a cabin passage. Dress up the steerage a bit, call it College Cabin, tell the students, and fill up the ships."

On his arrival in New York Adams visited the offices of the line on which he had traveled, and expounded his idea to the proper authority.

"Look here," said Adams, not knowing quite how to begin, "I have an idea that is worth thousands of dollars to you."

The steamship official looked critically at the tall, lean college youth, and smiled patronizingly.

"Always glad to hear new ideas," he pronounced. "What is it?"

"It's the empty steerage."

"You mean third cabin? We don't call it steerage any more."

"The empty third cabin," said Adams, accepting the correction. "The American public is afraid of the third cabin because the term conveys a picture of herding with undesirable aliens. If you will segregate the typical emigrant, restrict six-berth staterooms to four persons and four-bunk rooms to two or three, you can sell the third cabin to college students. Not only the students, but thousands of other Americans with only a little money to spend on travel will go abroad if you will assure them of cleanliness, privacy and good food. It will only take one try to prove it."

"Such people now travel in the second cabin," objected the official.

"I disagree with you," Adams replied. "They stay at home. Every time Henry Ford knocks only five dollars off the price of his car he reaches a new army of buyers. You can carry a similar army to Europe if you will make the third cabin attractive."

"We'll think it over," said the official, dismissing Adams, and forgetting his visionary idea. The college youth went back to Cornell to start his senior year. The idea simmered, and he discussed it with his fraternity brothers. But they were only college seniors, and who outside of college listens to a senior?

[Continued on page 166]



Typical American students crowding to the rail for a long cheer on their arrival at the port of Plymouth.

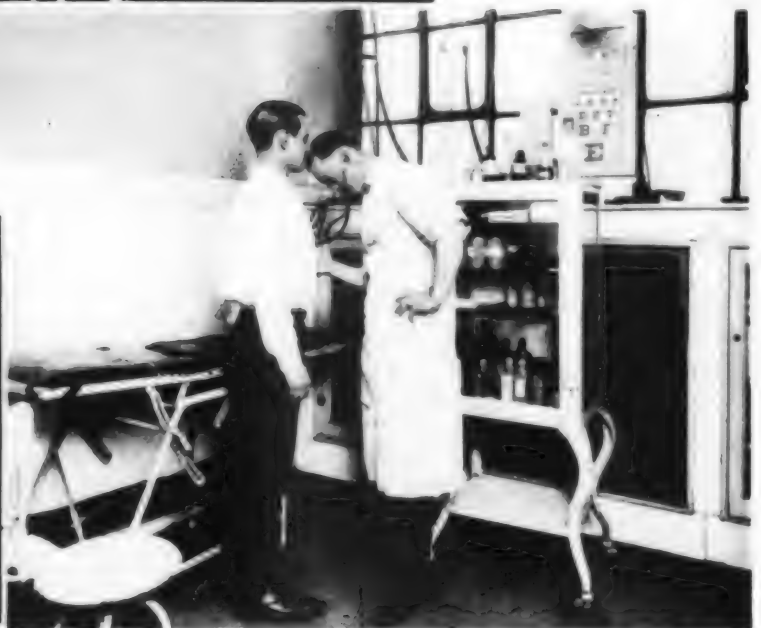


Burke D. Adams, a young Nebraskan, was an undergraduate student at Cornell when he conceived the idea of converting cheerless steerage quarters into attractive dining-rooms and lounges such as these on the *Aquitania*.



At his country home Mr. Hertz enjoys an enviable view from the top of a hill overlooking the Fox River. At the left is a section of the body-building department in the cab plant where twenty-five new cabs are added each week to the company's taxi fleet.

John C. Hertz has worked thirty-eight of his forty-six years



Preventable accidents are minimized by careful medical examinations of the drivers. Physicians, dentists and oculists are on the alert for symptoms that might result in bad health or disposition.

He Put the Taxi on Main Street

John C. Hertz arrived in this country a poor immigrant boy. Becoming a star auto salesman, his idea for disposing of used cars led to a new type of transportation that is now a country-wide business

by W. A. P. John

IN CHICAGO'S newsboys' alley, thirty-eight years ago, appeared a frail and spindly lad, eight years old and two years out of Austria. That was John C. Hertz, attending school, learning the language, and eager to add to the family's income. In that rough-and-tumble school where might was right and weaklings never had a chance, Hertz held his own—madly energetic in everything he did, with an eager, unquenchable, quick-breaking smile.

In a few years he graduated out of the alley into a job upstairs as a copy-boy—one of those wildly racing young devils who used to hustle copy from the reporters back to the city editor's desk. The use of the telephone and the re-write man has eliminated the copy-boy from newspaper life. But back in those days speed was essential—and Hertz soon had the reputation of being the fastest boy in the shop and became a favorite with the editors. One of them noticed, one day, his weakened condition and sent him to his own physician. An examination revealed a tendency to tuberculosis.

"Get some exercise—or go West," said the doctor.

"Go West"—as well might the medico have said, "Take a trip to Europe."

But Hertz had saved ten dollars and around the corner hung a sign, "Professor Harry Gilmore, Boxing Instructor. Fifteen Lessons for Ten Dollars." Boxing was exercise—and self-defense combined. So Hertz invested his savings with the professor.

So proficient did he become in the manly art that he began to engage in amateur exhibitions on the side. When the managing editor found that out, Hertz was promptly fired. He immediately located a job driving a delivery

wagon, that allowed him to keep up his boxing and maintain his contact with the boxing fraternity. In addition he was earning a few dollars a week picking up sports items for another paper. Soon he became a full-fledged sports reporter. As a side line he took two boxers under his wing and piloted them to world's championships—Harry Forbes and Berny Yonger, now long forgotten.

Then the paper for which he was working was absorbed and he found himself again hunting a job. Some one suggested that he might make a living selling automobiles. "It's the coming fad," was the argument. "Every man with a drop of sporting blood will some day own an automobile. You have a lot of sporting friends. Why not connect up with some auto agency?"

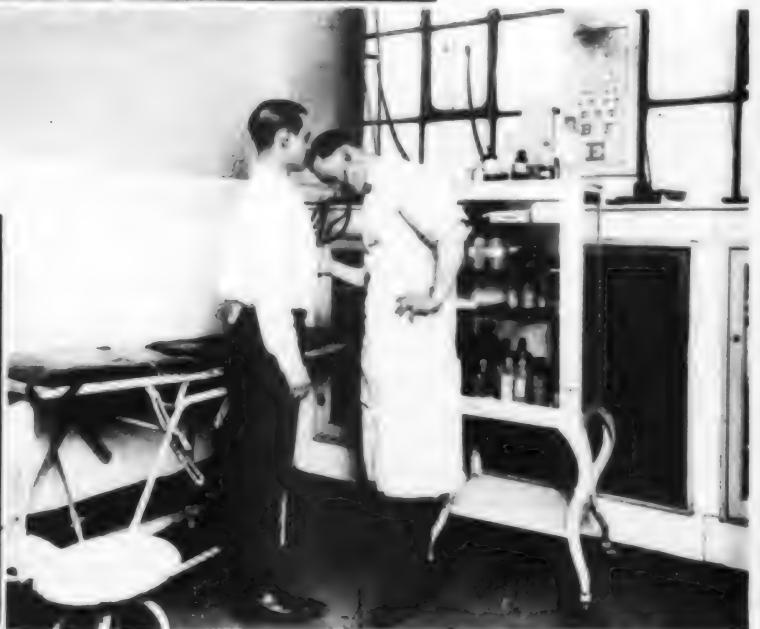
Hertz connected, and plugged for four months before he made his first sale. That year he earned less than eight hundred dollars. Having tasted success in the form of a few sales, he pitched in with dynamic fervor. He worked eighteen hours a day. He rang door-bells and telephoned. Morning, noon and night he argued, cajoled, harangued, pleaded—and sold. Also he was learning that the keystone of all business success is superior service. So he personally stood behind every car he had sold. Not infrequently one of his customers, broken down at two A.M., would phone for him. They came to him with their mechanical troubles—and in those days they were distressingly frequent. He bought their supplies and tires for them at cost. And, naturally, they told their friends.

The second year he earned more than eleven thousand dollars; the third more than thirteen thousand. Then opportunity galloped by, and



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although the steed was not prepossessing in appearance, Hertz leaped into the saddle from which he has never since been shaken.

A young Chicagoan of inherited wealth had gone into the automobile business at the behest of his wife. The venture had not proved a success. Attracted by Hertz's reputation, he offered him a third interest in the business and a drawing account of sixty-five dollars a week in return for two thousand dollars. Although the business had lost that year forty-eight thousand dollars, Hertz, supremely confident and supremely ambitious, snapped up the opportunity.

He redoubled the efforts that had made him one of the most successful automobile salesmen in Chicago. The long hours became longer. The number of people he saw increased by 50%. He developed high-pressure salesmanship in himself and his staff to an unheard-of degree. That year the company's sales reached half a million dollars of which Hertz personally contributed \$395,000. A profit of \$85,000 replaced the loss of the previous year.

Out in the company's used-car department were some big Thomas Fliers which had been traded in on new cars. Not even Hertz could sell them. So he cudgelled his brain for some way of turning them into a profit. He conceived the idea of offering them for hire and after an argument to convince his associates, inaugurated an Auto Livery. But people didn't take enthusiastically to the idea of having to wait while the cars they had engaged by 'phone made their way up from the garage. Chicago, even then, was in a perpetual hurry.

Then one of Chicago's clubs advertised for bids on its cab concession, specifying ten cabs as the minimum. Hertz didn't have the ten cabs. But he did have an idea. Borrowing enough cabs to qualify, he put in his bid, won the contract, and with it in hand, borrowed enough to buy five cabs. This successful venture weaned him further away from the business of selling automobiles and brought

him closer to the business which made him rich: selling mileage and service.

The start was not auspicious nor was the progress meteoric. The passing months saw an increase in cabs and patronage. But something was wrong. What, Hertz didn't know. Eventually came a time when one of the evils manifested itself.

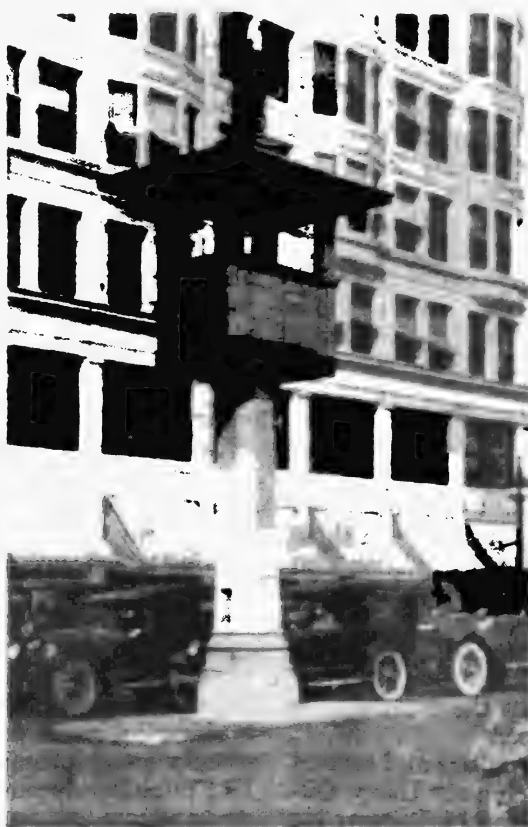
Exit the Taxi Bandit

In those days the taxicab drivers were little better than thugs and ruffians. High-handed treatment of passengers drove away many a potential rider. To refuse a peremptory demand for a quadruple fee at two A.M. might mean a broken jaw or a bashed-in skull. Evil-eyed, unkempt, discourteous—they represented the epitome of what Hertz calls the old-fashioned type of hackney drivers: to Hell with the boss and everything that the boss wants.

To placate them, to win them over to his view-point, seemed a hopeless undertaking. On one side there were the drivers, skeptical and hard-boiled; on the other Hertz with a growing conviction that success was impossible unless the drivers would loyally and cheerfully deliver service to the public.

One day he decided that uniformed chauffeurs would prove beneficial. But the chauffeurs thought otherwise and struck. In the bitter warfare that followed, cabs were wrecked, burned and stolen. Company employees were beaten and murdered. Garages were dynamited. Hertz won at a terrific cost, coming through with forty-five dilapidated cabs and \$97,000 in debt.

The fruits of that Pyrrhic victory were intangible—but mighty in their significance. During those trying months when Hertz was spending night after night on a cot in his office, there dawned on him the blind folly of the "master and man" theory of labor relations. He realized that the force of all his good intentions had never reached the man behind



Hertz convinced Chicago's city fathers of the value of a lighting system for the control of traffic by installing one himself at an expense of over forty thousand dollars. Within ninety days the decrease in deaths and accidents resulted in the adoption of the new system, and Hertz was reimbursed.

the wheel; that in between them—and preventing any growth of loyalty—stood the “straw boss” with unlimited opportunity to cause bitterness and distrust. Then and there Hertz saw the light. The taxicab could never become an important factor of transportation until the man behind the wheel was won over to cheerful, eager, willing co-operation, and he, for one, would begin immediately to win that cooperation in a way he would want to be won over if the positions had been reversed.

How he did that—and he did it with extraordinary success—comes later. First let me relate the development of a second factor in Hertz's success: the specialized vehicle.

During the several years following the strike, the business registered growth; but not at a rate that satisfied Hertz. He still felt that something was wrong—that some basic idea had not been discovered. What it was, when it would develop, he could not say. He could only hope and grope.

Broken in health from overwork, he went to Europe in 1914. At one A.M. he landed in Paris, and at 1.30 he had a flash! A light, inexpensive machine that gave comfort and protection without the needless luxury of the heavy, gas-eating American cab! Elimination of the cab-stand commission graft! Payments by every one in cash instead of the expensive charge-account system! A reduction in rates that would induce Americans to use cabs with the frequency of the thrifty French—and thus keep the vehicles busy. All this, combined with an even wider system of outlying garages to answer quickly telephone calls, was the something he had been hunting for five years!

Instead of resting, Hertz dashed about Europe interviewing taxicab engineers. This is the essence of the question he asked them: “Suppose you had a million dollars to start with and no old ideas to bother you. What kind of a cab would you design on a basis of earning power?”

Full of practical, priceless information, Hertz rushed back from Europe determined to revolutionize the taxicab business. The engineers were called in and five cabs were designed—specialized vehicles designed solely for the pur-



This cab driver is taking the thrilling emergency reaction test. He has been told to stick the plug in his right hand in the various holes in front of him until something happens. When something does happen, he is to stamp on a pedal and press a switch with his left hand. The picture was taken while the spark was crashing and the driver was just on the point of pressing the switch.

pose of providing economical mileage under taxicab conditions.

When completed, they were sent out on the streets with rates radically reduced. The response was discouraging. Again: What's wrong? Then Hertz decided that Chicago was failing to take advantage of his unadorned but comfortable and economical cabs for the simple reason that they were lost in traffic. So he painted them a brilliant chrome yellow, and America's newest transportation revolution was born—came into being with a rush that kept him frantic buying and building new cabs—a

habit which he has not lost, for even today, twenty-five new cabs are being added each week to the company's fleet.

Aside from his masterly understanding of the human factor in business, Hertz's spectacular success is undoubtedly due to his uncanny ability to think in simple fundamentals. Never once did he imagine that he was in the business of hauling human freight on a mileage basis. Instead he knew he was selling an essential service to a public that would continue to increase its patronage as the service improved and the costs came down. To improve the service that he was offering, he had to deal with vehicles and men. The first problem he solved by erecting a factory that would build nothing but his own cabs, which were being continuously improved by the best cab engineering brains in the world. The second problem—that of men—he solved in so radical a fashion that his friends and associates said he was crazy.

He Shares with Employees

To attract the very highest type of drivers—for the driver is the sole personal contact between the public and the company—Hertz began paying higher wages and adding a share of the receipts. Citizenship was made a prerequisite of employment. Soon came a bonus system whose rewards are based on length of service with the company—a system which today gives his employees 20% of the annual profits *before any dividends are declared*. Shortly thereafter employees were enabled to buy company stock on such attractive terms that every employee who has so bought stock has made a profit. Today five thousand of the six thousand

employees are stockholders in the company, owning no less than 90,000 of the outstanding 400,000 shares.

In short, he won their loyalty by showing, in something else besides words, that their troubles were his troubles—their cares and worries were the company's cares and worries. A tuberculosis camp for drivers and their families was established in Colorado. Regular hours of work were established. Restaurants were installed in every company garage. Free medical, dental and legal bureaus were inaugurated. To prevent absolutely any miscarriage of justice, no man was allowed to be discharged without having the right to see the company's operating executive. And "straw bosses" who raised their voices in rebuking an employee were compelled to give that employee a discharge ticket which automatically brought both before their chief.

A system of merits and demerits was installed to govern promotions and discharges. Seniority of service became the basis of advancement—an admirable system which has had this extraordinary result: Every executive in the Yellow Cab operating company, with the exception of Hertz and certain accountants, has come up from behind the wheel of a cab!

Lost Articles Returned

In the old days, an article left in a cab was almost always gone beyond hope of recovery. Hertz changed that by the very human idea of making honesty worth while. Drivers were instructed to clean their cabs after each trip and turn in every found article. If unclaimed within thirty days these became the property of the finder. If claimed, the company politely hinted that honesty was worth rewarding. And when such hints fell on barren ground, the company itself saw that the honest driver did not go unrewarded. Today 99% of everything lost goes back to its original owner. And there are scores upon scores of instances where the amounts involved range between \$50,000 and \$250,000! Remarkable? Not to John Hertz who knows his men.

Indefatigable in his insistence that service be continually improved even in the face of a steady reduction of rates, Hertz has been as bold a pioneer in mechanical improvements as he has in human relations. An ordinary motorcar would be wrecked by 40,000 miles a year. But that is what every Yellow Cab must deliver for three and a half years before it goes to the scrap heap. Back in 1921, fifty of these cabs were equipped with four wheel brakes, the first to make their appearance in America. Cab heaters, too, were introduced in Chicago. Much of the experimental work on balloon tires was done in conjunction with the cab company's engineers. Tire chains to the extent of \$200,000 worth a year provide safety for passengers.

Incidentally, the company's annual tire bill is in excess of \$1,500,000, tires being purchased on a meter-measured mileage basis considerably under $\frac{1}{4}$ c a mile a tire.

Of course, Hertz began to advertise away back in the days when some of the actualities of today were only hopes and ambitions. And he pounded away at that vital contact with the public—personnel.

He had drivers that he (and Chicago) could be proud of—respectable, courteous, careful and trustworthy. So he voiced his pride in print. He did more than "sell" the riding public of Chicago on his cab service and his chauffeurs. He even went so far as to "sell" the taxicab driver's hereditary enemy—the traffic cop—on the idea that the company stood for careful driving and strict obedience of the traffic law. Today in Chicago, the traffic cop wastes no time on idle threats of arrest, or on even "writing a ticket." Not he! "The next time," he yells, "you try to beat that signal, I'll turn it in to your boss and he'll take it out on your demerit card!"

And that is the zenith of salesmanship.

Having elevated drivers to a place that was once deemed impossible to attain, Hertz was still unsatisfied. "We are doing our best to obtain good men. But are we getting the best? We ask for a ten-year history which we investigate carefully. Our oculists throw out 30% of the applicants. Our doctors catch bad muscles and hearts and lungs. Our dentists repair the bad teeth that would turn the most cheerful human being into a grouchy, inattentive dyspeptic. But there are still too many preventable accidents!"

A psychologist from Northwestern University was called in and the matter put before him. Out of that evolved the famous Yellow Cab psychology tests.* Lack of space here precludes a detailed description. In brief, they consist of a series of simple tests that reveal an applicant's quality of caution, and another that shows the speed with which he reacts when confronted by sudden danger.

The latter of these is a thriller. The applicant is seated in a dark room and told to handle a machine in a certain manner. He is warned that if anything goes wrong, he is to stamp on a pedal and throw a switch, both of which are in easy reach. Then, left alone, he is allowed to proceed calmly. Suddenly a burst of static electricity crashes past his nose. If he stamps on the pedal and turns the switch in less than two seconds, he can be trusted in an emergency and is allowed to become a driver.

Absurdly easy? I suggest that you try it. One man leaped up with a shriek and fled from the room. At any rate, those simple tests reveal that from 15% to 18% of all applicants who have successfully passed doctor, oculist and

[Continued on page 161]

The Adventures of Million Dollar Smith

He accumulates his second hundred thousand

by Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

LAUGHTER and the clinking of thin Venetian goblets drifted into the night that vaulted above the Piazza del Popolo with a purple dome. The Paradiso was in full swing. You went there almost instinctively after the theatre if you were anybody at all; if you were a little more than anybody at all the vulpine Lombard headwaiter greeted you by name in his gliding, lisping Milanese; but if you belonged to the chosen and exquisite few, you did not have to tip the carriage starter.

There was no special reason for the place's feverish popularity. It was a fad. Rome knew seven cabarets where the food was better, nine where the wines were older, eleven where the decorations were in smarter taste. But here it was: the sensation of the year.

A Serene Highness had discovered it. Society had adopted it. The newly rich—the Levantine nabobs from Syria with their bold-eyed daughters—the swag-bellied colonials on a home jaunt from their Algerian olive groves, larding their limpid Italian with guttural Arabic expletives—the wealthy foreign tourists—the yellow haired Sardinian barons with their queer Gothic profiles, out to spend five years' rents in a month's crimson spree—the squat Sicilians who, emigrated to South America in the steerage, had returned as cattle kings and were profaning the dim Renaissance palaces beyond the Ponte Sant' Angelo with their gold, their garlic and their loutish garrulity—all that motley Roman world had followed society's lead. So had the half-world, lending spice to the other half.

Tables were reserved two weeks in advance. Peaches cost thirty liras each; caviar seventy liras a portion; champagne two hundred liras a bottle, and two hundred and fifty if served à la Russe with a half square of sugar and seven drops of angostura.

A caprice. But a success.

The Paradiso—with the old Adam and the new Eve!

The Paradiso where around three in the morning even the blasé headwaiter mistook the hardening of his arteries for the quickened pulse of pleasurable anticipation!

The Paradiso, tonight, with Laurette de Roza on the cabaret stage, singing a recent London hit:

*"Katie thought she'd like to try
Something more ambitious!
Katie in the chorus made
The simplest wife suspicious!
Katie wore a scanty frock
And sang a saucy ditty!
Katie hocked the necklace
Sent by Cræsus in the City!
Katie! Ka-a-a-tie!"*

Laughter. Staccato applause. "Ka-a-a-tie!" the refrain was taken up from table to table while Laurette danced whirlwind fashion across the boards, shaking her head till her mop of hair spread in a russet cloud around her roguish little face, swaying, bending, her small, heelless shoes flickering now high now low. Suddenly she vanished through the wings in a tumbled eddy of scarlet, diaphanous skirts.

"*Da capol Da capol*" exclaimed a dwarfish man whose yellow, monkeyish face flushed with paint belied his historic name, reminiscent of the days when princely Roman brawlers mocked alike the Pope's excommunications and Hapsburg's halberdiers.

"Jolly clever gal!" commented a sporting church warden from Upper Tooting who had dipped his hands into the offertory bag to defray the expenses of his continental trip.

"Encore!" cried Mrs. DePuyster Van Rensselaer, the famed expatriate who had solved the trick of speaking English with an Italian accent and Italian with a French accent.

"Hooray!" shouted Canfield Smith. But he cut off his boisterous acclaim as he noticed that the stranger with whom he shared the small table, instead of applauding, was sighing, then shielding an incipient yawn with his hand.

Canfield was in a quandary. As a rule he felt a pang of jealousy when he heard the storm of applause which greeted, wherever she played, this girl who was dearer to him than the dwelling of kings. On the other hand, here he was distinctly annoyed with the stranger's behavior. Not to applaud Laurette—why—it was worse than applauding her. He looked at this man who was short, powerfully built, tersely masculine, the round head covered with thick, bluish curls, the complexion healthy and ruddy, the large nose strongly marked at the roots, the mustache aggressive with its turned up, waxed points. He was in conventional evening dress, and the only exotic note was struck by a square, crimson spot on the center of the forehead. It was neither scar nor blemish, but had evidently been painted on deliberately. He continued sighing and yawning until Canfield finally addressed him in English, with a sudden access of American directness:

"WHAT'S biting you? Don't you like Miss de Roza?"

"Rather! Positively corkin'!" came an amazingly broad British drawl which was ludicrously out of focus with the speaker's appearance and which for the time scotched Canfield's original grievance and forced his surprised question:

"Are you English?"

"My word—no!"

"French?"

"I don't even speak it."

"Italian—Spanish—Balkanish?" went on the cross examination.

"No."

"Then what *are* you?"

"I'm sorry," the voice was mild and apologetic, "but the distressing fact is that I'm a god."

"Wh—what did you say?" stammered Canfield.

"I'm a god. At least my priests say so."

"You aren't by any chance orey-eyed?" countered Canfield.

"Pardon! I didn't quite catch—"

"American for stewed to the gills."

"Oh—you mean to ask if I'm snooted?"

"Right. Are you?"

"My dear old trout," replied the other, "I'm both sober and serious. You see—I'm the Rajah of Oktamund."

"Pleased to meet you. I'm the Emperor of Idaho, and—"

"I mean it," interrupted the stranger, smiling in such a disarming manner that Canfield stretched impulsive fingers across the table, finding the other's as steely as his own.

"I don't care if you're liar or drunk or plain nut," he laughed. "Anyway, I'm for you even if you didn't give the kid a hand—" pointing at the now empty stage. "Which reminds me: why the devil didn't you?"

"Because," sighed the man, "I've the blues."

"Why?"

"Long story."

"Maybe I can help. Explain, brother."

The other did, in a burst of confiding sympathy. There was no doubt as to his being a Rajah. For just then some new arrivals entered, piloted by a Roman society matron in baby-blue velvet that was quite out of keeping with her adipose. When she saw the stranger she curtsied deeply with a creaking of protesting whalebones and breathed: "Ah—your Imperial Highness!" in a buzz of subdued and apologetic awe.

"All right," granted Canfield. "You're sure enough Rajah. But how come you're a god?"

"I can't help it," replied the other. He told Jack that, as a younger son of the house of Oktamund, he had spent most of his thirty years in England where he had gone to Eton and Oxford and then: "just toddled about—with the gals, you know, and a polo mallet and a bridge score," until a few months ago, through a series of deaths, the throne had become his. "Corkin' revenues and all that," he added, "but there are the silly old traditions and legends of Hindu religion—and there are those blighters of Brahman priests!" For it appeared that the Oktamund Rajahs bear a unique relation to India, being the direct descendants of Ganesha, the elephant-headed god, first born of the sons of Shiva the Creator and Doorgha the Destroyer.

"Say!" laughed Canfield. "You got our pioneer families in Spokane backed off the map when it comes to putting on social dog."

"Rather swanky, I grant you. But such a bore."

He continued that the reigning Oktamund Rajah is considered a god by all India, so sacred that the mere repetition of his name is in itself an act of merit. Compared to him the Hanovers are but parvenus, the Romanoffs nameless vagrants, the Bourbons recent adventurers.

"Well—what's the kick?" asked Canfield. "Socially you're it and didn't you say the revenues are bully?"

"They are. But I don't get them."

"How's that?"

"Being a god, I'm not supposed to live in Europe, among the *Mlechhas*, the foreign barbarians. I'm supposed to go home to India and behave—oh—like a god. So the priests wrote me. I refused. They insisted. I cabled them to go to the devil. Then a couple came over, and I met them here in Italy. I argued with them. I painted this asinine caste mark—the mark of Ganesha—on my forehead to pacify them, and, incidentally, the dashed thing won't come off—the colors are fast. I offered to abdicate in favor of a young cousin. All of no avail. This morning those fat Brahman blighters returned to India. But before they

left, being in hereditary control of Oktamund's finances, they cut off my allowance, every penny, to force me to go home."

"The dirty buzzards!"

"Aren't they? So here I am, old fruit. A Rajah—a god—and stony broke. And—almost tearfully—"I'm perfectly happy in Europe. I don't want to go home and be a god."

"Say!" exclaimed Canfield with typically generous impulse. "If it's just a question of a few thousand—"

"Pardon!" the other interrupted stiffly. "I cannot accept—"

"Didn't mean to offend you, old man."

"Jolly decent of you. But you understand, don't you?"

"You bet. And I like you the better for it. You're the first guy I met in Europe and offered money to who didn't jump at it. But what are you going to do?"

"I fancy—" he returned rather hopelessly—"I'll have to earn my own living."

"Has been done before," smiled Canfield.

"I'm aware of it," said the Rajah, adding with utter naïveté: "And you know—it has always been a complete mystery to me how people do it."

"Well—I'm in the same boat as you."

"Impossible! Why—you offered me . . ."

"I'm not broke. Only—"

"Yes?"

"A confidence for a confidence. Listen." And Canfield related how, formerly a cowboy, he had come into possession of the rich Dixie Glory mine with "Old Man" M'Gregor and Garrett Findlater as partners; how, having gone abroad to see the world, he had met Laurette de Roza, née Bridget O'Mahoney, the famous Californian vaudeville artiste in Paris, and fallen in love with her; how she had refused to marry him because he was too "flighty" and did not work; how she had warned him against his sponging European friends and had been right since, when through litigation over the title of the mine and subsequent injunction by the courts he had found himself suddenly penniless, all his supposed friends had turned against him; how, embittered by the experience, he had decided to avenge himself on the Europeans by hurting them in their most vulnerable spot—their pocketbooks; how he had sworn not to propose to Laurette again until he had earned a million dollars here in Europe; how he had made a bully start in Paris, winning a hundred thousand dollars at poker—draw, stud and fancy.

"Then Laurette came to Rome to fill an engagement," he wound up, "and of course I trailed along." He looked at his watch. "She ought to be dressed by this time. I'll take you back stage and introduce you. Well—" as they rose—"I don't want to be a doddering

old man when I lead her to the altar. I got to shake a leg and corral a whole flock of dough, and some of it right here while she plays in Rome. So—you see—we two are in the same boat."

THEY had left the cabaret and were turning into the alley that led to back stage when suddenly he exclaimed:

"I got a bird of an ideal!"

"Yes?"

"Let's be partners!"

"Partners?"

"Sure. An all wool Rajah-god and all wool ex-cowpuncher—can you beat it for a team? Between the two of us we ought to be able to turn a more or less honest penny."

"I'm willing, old thing. But—how exactly?"

"We'll dope it out later on. And say—" as they stopped in front of Laurette's dressing room—"not a word to the kid, at least not until we've figured out how to do it. She's from Missouri—"

"Didn't you say she was from California?"

"I mean you got to show her. Don't you get that either? She's—oh—practical down to the ground. Facts for her, not fancies. She's liable to throw cold water unless . . ."

"I understand."

Laurette and the Rajah liked each other on sight, and when a week later the two partners had worked out a plan of campaign, the Rajah was for telling her. But Canfield vetoed it.

"Not on your life!" he said. "She's one sweet kid. But—well—she's a woman—liable to blab. And we got to keep mum, or we spill the beans."

The idea for their business venture—for they called it by this dignified term—had come to them earlier in the week when the Rajah had introduced his new friend at a ball given by the Princess Malatesta.

The Malatesta palace was immense. But the widowed old princess, American by birth, had invited all Rome that was smart and some of Rome that was not so smart with the result that the majestic sweep of rooms on the lower floor was well filled. The hostess was a great lady who, as she expressed it once, could afford to entertain her own butler at dinner if she felt like it. Loyal, if rather sardonically so, to her own class, she also welcomed everybody who had something new to say or, at least, something old with a new twist.

Thus the sophisticated angels on the frescoed Tiepolo ceiling smiled down on a motley company; men of a dozen nationalities, old and young, radical and tory, Jew and Gentile, sporting and intellectual, socially arrived and socially aspiring, doers and dreamers, and a leavening of well-bred drones, and the women after their kind.

"Typical of our dear Rome, Mr. Smith," said



Ali acquitted himself well. He broke into explosive, dramatic Malay.

the old Princess Malatesta to Canfield to whom she had taken with intuitive sympathy. "A mixture of platinum and pinchbeck, steel and whalebone, essence of rose and essence of onion, vulgarity cloaked by purity and purity cloaked by vulgarity. How do you like it?" she finished, a smile on her lips.

"I feel like a mustang in a corral. Sort of scared—"

"I don't believe you," laughed the princess.

"Oh—I guess I can handle the men all right. But what about the women?"

"Make love to them."

"I can't."

"Tongue tied, Mr. Smith?"

"Next door to it. I'm in love with another girl."

"Oh, yes. Oktamund told me. Engaged to that delicious Californian dancer, aren't you? Well—I shall give you a tip or two. Tell the Russian women they look French, the French women they look Italian, the Italian women they look Spanish—"

"And the English and American women—?"

"Tell them . . ." She interrupted herself, and turned to a tall, hook-nosed man: "How do you do? Did I not see you this morning driving down the Corso with that delightful little Countess Doria?"

"Not guilty. I was home—alone," he said without so much as a quiver.

"My mistake. But—to err is human, no?"

"When you err, *principessa mia*, it is not human but divine!"

"Wow!" whispered Canfield in passing to the Rajah, "they sure can wag a wicked tongue!" and he went about the rooms in search of amusement, talking to few, listening to many, and presently walking up to his partner and drawing him into a corner behind a screen of potted palms on the other side of which several middle aged English and American women were conversing animatedly.

"I made a discovery," he said, "and it's the duck's quack."

"Spill it, old thing."

"I found out what that sort of woman—" putting an irreverent thumb at the palm screen—"talks about when there are no men around."

"I know," laughed the Rajah. "The jolly old beans compare operations and sanitariums and facial surgeons and how many monkey glands to dissolve in their morning orgy of hot water and—"

"And then something! And if we use it right it's going to help us sit pretty. Listen to them. They're off!"



"How fascinating," commented Mrs. Oppler: "What does it mean?"

They were silent, listening intently to the conversation of the women stabbing between the pauses and pianissimos of the lascivious Argentine tango that brushed from the ballroom with tinkly violin pizzicatos, the cello's honey smooth undertones and the slapstick stammerings of bassoon and clarinet. Staccato, the conversation; disconnected; stray odds and ends of sentences; but telling a logical tale to Canfield's cool brain:

"—humdrum hats and uninspired frocks—I know, my dear—but then she's one of the Berkshire Cave-Brown-Caves. . . ."

"—Lady Emily Greatorex—my mother's cousin . . ."

"—a Serene Highness—married to . . ."

"—my grandfather, Prince of . . ."

"—relation of the Dukes of Fitzbattleaxe—
younger son—settled in Virginia . . ."

"—old New Jersey stock—direct grant from
Queen Ann—gave up the title . . ."

"—descendants of Merovingian kings—
that's where we inherit the warts on our noses—
quite proud of them . . ."

"—related to the Kentucky Breckin-
ridges . . ."

"—morganatic marriage . . ."

"Get it?" whispered Canfield.

"What?" asked the Rajah.

"Good old Anglo-Saxon sport! Matching ancestors. And if they got none they invent them. One king beats three jokers who're only measly counts, and if you can pull an emperor—well—read him and weep! Boy, I can hear a great many greenbacks rustling in the offing for you and me. If we play this game right . . ."

"What do you mean?" came the other's puzzled question.

"For a god you're dense! Listen, kid. Home in Spokane, when O'Toole and Einstein struck it rich in the Leroy mine, Mrs. O'Toole went to work and proved that the O'Tooles had come over in the *Mayflower*, direct from Cork to Salem, and old Lady Einstein raised the jack pot by proving that the Einsteins had been among the original cavalier settlers of Virginia. Then old man Hiram C. Hausenbenzer sells his quarter-section of land—same where his Pennsylvania grand-dad used to raise red Duroc porkers—to the water power company for a round sum, and his wife finds out through a guy in Chicago that the Hausenbenzers are really grandees of Spain, cousins to the dukes of something-or-other, and—mind you—this Chicago con artist who discovers it charges her a thousand bucks. Well—European titles are all very nice. But they're getting to be as

common as false teeth. Now you're a god, aren't you? You got a lot of pull with all the other Indian gods. You can trace your descent straight back to—"

"Old trout," interrupted the Rajah of Oktamund, his voice throbbing with fervent admiration, "I—how do you say in America?—I 'get' you!"

"Good." Canfield rose. "Business meeting tomorrow noon at my hotel. I'm going to locate a couple of likely prospects."

During the next half hour, going from salon to salon, he talked to many women, finally—as he put it afterward to his partner—"cutting three shorthorns out of the herd."

For he found a spellbound listener in Miss Ernestine Potts, daughter of Sir Jeremiah Potts, the recently knighted north of England cocoa king. She was a spinster of debatable age, faulty adenoids and romantic leanings who once had been heard to assert that she would "rather die than be of the unknown living." She made a luncheon engagement with Canfield and murmured that she was terribly excited when he said: "Believe me—the Rajah was startled by the resemblance. What was his grandmother's name? I forget. He'll tell you himself—on Wednesday."

A few minutes later he bowed before the parrot beak of Mrs. DePuyster Van Rensselaer, and, at the end of ten minutes' tense conversation, had her on the point of denying her Knickerbocker ancestry and told her that Thursday afternoon would do splendidly for him and his friend. "Sure," he added. "I'll ask him to bring the sword."

Lastly he whispered into the pretty ear of a newcomer from Australia who was endeavoring to achieve European fame with the help of a pink Rolls-Royce that matched her string of pink pearls, and agreed with her when she said that now she understood why all her life she had felt this mysterious sympathy with the Orient, and—you bet—tea on Friday at five—he and Oktamund would be there with bells on. Would they bring the holy fakir along? Well—fakirs were shy—but they'd try their best.

"Aren't you afraid they'll talk to each other and give the bally show away?" asked the Rajah the next day.

"No. In fact they swore me to secrecy—all three."

"But why?"

"Three reasons: western woman, western society, and western publicity. The first—and it's the same in Europe as back home in Spokane—gets into the second through the third."

"What is publicity?"

"Other word for impressing her neighbor. But if she wants to put it across she's got to be careful. Can't afford to make a slip, to give sister Brown or sister Magruder a chance to throw a monkey-wrench into her spokes. So

she's got to be sure of her facts: new country place ruined by some up-to-date interior decorator, lariat made of diamonds as big as hens' eggs, or, best of all, some peachy ancestors. We're in the business to supply a new line of the latter commodity, aren't we? Well I planted a few seeds in each of these three feminine prospects. For instance, I told the Potts girl she looks a dead ringer to your late grandmother, and she comes back, quick and sure, with information that her grandfather had been a soldier in India—and wasn't that a 'positively thrilling' coincidence? Which encourages me some, and so I allow as how your grandmother was swiped out of her father's tent by a roughneck hill chief with a crimson beard, a stony eye, filed teeth, and no morals to speak of—"

"Oh—it is not true!" came the Rajah's agonized interruption. "My grandmother was most conservative and respectable and—"

"Swiped out of her dad's tent, she was!" insisted Canfield. "And after this here crimson bearded roughneck got her up to the hills she appealed to the gods, her ancestors, and if in answer to her prayers along came an English soldier and—well—right then the story got a little indelicate, and I shut up. You got to tell Ernestine the rest yourself—Wednesday—at lunch."

"MY WORD!" groaned the Rajah. "What did you tell the other women?"

"Earlier in the evening I overheard the Van Rensselaer party boast about her collection of antique swords inherited from her family way back when the Dutch were sailing the seven seas. So, sort of casual, I drop a few words to her about the ancient prophecy of Oktamund . . ."

"What prophecy? We have no prophecy."

"You bet you have. All about a sword that came out of the west and another that came out of the east, and when the two meet—says this here prophecy—then it's proof that 'steen hundred years ago, when there was a marriage between the Dutch gink who had the one sword and some flapper daughter of the god-like Rajah of Oktamund . . . I forget all I said. But Thursday afternoon, at four sharp, you're going to produce the sword and show it to her and—"

"But I haven't a sword to my name."

"I'll buy you one."

"Carry on," sighed the Rajah. "What did you say to the Australian—to Mrs. Oppler?"

"I was getting into my stride then. I told her about that miracle-working Hindu fakir of yours . . ."

"You don't mean Tompkins, my valet?"

"No. A Hindu fakir—I said."

"I'm afraid you overplayed your hand," rejoined the Rajah. "A sword you can buy—But a fakir . . .?"

"What about that guy over at Danielo's restaurant who makes that punk Turkish coffee?"

"He's neither a Hindu nor a fakir. He's a Malay and a Mohammedan."

"What's the odds? He wears a turban, and his complexion is sort of Missouri mule. I'll cross his palm with silver and dress him up fancy and, believe me, he's going to be the finest fakir you ever saw. But, to resume, some time ago this fakir had a mysterious dream. And the other night when he was waiting for you in the cloak room he happened to look through the door and caught sight of Mrs. Oppler, and at once he let out one hell of a yell and foamed at the mouth and said that his dream had come true."

"What dream?"

"Dog-gone if I know! You'll tell the lady Friday at five, and you got to bring the fakir along and have him do a lot of hocus-pocus. No use shaking your head. As I said, a few months from now, if we do it right we're going to sit pretty—and by the time the ladies are ready to launch their brand new divine ancestry on the envious society of Rome, we ought to be in some other town, declaring a dividend."

"May the blessed gods grant it!" exclaimed the Rajah with real religious fervor. "May Shiva the Creator and Doorgha the Destroyer protect me!"

"Against what?" laughed Canfield.

"Against woman! We have a Hindu proverb which says: 'Rather the green snake's sting and the rage of the male elephant in mating time, than the wrath of a woman who has been deceived!'"

"Who's deceiving her? We're only selling her what she wants. Demand and supply. We supply. Perfectly O.K."

"I'm afraid just the same. Between mysterious prophecies about ancient swords, and grandmothers stolen by hill chiefs, and holy fakirs with preposterous dreams . . . my dear fool, I was never very good at improvising."

"Yes—you have no Oriental imagination. All right. I'll prompt you all I can."

But if the Rajah lacked imagination he surprised his partner when it appeared that he had a natural genius for extracting cash from their customers in a refined and gentlemanly manner.

"Boy," laughed Canfield when they returned from their luncheon with Miss Potts, "your god-like breed must have intermarried with the Scots or the Jews. The way you allowed Ernestine to force a check on you to help you further your investigations as to the history of her family in India—well—my hat's off to you! How much did she slip you?"

"Three thousand guineas—" the Rajah blushed slightly as he added: "for a starter."

"Remember, we must play them inch by inch. We got to give them enough line to keep them

interested, but not enough line for them to get too darned cock-sure and spring their swell new ancestry—before we're ready to retire from this business venture of ours. Or our goose is cooked."

"I know. You heard me tell Miss Potts I'm really not at all sure about her grandfather and my grandmother?"

"I was proud of you. You've the right dope. The less sure you seem to be, the more anxious she'll be to persuade you—and herself. Tomorrow we'll go after the Van Rensselaer party. Which reminds me—I must buy a sword."

"An Indian one?"

"No. A Dutch one."

"Why?"

"You'll see."

They found an old Dutch blade in a shop near the Piazza Colonna where again the Rajah showed his financial acumen by bargaining the despairing Italian second-hand dealer from a hundred liras down to seventy-three and a half.

"Charmed!" rumbled Mrs. Van Rensselaer the next afternoon as, with all the ponderous majesty of a square-rigged Dutch frigate, she moved toward her visitors through the dancing sun rays that fretted her gorgeous suite in the Barberini palace with orange high-lights and delicate, elfin shadows.

She came straight to the point.

"Your Imperial Highness," she said to the Rajah, rolling the words under her tongue with almost sensuous pleasure, "Mr. Smith told me something about a prophecy and two swords. It interested me greatly, and he promised me that—"

"Here's the Rajah's sword," interrupted Canfield, unwrapping the recently purchased article. She examined it; then gave a startled exclamation!

"Why—it's Dutch! And look! Am I right? What are those initials?"

"'D. P. V. R.,'" Canfield read slowly, bending over.

"THE initials of my family! Extraordinary coincidence!" But not so extraordinary could she have seen Canfield an hour earlier scratching them on the steel, afterward antiquing them with dirt and oil. "And what about the prophecy?" she continued with rising excitement.

"Y—yes—the—the prophecy . . ." the Rajah stammered, slurred, stopped. Then, under the painful persuasion of his friend's heel grinding into his instep, he remembered the fantastic tale which he had memorized and which had been composed by dovetailing his own knowledge of India with Canfield's riotous imagining. In spite of his European veneer he was a typical Oriental. He learned slowly, but tenaciously. So once he was well started on

his recital, he went to the end without further faltering and with a considerable degree of native eloquence.

And a picturesque romance it was! He described how the Oktamunds, descendants of Ganesha, the elephant-headed god, had once ruled all of northwest India, fighting hard to hold their princely inheritance; and how amongst the European adventurers who came to India in search of strife and treasure had been a young Dutch sea captain who, risen to high rank in the Oktamund army, had fallen in love with the Rajah's daughter. There had been a duel, Dutch against Hindu blade, until the Rajah, vanquished, had agreed to the marriage. But since the girl had been won in battle, instead of an exchange of rings there had been an exchange of swords. The princess had died in giving birth to a son, and the Dutchman had taken the child and returned to his native land.

"But before he left," the Rajah continued, "he swore a solemn oath that whenever a prince of Oktamund needed the help of his Dutch kinsmen, the latter must come to the rescue. And—says the prophecy—in sign of proof the two blades will meet in a foreign land and will be exchanged. Ah—" he gave a sigh which was a pure product of art—"how I wish it were not only a legend, a superstition—but a fact!"

"You are in trouble?" asked the woman. "You need help?"

"I do not wish to worry you."

"Please tell me—" And when the Rajah was silent, she turned to the American: "What is it, Mr. Smith."

"My friend is being hounded by the British government."

"Perfidious Albion!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Rensselaer.

"Indeed!" echoed the Rajah who, deep in his heart, was more loyal to England than the Tower of London.

"I wish I could help—" She interrupted herself—"I wonder—the prophecy—can it be true. . . ?" She rose. "Wait. I have an Indian sword which has been in my family for generations."

She left, while the partners fell into tense whispers.

"You're messing it up," said the Rajah. "I've no quarrel with the British—and don't want any."

"I had to say something, didn't I? By the way—how are we going to make it pay?"

"Don't know yet. Hush!" as Mrs. Van Rensselaer returned with a beautiful weapon, explaining it was the one which her ancestor had brought from Asia. He took it, looked at it, and almost immediately, startling not only his hostess but also his partner, broke into rolling Indian words: "*Bashava sar! Ki che*

gondathal An mazenthapen thegh . . ." It sounded like an incantation. He kissed the blade.

"Is it your people's sword?" the woman asked excitedly.

"I don't know. I must send to India and find out." He clasped the weapon to his breast.

"Suppose it is—and the prophecy is true?" she went on. "I'll help you."

"How?"

"My sister married a high British official. I shall write to him and ask him to put in a word with his government—"

"No!" cut in the Rajah, glancing furiously at Canfield who had got him into this predicament. He invented rapidly: "Suppose it is not the right blade?" He kept on hugging it, as if loath to let it go. "No! Not a word to your brother-in-law—not a word to a soul until . . ."

"Until you have made sure about the sword—I understand. But in the meantime let us exchange weapons," said Mrs. Van Rensselaer. "If the prophecy is true and these are the swords, it will help. If it is only a legend, it can't hurt."

"Gladly," replied the Rajah. "Perhaps," he smiled, "you and I are indeed . . ."

"Cousins?" she whispered. "Both descendants of . . ."

"GANESHA, the elephant-headed god!" he completed her awed sentence, and he implanted a chaste, cousinly salute on her forehead, shortly afterward leaving with Canfield.

Outside, the latter turned to him.

"What's the big idea? You didn't get a nickel."

"But I have the sword."

"A fat lot of good it'll do you."

"Did you look at it?"

"No."

"I did. My dear old fruit, I know a lot about precious stones, and the hilt is a mass of uncut emeralds that are worth a pretty penny."

"Right after dinner," said Canfield, "I'm going to kiss you. You're some partner. By the way, tomorrow we're due at Mrs. Oppler's. I dropped in on Princess Malatesta this morning and sounded her discreetly about the lady. Seems Mrs. Oppler is nuts about—what you call Hindu blah—having lived before—hundreds of times. . . ?"

"Incarnation of souls?"

"Yes."

"Corkin! That'll help. Did you talk to Ali, the chap who makes Turkish coffee?"

"Yes. He's willing and seems shrewd. Only, he learned English in London and talks with one tough cockney accent—which won't do for a sacred Hindu fakir."

"We'll give him a bit of rehearsing to-night."

The next afternoon Ali had turned at least in externals into a perfect likeness of a wild-eyed, ash-smeared Indian holy man. But he nearly ruined everything when Mrs. Oppler asked her visitors if they cared for tea. For while Canfield and the Rajah accepted politely, Ali shook his head and said:

"None o' that 'og-wash for me, lydy! I'll take a spot o' Scotch and a bit o' cold mutton and—" disregarding the Rajah's murderous glances—"tell the wyter not to forget the pickles—I love pickles, don't you, lydy?"

"Isn't he great?" exclaimed Canfield, coming to the rescue. "So simple—and he a holy man!"

"Rather!" echoed Australia and turned to the waiter who had come in, while Canfield whispered in Ali's ear that he would cut out his liver if he spoke one single further English word during the rest of the afternoon.

Afterward the interview progressed smoothly. Ali acquitted himself well. Asked by the Rajah to relate his dream, he broke into explosive, dramatic Malay.

"How fascinating," commented Mrs. Oppler. "How gorgeously mysterious! How absolutely, perfectly, divinely, utterly thrilling!" It was lucky that she spoke only English since Ali, a ribald and lawless soul, had used the opportunity to recite a Malay love ballad which made up in picturesque realism what it lacked in decency. She turned to the Rajah: "What does it mean?"

THE latter, as prearranged, succeeded in looking embarrassed.

"I'd rather not say," he replied.

"It isn't—naughty?" There was a faint suggestion of hope in her accents.

"Oh, no," replied the Rajah while Ali quickly changed a laugh into a cough. "But it deals with something in which we Hindus believe. You—well—you might ridicule it."

"What is it?" she insisted.

"Memories of former lives—incarnation of souls."

"Why—I believe in it!" she exclaimed. "I really do! Tell me what he said! Please!"

"Very well." The Rajah bowed. "This saintly man, through abstinence and self chastisement—" and the atmosphere was so tense that he got away with it in spite of the fact that just then Ali was biting a perfect half moon out of the mutton sandwich—"has risen to the spiritual eminence when, in his dreams, he is able to remember former lives."

"Oh!" breathed Mrs. Oppler.

"Thousand of years ago my people, descendants of Ganesha, first born of Shiva the Creator and Doorgha the Destroyer, were at war with the Rathors of Kanauj, descendants of Shiva by an earlier marriage. For, before marrying Doorgha, my ancestress, Shiva was the husband

of Kalavatri, goddess of night, and from this union sprang the Rathors of Kanauj. There was a great battle between the latter and the Oktamunds. We beat them. And this saintly fakir saw the battle in his vision, saw the captives being brought in, and amongst them the daughter of the Rathors, called Utpalavarna, 'Blue as the Lotus,' because of the color of her eyes. She came as befitted a slave captured in war, with her henna stained feet bound together by a thin, golden chain, her narrow hands tied behind her back with ropes of pearls, her slim young body covered with a silken robe of the sad hue of the champaka flower in mourning for her father, the king of Kanauj, who had died in battle beneath the steel tusks of the war elephants." The Rajah paused impressively, then went on: "Three times this saintly fakir dreamt the vision. Then, the other night at the Malatestas, he saw you and—"

"You—you mean that I—"

"He recognized in you the Princess Utpalavarna . . ."

"Descendant of Shiva," whispered Mrs. Oppler with very much the same awed thrill which Mrs. Van Rensselaer had shown.

"Descendant of Shiva," added the Rajah in a magnificent flight of fancy, "by an earlier, greater union than I. Why—compared to his marriage with Kalavatri, the ancestress of the Rathors, Shiva's marriage to Doorgha, my own ancestress, was almost morganatic!"

"How utterly heavenly!" exclaimed Mrs. Oppler. She rushed to the telephone. "I must call up Mrs. Van Rensselaer," remembering how, often in the past, this resolute Knickerbocker lady had snubbed her.

"No, no!" interposed the Rajah. "You mustn't!"

"But—"

"At least not yet! Not—" mysteriously "until everything has been made ready. Otherwise you will offend the blessed gods. Just listen to him!"—when, again as prearranged, Ali broke out into another guttural Malay chant.

"What does he say?"

"The gods demand absolute secrecy," translated the Rajah, "secrecy for many weeks in sign of humility and restraint. And, too, the gods demand a sacrifice—a sacrifice of blood and gold."

"Blood . . . ?" stammered Mrs. Oppler, paling.

"It's the man's duty," the Rajah reassured her chivalrously, "to supply the blood."

Thus, very evidently and logically, it remained the woman's duty to supply the gold. Mrs. Oppler did—with such generosity that a week or two later Canfield, surprised Laurette de Roza with a handsome canary diamond in an antique setting.

"Of course I'm glad you bought it for me in-



"For a bright kid, you're one fine little sucker! Throwing away money! Handing it over to dirty crooks!" "The Rajah a crook? Why—you introduced me!"

stead of for some other dame," said Laurette, slipping the ring on her finger. "But considering your silly oath not to marry me until you've earned a million fish—considering that, me being a born fool, I wouldn't marry anybody except you—considering furthermore that I don't want to die an old maid—what's the idea of wasting the kale you made in Paris?"

"I made the money for this ring right here in Rome."

"You did?"

"You bet I did. I'm in business."

"What sort of business?"

"I'm what you might call a private investigator—looking up people's relations."

"A la Pinkerton?"

"Yes—but only more high-toned—real classy stuff."

"Well—I'm glad your business is honest."

"So am I!" said Canfield. And for a fact neither he nor his partner were ever troubled by the slightest qualm of conscience.

"Conscience," he once said to the other, "is a still, small voice which has a tendency to become stiller and smaller. Sure. But in our case, first of all we're making these women happy, at least for a while, till they find out. Well—happiness isn't supposed to last forever, is it? And then—I know how the Van Rensselaers made their pile—by buying a large slice of improved Manhattan real estate from the guileless Red Men for a bottle of hooch and by striking the guileless White Man with high rates for this same improved real estate ever since. And old Sir Jeremiah Potts, Ernestine's father—a fellow over at the British embassy told me how he became cocoa king: by treating the poor smokes on his African plantations like slaves and by doing all his competitors, even the Scotchmen, in the eye. And as for Mrs. Oppler, before she became a widow—and I understand her husband was one happy guy when he knew death was near—she divorced two other men, both of them escaping with paying alimony and begging the judge with tears in their eyes to allow them to pay more—they wanted to cinch it! The woman always pays? I never believed in that blah. If she does, why is the man always the party who's broke? You and me aren't broke? We're the exceptions!"

Shortly afterwards Canfield caught a bad cold which developed into influenza. But the Rajah, visiting the sick room, told him not to worry.

"Business is booming, old dear."

"I wish I could help you."

"I had a talk some time ago with Clara Methune-Hunter, the Canadian soprano. I am nearly duplicating the Oppler case. Only, given her profession, I am proving that she is descended from Krishna, the god of music—ah—" lyrically—"the delightful god of ruddy color who thrilled the hearts of all the world as

upon his sacred, golden flute, he sounded divine melodies—who charmed the trees and the odorous flowers—"

"Cut it out!" interrupted Canfield with a laugh. "You aren't selling me any ancestry!"

A week later, having fully recuperated, Canfield asked the Rajah to come to see him.

"Anything new?" he asked when his partner made his appearance.

"Yes. An excellent prospect turned up last night at the Paradiso. She gave me five thousand dollars for a starter—to defray the expenses of my investigation. Jolly interesting story concocted: about the kings of Ulster—from whom the lady, being Irish, is descended—being connected with the Phoenicians and the latter having come originally from India and . . ."

"Did you say she's Irish?" interrupted Canfield with sudden suspicion.

"Irish-American. In fact a friend of yours."

"You—you don't mean Laurette—Laurette de Roza—?"

"Right—oh, old dear!"

"Give me her check!" thundered Canfield.

"But . . ."

"Get a move on! Give it to me!"

HE GRABBED the slip of paper, went out of the room, down the stairs, jumped into a taxicab, and ten minutes later surprised Laurette with his first words:

"For a bright kid, you're one fine little sucker."

Laurette was busy packing her trunk. Her engagement was over. Tomorrow she was leaving Rome. She turned around; looked up.

"What's biting you?" she asked.

"Here!"—he tossed her check on the table—"throwing away money! Handing it over to dirty crooks!"

"The Rajah a crook? Why—you introduced me!"

"Well—perhaps he isn't exactly a crook." Canfield blushed. "But still—all this bunk—descendant of Irish kings—Phoenicians—Indian emperors! You—" he tore up the check—"you ought to be spanked!"

"You—you're jealous . . . ! stammered Laurette—"just because you yourself are only a western roughneck, descended from—from—oh—nothing!" she wound up ineffectually. Tears blurred her eyes. "And you—you haven't the right to talk to me like that—you aren't married to me . . ."

"Not yet! But I'm going to be!"

A sudden smile broke through her tears.

"When?" she asked.

"As soon as I have my million, and—" kissing her—"I only need another eight hundred thousand. A little more—" he added with a grin—"you see, I sort of threw away one half of five thousand bucks a while back!"

A Daughter of Father Time

A woman watchmaker guides the destinies of an industry famous for exquisite workmanship. Behind the walls of a modern city factory she follows the traditions of the old guilds of skilled craftsmen

by Mildred Adams

SINCE time began, women have guarded it, saved it, and even made it. They order the day for their families, tell them when to eat and when to go to bed. Behind Father Time himself one suspects a Mother Time who keeps his hour-glass filled, and routs him out of bed in the morning with the familiar "Pa, if you don't get up now, you'll be late all day long." But up to now, as you doubtless know, Mother Time has been overlooked by both photographers and reporters.

Her best friend is a woman who is making time her business. Miss Martha S. Wittnauer is president of the A. Wittnauer Company, with factories in Switzerland and New York, and branch offices in Geneva, Chicago, and Montreal. Her company manufactures and imports fine watches, and so far as she knows there is no woman who occupies a similar position. The Horological Institute of America has elected her its only woman member. Her watches have taken innumerable gold medals, and have won grand prizes at exhibitions in Paris, Antwerp, Milan and Berne.

One of her watches ticked off the official time of those records which followed the flying feet of the great Paavo Nurmi on our indoor tracks. Rudolf Valentino regulates his slightly irregular life by a most amazing time piece which tells him not only the hour and minutes, but the day of the week, the month, and the phases of the moon. There are only a few such watches in the world. Another belongs to the King of Belgium, and was made by the same company. Galli-Curci's appearances on the Metropolitan Opera stage owe their promptness to a jewel-crusted watch whose crystal is a single diamond. Edsel Ford has a watch from one of her factories with which, it is rumored, he times his own motor boats as well as his father's products.

Miss Wittnauer is Swiss by birth, and emphatically American by adoption. She has a spirited enthusiasm which is as youthful

as her quick step. Tall and well built, she has an old-world charm that as a girl must have gone with great beauty. Her English speech bears more than a trace of both French and German, and her courteous hospitality is cosmopolitan. She was born in Neuchâtel, a Swiss town which sits high up in the Jura Mountains. Her great grandfather was its mayor, and among her treasures is a fine old portrait of his Honor, Monsieur Touchon, dressed in the pink of Napoleonic fashion and surrounded by his vivid and loyal children. In his memory the Wittnauers named one of their famous watches Touchon.

A visit to her factory means stepping out of a clanging New York street into another century. The most modern of office safes is sheltered behind grilles that might have guarded the treasure Cortez took from Mexico. A reception room is paneled in dull gold cloth and guarded by lace-like iron doors made by the hands of some seventeenth century artist in Florence. Wrought iron sconces in the shapes of dolphins and satyrs hold electric bulbs instead of the candles for which they were made. A telephone seems strangely out of place on the arm of a huge chair carved in the pattern of that one which served Napoleon at the height of his glory for a throne.

Miss Wittnauer's own room is furnished with fine examples of old French art. It suggests the living room of a woman of rare taste rather than an office devoted to large financial transactions. Hand-carved oak panels line the walls and form the background for treasured antiques. A fireplace that burns real logs hums away to itself in one corner, and in another, a secret door, hidden in the carving, leads to a spotless kitchenette that is also a first aid station. Its mistress was an expert housekeeper long before she was a manufacturer.

Here she treats all the minor accidents, splinters, or burns, or cuts, and she is never too busy to stop and bandage them with the swift

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A secret door in the carved paneling of the unusually attractive office leads to a spotless kitchenette. The factory president is also proud of his expert housekeeping.

Twenty years in New York, Wittnauer's service is not uncommon among workmen who are inspired with the spirit of fine craftsmanship that pervades the whole.

Miss Martha Wittnauer, an American by adoption and representative of a long line of Swiss watchmakers, is familiar with the detail of her million-dollar business.



Mrs. Eugenie Andruss Leonard sought in vain for a scientific explanation of children's lies. Then she made an inquiry of her own that is the first study of its kind intended especially to help the parent to correct a bad habit. Mrs. Leonard is the mother of two children and the wife of Professor Robert J. Leonard of the School of Education of Teachers' College, Columbia University

Why Children Lie

What scientific inquiry has discovered about the reasons for lying. Mrs. Eugenie Andruss Leonard traced six hundred "whoppers" told by normal, healthy children. She tells how to correct a habit that underlies all other childhood sins

by M. B. Levick

ANOTHER whopper! What is to be done with the boy? Little Edward's mother, out of patience at last, pounces on him in despair.

"Don't you know," she demands impressively, "that if you tell lies like that the great big policeman will come and take you right away from us?"

Edward looks at her calmly: "Oh, yes, mother, I know that. Before I was a boy I was a policeman myself and I used to arrest them and cut off their hands and feet."

And at that the mother—well, what does she do? How is she to handle such a problem? The question touches on the hidden ways of thought which psychology has been finding inside the child's head—things the child himself doesn't suspect. Perhaps the simplest step toward an answer is a definition.

"The child's lie is a symptom."

And it is!

That is what Eugenie Andruss Leonard says. Mrs. Leonard wanted to be able to tell parents what a lie meant. A lot had been written about lies, but there was nothing especially for mothers. She gathered more than six hundred fibs told by healthy, average children, and sorted them. Some were confessions, others were in the third person; none of them was signed with the name of the liar. The boys and girls in a junior high school gave three hundred and seventy-nine instances; college students and others gave two hundred and ninety-four more, remembered from childhood. A few misunderstood and wrote out fairy tales, but the lies that were studied all came from life. Those who gave them knew they were wanted for a serious study. This method of getting data might make some children leave out lies of certain sorts, such as those

IN TECHNICAL form Mrs. Leonard's findings attracted widespread attention among educators and psychologists. Here they are given simply for the parent who knows only that the lying child is a serious problem. Mrs. Leonard's discoveries reveal the deeplying sources of the habit of fibbing among both children and grown-ups. She suggests various sensible cures.

centering about sex, but on the other hand the elder contributors told us frankly of lies so vivid and important to them that they were remembered after many years.

"The lie is the first real moral problem with which the child is confronted,"

says Mrs. Leonard. "I wanted to find out what emotions and situations make children lie, and what the child thinks about lying. I wanted to try to find a standard of morals which might be of value to the average parent facing the problem."

And she repeats: "The lie is a symptom." The physician does not treat a symptom; he makes use of it to find the cause. The parent must learn from him, must see whether the impulse which causes a lie can not be turned to better ends. That is the key to the lock on the child's mind.

This lock guards a room of many mysteries. In it are things which should be driven out lest they grow great and shape whole lives for evil; but there are also trifles (though they may look as big and ugly), and ambitions and desires which can be harnessed for good. There are heroisms, too. Some of these things are just politeness and social customs as a child understands them; some are tragedies of intense moral struggle. But first and last they are symptoms.

Symptoms of what? Listen again to Mrs. Leonard:

"Most of them stand for these two great things:

"Estrangement between parent and child—estrangement neither may realize which creates, none the less, a breach.

"Fear—fear of defeat, of work, of ridicule or punishment, of having to do without some possession which seems a trifle to the parent but is great riches in the eyes of childhood."

You yourself must see with the child's eyes—get his point of view—if you are to tame or slay fear, which is the father of lies.

There is the pathetic little story of Peter, for instance. He was apparently an average normal boy, well liked and trusted. Peter had an uncle whom he adored. Probably he was the type of man of whom boys often make their heroes. He also happened to be the black sheep of the family. Peter's parents were respectable, conservative people. They had no use whatever for the uncle. There is the setting for a little tragedy in a child's soul—the righteous parents, and the boy with his ideals in conflict with theirs.

A Boy's Loyal Lie

One day when Peter was fourteen the drama came to its climax. There was a terrible scandal. The cry "thief" was raised and the world started on the trail of Peter's uncle. He had been caught red-handed, and they started to hunt him down. His only friend was his affectionate little nephew. Peter helped him to hide in the loft of a shed. The boy sturdily set his hand against the world. He probably knew the world was right and that his uncle really was guilty. No doubt he wanted to go and tell his mother all about it, even at the risk of blubbering on her shoulder. But he couldn't betray his uncle.

So Peter from his boyish imagination evolved an amazing series of lies. And one by one these lies all came back to plague him. Some of them were little lies. He was out of the house, helping his uncle when he should have been doing his home-work. He had to invent reasons. Some of his lies were bigger. The money that was given him to buy Christmas presents he spent for food which he sneaked out to the shed. "I gave the money to a beggar," he explained.

There was something of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer about Peter. You remember how they hid Jim, the runaway slave. And you remember what heroes of childhood it made them. But poor Peter ended up as no hero. For days he stuck it out alone, trying to shield his uncle. Then came the inevitable crash, and punishment. Was Peter a hero or just a "bad boy?" What does the story show? Measure Peter as children are measured nowadays by those who have studied them most, and he becomes a cluster of symptoms. If his father had realized that much, the youngster would have been spared an ordeal that could only harm him.

Peter's story is valuable because it shows how intricate a child's lies can be. It is unusual in that it happens to illustrate many of the different causes which create untruths. According to Mrs. Leonard the three main divisions of childish lies, overlapping a bit, are:

First, childish imaginings and exaggerations, which Mrs. Leonard puts under the heading of intellectual deflections. They make up twelve per cent. of the lies she analyzed. The child who tells this kind of lie wants to make a sensation or attract attention. After all, trying to make yourself important is one way of showing your fear that you are not worth while. Sometimes the child believes what he imagines, but not as often as fond grown-ups think. The little boy who saw a tiger in an English lane (his name was Rudyard Kipling) will serve as an example of one of this sort of lies from outside Mrs. Leonard's survey.

Second, and more numerous, are wilful inventions intended to deceive. These come mostly from pure cussedness and they are perhaps the hardest sort of lies to handle. They are apt to be uttered in cold blood, to gain selfish ends or to escape work. They are substitutes for paying a price. Out of a hundred children who lied, twenty did it because of these reasons; and of these twenty, fourteen just wanted to have their own way.

Third, and most numerous of the main divisions, are the untruths told from emotional impulses. A fit of anger is an emotion of one sort, but there are many other kinds even more powerful, which cannot be seen, though they are more to be feared than red-faced rage. Some are terrific spiritual forces which make lives or mar them. Fears, conflicts between duty and desire, thoughts that are stuffed back out of sight or memory—these are emotional energies and processes of which the parent may realize nothing.

Peter belongs in this third-class, the emotional class. He did not tell of the beggar merely to make people gasp at his generosity; he was covering up. He told no wilful inventions out of selfishness; what he wanted was to protect his uncle. All that he did had emotional causes. He illustrates the causes of three lies out of four in this general class.

Just what were his emotions? Was he afraid of punishment? Of disapproval? Did he wish to be noticed? Or to keep something? Was he afraid of ridicule? These are the commonest emotional causes. The greatest is fear of punishment. Peter had this fear, but it does not entirely explain him. Did he lie to escape disapproval? Again only in part. Under these two heads Peter shared the feelings of the majority of children.

"More than half the emotional lies," says Mrs. Leonard of her tabulation, "were uttered to escape punishment or disapproval. But Peter had still other motives."

Next to these the most important kinds of emotional lies are those told to enlarge personal importance or to get sympathy. They include the tall brags which are a symptom of ambition. Does Peter fit in here? He did not boast—

not to his parents. But did he hope for praise from the uncle? A child's mind is full of such interweavings of motive.

There is the fear of being deprived of a desired thing. Does Peter fit in here, too? He deprived himself of his holiday money, yet he is still like a small child who denies having licked the paint from the tin horse he wants to keep. Peter wanted to keep his uncle's affection. That was something real to him. And mixed with this there was loyalty, another powerful force, which merges into imitation, hero worship. Here were two great constructive forces going to waste in Peter because nobody understood him. That is just the way the gang spirit went to waste until some one found it could turn boys into scouts or get them interested in boys' clubs.

There are still other types of emotional lies, but they are not so common. The fear of ridicule or bashfulness is one. Peter, who illustrates so many sorts, shared this fear too. He was having his great adventure and it was very much like playing pirate, really and truly. You must not underestimate the power of this fear of ridicule. In the grown world men make fortunes by playing on it; in childhood it is an ogre. The child hides what is likely to bring ridicule on him; he drives it back, represses it so that he himself forgets it. To see what ridicule can do, turn to an actual case.

The Lies of Little Girls

This is the story of a little girl named Margaret, who was pigeon-toed and clumsy. When Margaret fell down, her parents laughed. She grew afraid to try to run. The children began to call her "Fatty." A stroll was terror to her because she feared ridicule. This lack of confidence spread. She grew afraid of everything she had to do. Her whole life was being shaped by those laughs at her early falls. Not until middle-age, when this mental knot was untied by a physician, did she gain self-confidence. Then only her life may

WHAT LED TO 646 FIBS

Children are essentially egotistical. Their deceptions are frequently an easy way of avoiding consequences, but most often their lies are caused by fear. Here are the moving causes of 646 lies, told by children of all ages, as related in the inquiry made by Eugenie Andrus Leonard:

Fear of punishment.....	194
To have their way.....	90
Fear of disapproval.....	87
To enlarge personal importance or get sympathy.....	56
Exaggeration to create a sensation.....	46
To escape tedium or work.....	39
Fear of being deprived of a desired thing.....	33
Fear of ridicule; bashfulness.....	30
Imaginative stories.....	28
To protect another.....	21
To protect secret or personal affairs.....	11
To injure another in jealousy or anger.....	7
To avoid paying.....	1
Professional lies.....	3

The last two items represent lies told by adults, which had come to the attention of children who related them in response to the request for anonymous examples of untruths.

The motives listed in the table are divided into three classes: intellectual deflections, including exaggerations for effect; wilful inventions, and lies told from emotional impulses. The first class accounts for 74; the second for 133, and the third, which includes various forms of fear, for 439.

be said to have really begun. This instance does not involve lies. Lies would have done Margaret no good. The application, however, is clear.

Take the case of Hilda. Here is another case of early repression. Her parents are severe and Hilda never lies—as a child. But when she is grown up she lies to make up for it. The lie used to be shut up in her like a jack-in-the-box, but now it is her luxury. What could have been done? Take another story similar to it, and we see the answer. It is another case of a severe mother and an imaginative daughter. At twelve the child, always repressed, has become so timid she has lost all power of original thought. She can no more write a simple school composition than a baby. But the trouble is located, and a special course cures her.

Such cases show the force of these emotional causes. Of the six hundred and forty-six lies analyzed by Mrs. Leonard, four hundred and thirty-nine were of emotional origin.

Three minor sorts of emotional lies have not yet been mentioned. One kind includes falsehoods told to guard secret or personal affairs. For many a little girl it is a moral problem to tell a caller mother is not at home. It may be a problem to her brother to guard his gang's pass-word and its other secrets. And either child may have to face pumping by inquisitive neighbors. The other two kinds are opposed: they are lies told in jealousy or anger to injure another, and those intended to shield somebody. Which is the commoner? In this study of six hundred lies, three times as many were told, like Peter's, heroically to protect somebody else, as were told maliciously to injure.

The instances of all sorts gathered by Mrs. Leonard form an encyclopedia of untruths. There are the impossibilities of the little girl whose parents think she really believes that she saw a dog jump over a house. There is the little girl who astonishes her classmates by telling how the stork left a baby at home that

morning, when there was no new baby at all. Mary says her ring (she really knows it was just lost) was deliberately thrown away by a playmate, and Mary is believed. Tommy, threatened with the rod, avows he understands fractions now. Martha in school gives her age as less than it is because she thinks the others in her class are all younger. A little boy says he has put his bicycle away—he hasn't—because he is afraid of the dark. Another pretends stomach ache, though the ache is elsewhere; he has been riding a forbidden donkey. Little things, for the most part, but the child's world is a little world.

If the emotional lies outnumber all the rest, the wilful inventions are often more difficult as a problem. Their base is selfishness; the commonest ends are to escape work or tedium or to gain a personal end. These two motives add fewer to Mrs. Leonard's total than fear of punishment, but except for that fear no other single cause shows such a number of lies.

Applying the Remedy

With such lies, too, the remedy is understanding. The child who gets a nickel for candy by pretending she must buy an eraser; the little girl who scribbles a baby's scrawl and takes it to the store where she has been forbidden to buy sweets without a note from mother—these are problems less in themselves than because they train the child to deceive.

"The more often such deceit is practiced," says Mrs. Leonard, "the more dangerous it becomes. Each lie strengthens every evil impulse. The emotions involved are not deep; the incidents slip over the child's mind and bring no regret. Technical truth—the letter instead of the spirit of truth—is substituted where it can be; the ideal becomes clouded and the conscience callous.

"The older child, all in all, is apt to like lies neither more nor less than an adult. The younger child is more lacking in moral judgment. Falsehood is a game to him which he outgrows just as he passes from mud-pies to baseball. In a sense the young sum up the human race. At first they can not distinguish between a lie and truth; later the lie seems an advantage to them, as it did to men in the early days of the race when deception against enemies or beasts was one of the rules of life. Even animals deceive. Out of fifty authors who have written on the subject, only three maintain that a lie is never justifiable.

"Yet children as a whole understand the problem and have their judgment. 'Cross my heart' is an oath. A lie that touches others is resented in self-defense. Seven children in submitting samples of lying told of children who claimed they had never told an untruth, and all seven called this the biggest lie of all. Four hundred and fifteen told what they

RULES FOR HANDLING

Look back of the lie and its immediate end; find what it stands for.

Fear is the great father of lies; do not make fear.

Try to direct the child's desires to legitimate fulfilment.

The young child invariably uses deceit before he understands right and wrong; guide him, remembering that only when he is mature enough to feel the sting of broken confidence does the secrecy of wrong acts take on moral significance for him. Falsehood is a game which little children outgrow under correct supervision.

Truth-telling is essentially a home problem; as a parent, recognize that the responsibility is yours. Do not lie to the child; do not dodge the questions of an inquiring little mind.

Sympathy is the key-note; the child reacts in kind to coldness and belligerence. The burden of proof is on the accuser. Only wholehearted confidence will show the child there is no need to lie.

Truth is akin to loyalty; a lie is the product of estrangement.

The child is extremely sensitive to smiles and frowns and conducts his truth-telling very much by them. He needs smiles. Usually he dreads disapproval or even a long-drawn scolding more than swift punishment. But to reach the child himself you must go behind the mere lie to the causes of the lie.

Be sure what you think a lie is not just an error of inexperienced judgment; does the child know what he is trying to describe? Do not confuse lying with fancy, which is the natural expression of a normal instinct.

The form of question may cause a child unconsciously to suppress a fact which he thinks you do not want to know or to empha-

thought about their lies. Less than a third of these believed that lying is always wrong; one hundred and thirty-two said the lie was a painful memory and one hundred and twenty-eight thought their lies had been expedient. Forty-six said their lies seemed harmless and just as many others said they felt justified. Those who regarded the lie as useless were thirty-nine out of the four hundred and fifteen; the remaining twenty-four admitted they were doubtful."

THE PROBLEM OF LIES

size one he thinks you would like. Even with adults, how many have the strength to own up when assailed brusquely with a ferocious demand: "Did you do that?"

Do not make mishaps something to hide.

Never use sarcasm; it is not direct and is seldom understood by a child.

Check up each lie at once, taking care to develop accuracy of memory in the young child. Where there is special ability in constructive imagination give outlet for its use, as in literary studies.

Let the child realize there is some one who would gladly help, instead of punishing. Even heroic lies, intended to hide gang secrets for instance, are not necessary when comprehension makes easy the confidence put in the parent.

Know what your child is reading; correct unworthy ideas and point out what is poetic license. Make clear the difference between fiction and the conduct of characters in fiction.

Remember that there are literal-minded children who present the obverse of the problem of lying, like the little girl who thought her teacher a liar because in nature-study she made the flowers and birds talk.

Probably no lies of parenthood are more universal or more harmful than those dealing with sex knowledge. No parent can afford to lose the confidence of the child by the least deviation from truth in so vital a problem.

Bear in mind that the standards of the adult world are not always the standards of the children's world.

Review your own ideals to make sure they are the ideals you ask your child to live up to; do not be more rigorous with him than with yourself. Not only is the present at stake; what you do now will live in the child's future till death.

The attitude of the child is largely a matter of the individual. Some boast; some lie awake night after night either with the memory of the lie or in shame at having been found out.

"And perhaps," again to quote Mrs. Leonard, "the lie was told simply because a child unconsciously finds that approval, praise and unbroken social relations are as necessary as air and sunshine; he wilts under indifference and disapproval."

The problem can not be stated in terms of

black and white. The lie and its meaning involve so many shades. This brings us to the adult's own judgment. What is truth?

Does the parent, in correcting the child, use the standards of the grown-up world? Does the mother, in trying to cure, use lies herself? A boy is told that if he lies a black spot will come on his tongue. Is that an imaginative truth? To the child a black spot means a black spot. He lies and he looks at his tongue. No spot is on it. He has not merely found out how he can lie; he has been taught to. And a breach is made between him and his mother.

Is Santa Claus a lie? Is the stork? How far is the child able to judge between truth and fiction? Between the spirit of truth and literal truth? Adults on the witness-stand differ on what they think they have seen. Is the child chided for mistakes which are due to his inability to judge accurately? When late, does he really know four o'clock from half-past?

How We Lie to Ourselves

There are finer shadings than this. John is puny; he has no heart for games. But, like the rest of us, he wants to be important. His mind spins fairy-tales in which in one form or another he is the St. George who kills the dragon. Sometimes he just dreams awake; sometimes he tells these stories and is scolded. This boy's energies need to be turned into some channel of activity so he will not need to dream. Another boy forgets. What of men? Here is an old man; he is on a diet. Oh, yes, he says the doctors have told him not to eat sweets and so forth. Meat? Why, no, they said nothing about meat. He is positive. Is he lying to himself? Or has he really forgotten? He eats meat, too much, and has another stroke, and even that does not convince him. His mind has carefully hidden away what he doesn't want to remember.

There is also contagion to reckon with. The suggestion of other children, Mrs. Leonard declares, must be fought with love, a bond which the child will value more than a bad example. Then there are the white lies of politeness. For another thing, how much does lack of the right food, or of enough food, explain in the child who lies to get sweets? Beyond all this are the instances due to hysteria and to habit and also to the disease of lying, for some children can not help themselves. When they want to move a mole hill they tell a lie big enough to move a mountain. These are cases for the physician or the psychologist who is expert in the problem. They involve a great many of the delinquents who land in the juvenile court.

The child wants strength, power, admiration, fellowship; he is a bundle of forces and impulses which must be studied and directed. He has

his heroes of whom you may never have heard, and he copies his equals. Left alone, he may not choose wisely. But at heart he is his own master; his morality can not be put on him like a coat, it must be developed out of his own powers. His desire may make him captain of the baseball team or leader of a hoodlum gang; how he attains that power and uses it depends on his environment, and his environment must include understanding if he is to be safeguarded.

The same desires which can send the normal child up in the world may send him down. Truthfulness is a sign-post at the crossroads, but do not rush to the conclusion that Ruth may come to a bad end because she showed you tall flowers which had grown overnight, when obviously she had stuck them in the ground herself. The chances are that she merely wanted to be noticed and praised for her powers of observation.

"All young children lie," Mrs. Leonard will tell you in reassurance. "In the adventure of living all means are fair that contribute to their happiness. It is doubtful if one becomes a

liar by an occasional fib, or a child even by fairly habitual lying."

Even when self-defense constantly provokes a child to lie, his mental abilities are not seriously affected and there remains some of the stuff with which to work a cure.

The cure is sympathy and understanding. Between using the rod and paying no attention there is a middle course. In following it remember that punishment begets fear and it is fear which begets most lies. Of all the instances gathered by Mrs. Leonard, in only one case does the liar say corporal punishment effected a cure.

There was a little girl of four. She was told of her conscience. Something inside would hurt her. "But," she demanded, "how will I know it is my conscience or stomach ache?" Her question touches on the heart of the problem—to make the child understand, and remember to keep on understanding. But it must be done with the knowledge and sympathy which will turn a child's inner desires toward means and objects that do not have to be lied about. Make truth easy!

I'd Like to Know Why—

A Prize-Contest Announcement

EVERYBODY has some pet question that comes to mind time and time again and has never been satisfactorily answered. It may be as simple as: Why do I always sneeze when coming out of the shadow into the sunlight? or it may be as difficult as Mrs. Leonard's question: Why Do Children Lie?

Think over the questions you have asked yourself most often. Select the one that occurs repeatedly and write a letter about it—using as many words as you need up to four hundred. Don't select a question about a point of information that can be answered by consulting a source of reference, such as an encyclopedia or a library. The question that is most often in your mind probably occurs to thousands of other readers and may point the way to an interesting answer by an authority.

For the best letters of not more than four hundred words we offer two prizes: First Prize, \$10; Second Prize, \$5. The competition closes August first. **EVERYBODY'S** will not attempt to answer the questions asked, nor to enter into correspondence about them. Contributions should be addressed to "Contest Editor," and can not be returned unless accompanied by a two-cent stamp.

Danger has no terrors for a coward like
the longing of a heart-sick man for a friend

The Misfit

by Jack Taylor

MOST of us know, rather vaguely perhaps, the need of "kind." A few of us have found out, perhaps by exile, the primitive intensity of this need of belonging, and can understand the heart-sickness of the man who in language or spirits walks apart from the men he must brush shoulders with. Tommy Needham knew all about it. He lived for days—I've forgotten how long—without a word from any of us, the men who had been his pals working side by side with us, eating with us, bunking with us. Then he pulled off what looked to all of us like the coldest piece of pure nerve that any of us had seen. Nerve? I'm not sure. Despair can look a lot like courage.

How in God's name he ever came to sign up on a North Sea mine-sweeper I never knew, being too preoccupied with my own miseries even to think about it at the time. He came aboard the *Lapwing* one evening in January, when we were all holed up in the fo'c'sle, and we had a good look at him as he stood at the head of the companion, peering down at us. Slick in his blue bell-bottomed trousers and jumper, with black silk handkerchief knotted under his collar, he looked much like a shy kid on his first day at school, and like a nervous schoolboy, he shifted his hold on the new sea bag anxiously from one hand to the other. I don't know what he'd have been in the little English village he hailed from—you'd have expected him to be a delivery boy, maybe, or a clerk in some little shop.

War flung many of us into incongruous rôles, but Tommy on a North Sea mine-sweeper was fantastic. The bunch in the fo'c'sle were a beefy half dozen—a fisherman, some sailors, a workman; even I, although I had lived more with books than with tools, had an inheritance of bone and muscle that made me physically one of them. What business among us had this boy in the new sailor's clothes with his waist no thicker than a girl's, and brown eyes in his thin pointed face full of timid eagerness that made you think of a pup that wants to be friends?

Yet he was there. After a minute some one remembered that the skipper had told us that a new man was coming aboard, and sang out, "Come on down, mate, and make yourself at home."

He came and sat down on the edge of a lower bunk pointed out to him, and for a while the fellows enjoyed themselves spinning horror yarns, especially about how the man he was replacing had been killed on the last trip. He was fair game. Those brown eyes nearly popped out of his face, and you could almost see the scalp lift under his thin, straight hair. We had grim tales a-plenty in those days.

When they were tired of scaring him, Sanderson, a blond young giant, with about as much imagination as an ox, told Tommy to bring the kite.

To understand the rich humor of this jest, you must know that the "kite" was part of our sweeping apparatus. The mine-sweepers worked in pairs, the sweep wire swung between the two vessels, with a kite at each end to weight the wire and sink it to the required depth. This kite, which lay on the after deck when we were not at work, was a piece of sheet iron, five feet wide, bent in three angles about three feet on each side, something like a hen coop, and weighed near half a ton. It was this that Tommy was to bring!

After he had looked around the deck for about ten minutes, Joe, the cook, came to his rescue and explained.

The boy came back to the fo'c'sle, his face red, with a would-be grin, and when Sanderson demanded, "Where's the kite?" he returned good-naturedly, "I couldn't manage it by myself." Then he added shyly, "I don't mind you fellows joking me."

At that there was a roar. It was like a mouse saying to a conference of cats that it didn't mind a little mauling! None the less, it was so evident that he really did not mind, and even enjoyed being kidded, so long as he was one of them, that there was little relish in tormenting him. The men laid off after that, and accepted Tommy as Tommy—though never

quite as one of themselves. Rather, they patronized him amiably as people do a friendly child.

Everybody on the *Lapwing* liked him except Robbins, the mate, a big sullen brute. That first morning when we were getting the kite ready for lowering over the side, Tommy, giving it a heave before the sweep wire was attached, nearly sent it over. Robbins knocked him sprawling on the deck with a blow, and from that time he lay for the boy, hunting excuses to nag and curse him. After one of Robbins's attacks the rest of us would console the kid, telling him it was just the mate's cussedness. At the beginning I had not expected him to last three days, but he held up his end of the work and more. He even stood up under Robbins's cursing, and I sometimes thought that he was half glad of the times when the mate ragged him, he so thoroughly enjoyed getting our sympathy afterward. Nights he would sing to us in a thin sentimental tenor, that was about as appropriate in the fo'c'sle of a mine-sweeper as a mandolin in a foundry, and he'd flush with pleasure at our applause.

Tommy had been with us about six months, when one day Robbins gave him a worse cursing than usual, and only for the skipper would have beaten him up.

That very night the trouble started, and he did something that will show you the kind of a kid he was, how eager he was to be one of us. Ironical that it would have happened just at that moment!

THE *Lapwing* was moored to her buoy on the south side of the Tyne, and we were all lying in our bunks watching Tommy changing into his shore-going togs, when suddenly he noticed that no one else was making a stir, and asked, "What's the matter with you fellows? Ain't you going ashore?"

"What's the use?" growled Sanderson. "We've got no money! I've got over a year's pay coming to me and I haven't got the price of a drink."

"Oh, come along," begged Tommy. He couldn't enjoy anything alone, not even spending money. "I've got a pound note left, and you know that while I've got anything you fellows are welcome. Come on, let's blow it."

Away went pipes and cigarets, while shore-going togs were dragged out with words of enthusiasm for Tommy. Before we'd finished changing came the boom of the skipper's voice from aft, where a boat had come alongside.

"There's a five-pound advance waiting for each man ashore. Better hurry up!"

Raising his voice above the shouting and laughing that followed, and slapping Tommy on the back, Sanderson roared, "We don't want any of that dinky little pound note of yours; we're going to get some real money now."

A half hour later we were in a pub, with money in our pockets and shore leave until Monday morning. The big room, with a bar running the length of it on one side, was pretty well crowded. Tommy and Joe, seeing room for a couple, squeezed in, and a barmaid asked their order.

After taking a drink from the pint glass she placed in front of him, Tommy had pocketed his change and was withdrawing his hand, when he was seized by the shoulders, pulled back, and shoved to one side. Turning, he saw that Robbins had taken his place.

That, on top of what had taken place on the boat, made him lose his temper, and he shouted so that all in the room heard: "Why couldn't you ask me to make room for you?"

Without warning, Robbins whirled and struck him an open-handed blow across the mouth as he snarled, "Take that, you damned whelp!"

The blow rocked Tommy up against a man behind him. Then he straightened up, and after wiping the blood from his mouth with one hand, his arms dropped to his sides and his fists clenched as he glared at Robbins; but he never moved. For several seconds he stood like that, trembling from head to foot, and you could have heard a pin drop. Then, without a word, he turned and pushed his way out into the street. Every one watched him until the door swung to behind him, then Sanderson pushed his way forward until he stood in front of Robbins.

"You big bully," he growled, "what did you want to strike him for? You haven't the guts to strike a grown man!"

His voice wasn't loud, but there was something in it that caused Robbins to step back as he blustered, "Mind what you're saying, or I'll report you."

"All right, go and report me, you dirty rotten sneak," sneered Sanderson. "Then we'll see what the commander's got to say about you striking a little bit of a kid like that without any excuse. Strike me, damn you, then you'll have something to report," and he shoved his face forward, inviting the blow.

But Robbins shrank back, edged among the crowd, and beat it for the street, leaving his drink untouched.

I went outside to find Tommy, and found him in a pub further down the street. He was leaning against the bar and looking in my direction without any sign of recognition. There were tears in his eyes and his hand trembled so that his beer splashed on the bar. The barmaid had to ask him twice for the pay for his drink before he heard her, and when she pushed his change back he took no notice.

Walking over beside him, I called for a drink, then touched him on the shoulder, and by the

[Continued on page 174]



A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

Two great short stories of patriotism, *The Man Without a Country*, by Edward Everett Hale, and *The Consul*, by Richard Harding Davis, are reprinted in this issue.

LAST month we began this new department designed to put before you each month two exceptional fiction stories on the same general theme, one from an acknowledged master of the past, the other from a more modern author of established reputation. The series began with *Carmen*, by Prosper Mérimée, and *The Caballero's Way*, by O. Henry. In time there will appear in this department some of the most notable short stories that have ever appeared in print, masterpieces that have stood the test of time coupled with more recent stories of outstanding excellence.

This month's offerings are Edward Everett Hale's *The Man Without a Country* and Richard Harding Davis's *The Consul*. Something of the history of the Hale story is told on the following page. The Richard Harding Davis story first appeared in *Scribner's* for December, 1910.

We have been so fortunate as to secure the aid of a Selection Committee comprising Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, author of "A Handbook of Short Story Writing," associate professor of English at Hunter College and instructor in story writing, Columbia University; Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and author of several books on the short story; and Mr. Harry Esty Dounce, author, reviewer and critic. Write them frankly, in our care, your judgment of the stories as they appear, together with any suggestions regarding future stories for the "Old and New" series.

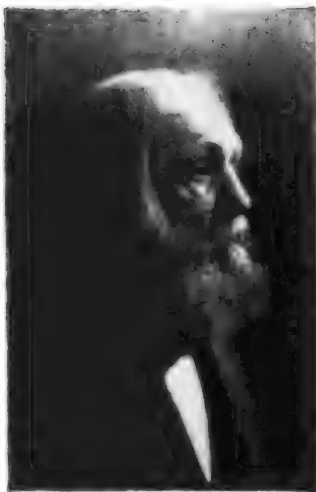
The Authors

ALTHOUGH a writer of national prominence in his day, Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909) is remembered chiefly as the author of one famous and effective short story, "The Man Without a Country." Graduating from Harvard in 1839, he studied theology, and after four years as a Unitarian pastor in Worcester, preached in Boston, taking an active interest in all the philanthropic movements of his city. He contributed voluminously to newspapers and magazines, and edited several of them; for example, *The Christian Examiner* and—a curious coincidence—*Old and New*, a magazine which was later merged into *Scribner's Monthly*.

Mr. Hale's most influential book, "Ten Times One Is Ten," published in 1870, led to the formation of many charitable organizations.

"The Man Without a Country" was, according to Hale's statement, written as a campaign document to defeat an Ohio politician named Vallandigham, then running for governor, who, it appears, made a public address in which he stated that he did not want to live in a country that would countenance the things President Lincoln did. Although "The Man Without a Country" was not published until after the misguided object of its attack had been escorted to the other side of the Ohio River at General Burnside's command, it nevertheless met with instant approbation, both for its unique subject matter and for the masterly manner in which Hale handled it.

For years the story has enjoyed a widespread popularity. Philip Nolan, the central character, a lieutenant in "The Legion of the West," in a fit of passion curses his flag and renounces his nation, thereby bringing upon himself a punishment that was to last for the rest of his life: that he should be banished from his native land. How such a banishment is effected furnishes a story that is at once dramatic, appealing, and colored with no small amount of pathos.



Edward Everett Hale.

THOSE who remember the Cuban insurrection, the Spanish-American War, the South African War, the Russo-Japanese War and the Balkan Wars, remember them probably as tremendously vivid word pictures done for American newspapers by that ubiquitous war correspondent, Richard

Harding Davis. A man of remarkable personality, Mr. Davis (1864-1916) led a life as colorful as that of any of the adventurous characters in his long and short fiction. He was educated at the Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia, at Lehigh University, and at Johns Hopkins. Early newspaper work on the *Philadelphia Record* and the *Press and Telegraph* was followed by a period in London where as special correspondent with a Philadelphia cricket team he got material on the picturesque White-chapel murders which were committed at that time. In 1890 he joined the staff of the *New York Evening Sun*, and for three years, from 1891, was managing editor of *Harper's Weekly*. Soon after coming to New York he gained first success as a story writer with "Gallagher," then came the Van Bibber stories, and in 1895 his first novel, "The Princess Aline."

He will be remembered longest for his stories of romantic adventure, especially those dealing with political upheavals in Latin America. The first to be published, "Soldiers of Fortune," is not only representative of the type, but is the best known, and was best liked by Mr. Davis himself. Others followed: "Captain Macklin," "The Bar Sinister," "Vera and the Medium." Besides these, there were many books of short stories, books relating to his adventures as a correspondent, books for boys, and accounts of travel, some thirty in all. It is not difficult to imagine that Mr. Davis was, himself, a reincarnation of one of his adventurous, proud, and good-hearted "soldiers of fortune" that he delighted to picture; yet at the same time his life was one of unrelenting labor, as both war correspondent and author.



Richard Harding Davis.

The Man Without a Country

by Edward Everett Hale

Photographs from the Fox production "As No Man Has Loved"

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the New York *Herald* of August 13th observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

"Nolan. Died, on board U. S. Corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11" S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinac, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring, to the very stubble, all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan.

There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, 'The Man Without a Country'." For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was



Nolan was confined on a government vessel bound on a long cruise to make certain that he never saw or heard of his native country.

"Nolan," or whether he had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling his story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's Administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross

burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields—who was in the Navy Department when he came home—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a *Non mi ricordo*, determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer

has mentioned Nolan in his official report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now he is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be a *man without a country*.

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have [it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him on a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses; and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a cane-brake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as "A Man Without a Country."

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarendons of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget Sound is today, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage, and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court martials on the officers there. One and another of the

colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed, "by the command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I SUPPOSE he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation, where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas, and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor, that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoners hear the sentence of the Court. The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I HAVE always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a Government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid* some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

Washington (with the date, which must have been late in 1807).

SIR: You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again.

The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will give effect to this intention.

Resp'y yours,

W. SOUTHARD.

For the Sec'y of the Navy.

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it today as his authority for keeping this man in his mild custody.

THE rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man Without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—

which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was, that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army buttons, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandyrine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then) some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time, at the best, hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I had ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough, and more than enough, to do with. I remember it because poor Philips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Philips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but

which most of them has never seen.* I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Philips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said"—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time, but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay, but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well."

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages, but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on—

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,—"

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "and by Jove," said Philips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that, but



"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court. The Court decides, subject to the approval of the president, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterward, when I knew him—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

WHEN Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and

his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball, so the captain said they might ask

him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say, for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a bevy of English girls, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

WELL, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dance went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddlers to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "The Old Thirteen, gentlemen and ladies!" as he said, "Virginny Reel, if you please!" "Money-Musk, if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan, but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions or even in the pauses of waltzing, but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French, and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking-time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story, years after—

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him! "Home!! Mr. Nolan!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I can not give any history of him in order; nobody can now, and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask," and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the War. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I can not tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot—making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders—and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward, by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is a part of the story where all the legends agree: that the Commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir, and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."



The men were beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on.

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterward, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

THE captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiva Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter—that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was pre-occupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterward. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living

knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time, but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my note-books, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in them my scrap books." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons and shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours, respectively, of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My natural history is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house-fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptoptera*, but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them—why, Linnaeus knew as little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

MY OWN acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the War, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in

the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believed I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes, but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all around the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledjereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together, and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.



Nolan finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirit.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to

our own house, take us to to our own pickaninies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die, if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

VAUGHAN always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through his interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And

then they all fell to kissing him again and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long, and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me:

"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion, but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me, but he did, almost in a whisper, say, "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I THINK it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again, but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was

like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr—asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear, from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened, and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful; it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented, I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country—that all the honors, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares, where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was

from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore, and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Aires. Nolan was at the table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously:

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

THERE were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements, so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be with him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Waters was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment—rather less, social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now the dear old fellow is dead. He had found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tannalls of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed upon this Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

"*Levant*, 2° 2' S. a 131° W.

"DEAR FRED: I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea that the end was so near. The doctor had been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have my country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were

on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana,' as I supposed our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'Oh, Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I can not get home. Surely you will tell me something now?— Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her! a more loyal man than I. There can not be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever was tried again—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old

Scott and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West?' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation,' said he; 'well that is a change!'

"I TELL you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century in that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it—of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs—of inventions and books and literature—of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now, and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about Smithsonian and the exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol—and the statues for the pediment—and Crawford's Liberty—and Greenough's Washington. Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I can not tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.'

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought

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THE CONSUL

by Richard Harding Davis

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

FOR over forty years, in one part of the world or another, old man Marshall had served his country as a United States consul. He had been appointed by Lincoln. For a quarter of a century that fact was his distinction. It was now his epitaph. But in former years, as each new administration succeeded the old, it had again and again saved his official head. When victorious and voracious place-hunters, searching the map of the world for spoils, dug out his hiding place and demanded his consular sign as a reward for a younger and more aggressive party worker, the ghost of the dead President protected him. In the State Department, Marshall had become a tradition. "You can't touch him!" the State Department would say. "Why, he was appointed by Lincoln!" Secretly, for this weapon against the hungry head-hunters, the department was infinitely grateful.

Old man Marshall was a consul after its own heart. Like a soldier, he was obedient, disciplined; wherever he was sent, there, without question, he would go. Never against exile, against ill-health; against climate did he make complaint. Nor when he was moved on and down to make way for some ne'er-do-well with influence, with a brother-in-law in the Senate, with a cousin owning a newspaper, with rich relatives who desired him to drink himself to death at the expense of the government rather than at their own, did old man Marshall point to his record as a claim for more just treatment. And it had been an excellent record. His official reports, in a quaint, stately hand, were models of English; full of information, intelligent, valuable, well observed. And those few of his countrymen, who stumbled upon him in the out-of-the-world places to which of late he had been banished, wrote of him to the department in terms of admiration and awe. Never

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had he or his friends petitioned for promotion, until it was at last apparent that, save for his record and the memory of his dead patron, he had no friends. But, still, in the department, the tradition held, and, though he was not advanced, he was not dismissed.

"If that old man's been feeding from the public trough ever since the Civil War," protested a "practical" politician, "it seems to me, Mr. Secretary, that he's about had his share. Ain't it time he give some one else a bite? Some of us that has done the work, that has borne the brunt—"

"This place he now holds," interrupted the Secretary of State suavely, "is one hardly commensurate with services like yours. I can't pronounce the name of it, and I'm not sure just where it is, but I see that, of the last six consuls we sent there three resigned within a month and the other three died of yellow fever. Still, if you insist . . ."

The practical politician reconsidered hastily. "I'm not the sort," he protested, "to turn out a man appointed by our martyred President. Besides, he's so old now, if the fever don't catch him, he'll die of old age, anyway."

The Secretary coughed uncomfortably. "And they say," he murmured, "republics are ungrateful."

"I didn't quite get that," said the practical politician.

OF PORTO BANOS, of the Republic of Colombia, where as consul Mr. Marshall was upholding the dignity of the United States, little could be said except that it possessed a sure harbor. When driven from the Caribbean Sea by stress of weather, the largest of ocean tramps, and even battleships, could find in its protecting arms of coral a safe shelter. But, as young Mr. Aiken, the wireless operator, pointed out, unless driven by a hurricane and the fear of death, no one ever visited it. Back of the ancient wharves, that dated from the days when Porto Banos was a receiver of stolen goods for buccaners and pirates, were rows of thatched huts, streets, according to the season, of dust or mud, a few iron-barred jail-like barracks, custom houses, municipal buildings, and the white-washed adobe houses of the consuls. The back yard of the town was a swamp. Through this at five each morning a rusty engine pulled a train of flat cars to the base of the mountains, and, if meanwhile the rails had not disappeared into the swamp, at five in the evening brought back the flat cars laden with odorous coffee-sacks.

In the daily life of Porto Banos, waiting for the return of the train, and betting if it would return, was the chief interest. Each night the consuls, the foreign residents, the wireless operator, the manager of the rusty railroad met for dinner. There at the head of the long

table, by virtue of his years, of his courtesy and distinguished manner, of his office, Mr. Marshall presided. Of the little band of exiles he was the chosen ruler. His rule was gentle. By force of example he had made existence in Porto Banos more possible. For women and children Porto Banos was a death-trap, and before "old man Marshall" came, there had been no influence to remind the enforced bachelors of other days. They had lost interest, had grown lax, irritable, morose. Their white duck was seldom white. Their cheeks were unshaven. When the sun sank into the swamp and the heat still turned Porto Banos into a Turkish bath, they threw dice on the greasy tables of the Bolivar for drinks. The petty gambling led to petty quarrels; the drinks to fever. The coming of Mr. Marshall changed that. His standard of life, his tact, his worldly wisdom, his cheerful courtesy, his fastidious personal neatness, shamed the younger men; the desire to please him, to stand well in his good opinion, brought back pride and self-esteem.

The lieutenant of her Majesty's gunboat *Plover* noted the change.

"Used to be," he exclaimed, "you couldn't get out of the Café Bolivar without some one sticking a knife in you; now it is a debating club. They all sit round a table and listen to an old gentleman talk world politics."

If Henry Marshall brought content to the exiles of Porto Banos, there was little in return that Porto Banos could give him. Magazines and correspondents in six languages kept him in touch with those foreign lands in which he had represented his country, but of the country he had represented, newspapers and periodicals showed him only too clearly that in forty years it had grown away from him; had changed beyond recognition.

When last he had called at the State Department, he had been made to feel he was a man without a country, and when he visited his home town in Vermont, he was looked upon as a Rip Van Winkle. Those of his boyhood friends who were not dead had long thought of him as dead. And the sleepy, pretty village had become a bustling commercial centre. In the lanes where, as a young man, he had walked among wheat fields, trolley-cars whirled between rows of mills and factories. The children had grown to manhood, with children of their own.

LIKE a ghost, he searched for house after house, where once he had been made welcome, only to find in its place a towering office building. All had gone, the old familiar faces. In vain he scanned even the shop fronts for a friendly, home-like name. Whether the fault was his, whether he would better have served his own interests than those of his government, it now was too late to determine.

In his own home he was a stranger among strangers. In the service he had so faithfully followed, he had been dropped, rank by rank, until now, he, who twice had been a consul-general, was an exile, banished to a fever swamp. The great Ship of State had dropped

days before, in advance of her coming, she had sent a wireless to Wilhelmstad, asking the captain of the port to reserve a berth for her. She expected to arrive the following morning.

But for forty-eight hours nothing had been heard from her, and it was believed she had been overhauled by the hurricane. Owing to the presence on board of Senator Hanley, the closest friend of the new President, the man who had made him President, much concern was felt at Washington. To try to pick her up by wireless, the gunboat *Newark* had been ordered from Culebra, the cruiser *Raleigh*, with Admiral Hardy on board, from Colon. It was possibly she would seek shelter at Porto Banos. The consul was ordered to report.

As Marshall wrote out his answer, the French consul exclaimed with interest:

"He is of importance, then, this senator?" he asked. "Is it that in your country ships of war are at the service of a senator?"

Aiken, the wireless operator, grinned derisively.

"At the service of *this* senator, they are!" he answered. "They call him the 'king maker,' the man behind the throne."

"But in your country," protested the Frenchman, "there is no throne. I thought your President was elected by the people?"

"That's what the people think," answered Aiken. "In God's country," he explained, "the trusts want

a rich man in the Senate, with the same interests as their own, to represent them. They chose Hanley. He picked out of the candidates for Presidency the man he thought would help the interests. He nominated him, and the people voted for him. Hanley is what we call a 'boss.'"

THE Frenchman looked inquiringly at Marshall.

"The position of the boss is the more dangerous," said Marshall gravely, "because it is unofficial, because there are no laws to curtail his powers. Men like Senator Hanley are a menace to good government. They see in public office only a reward for party workers."

"That's right!" assented Aiken. "Your forty years' service Mr. Consul, wouldn't count with Hanley. If he wanted your job, he'd throw you out as quick as he would a drunken cook."

Mr. Marshall flushed painfully, and the French consul hastened to interrupt.

"Then, let us pray," he exclaimed, with



His official reports, in a quaint, stately hand, were models of English; full of information, intelligent.

him overside, had "marooned" him, and sailed away.

Twice a day he walked along the shell road to the Café Bolivar, and back again to the consulate. There, as he entered the outer office, José, the Colombian clerk, would rise and bow profoundly.

"Any papers for me to sign, José?" the consul would ask.

"Not today, Excellency," the clerk would reply. Then José would return to writing a letter to his ladylove, not that there was anything to tell her, but because writing on the official paper of the consulate gave him importance in his eyes, and in hers. And in the inner office the consul would continue to gaze at the empty harbor, the empty coral reefs, the empty burning sky.

The little band of exiles were at second breakfast, when the wireless man came in late to announce that a *Red D.* boat and the island of Curaçoa had both reported a hurricane coming north. Also, that much concern was felt for the safety of the yacht *Serapis*. Three

fervor, "that the hurricane has sunk the *Serapis*, and all on board."

Two hours later, the *Serapis*, showing she had met the hurricane and had come out second best, steamed into the harbor.

Her owner was young Herbert Livingstone, of Washington. He once had been in the diplomatic service, and, as minister to the Hague, wished to return to it. In order to bring this about he had subscribed liberally to the party campaign fund.

WITH him, among other distinguished persons, was the all-powerful Hanley. The kidnapping of Hanley for the cruise, in itself, demonstrated the ability of Livingstone as a diplomat. It was the opinion of many that it would surely lead to his appointment as a minister plenipotentiary. Livingstone was of the same opinion. He had not lived long in the nation's capital without observing the value of propinquity. How many men he knew were now paymasters, and secretaries of legation, solely because those high in the government met them daily at the Metropolitan Club, and preferred them in almost any other place. And if, after three weeks as his guest on board what the newspapers called his "floating palace," the senator could refuse him even the prize legation of Europe, there was no value in modest merit. As yet, Livingstone, had not hinted at his ambition. There was no need. To a statesman of Hanley's astuteness, the largeness of Livingstone's contribution to the campaign fund was self-explanatory.

After her wrestling-match with the hurricane, all those on board the *Serapis* seemed to find in land, even in the swamp land of Porto Banos, a compelling attraction. Before the anchors hit the water, they were in the launch. On reaching shore, they made at once for the consulate. There were many cables they wished to start on their way by wireless; cables to friends, to newspapers, to the government.

José, the Colombian clerk, appalled by the unprecedented invasion of visitors, of visitors so distinguished, and Marshall, grateful for a chance to serve his fellow-countrymen, and especially his country-women, were ubiquitous, eager, indispensable. At José's desk the great senator, rolling his cigar between his teeth, was using, to José's ecstasy, José's own pen to write a reassuring message to the White House. At the consul's desk a beautiful creature, all in lace and pearls, was struggling to compress the very low opinion she held of a hurricane into ten words. On his knee, Henry

Cairns, the banker, was inditing instructions to his Wall Street office, and upon himself Livingstone had taken the responsibility of replying to the inquiries heaped upon Marshall's desk, from many newspapers.

IT WAS just before sunset, and Marshall produced his tea things, and the young person in pearls and lace, who was Miss Cairns, made tea for the women, and the men mixed gin and limes with tepid water. The consul apologized for proposing a toast in which they could not join. He begged to drink to those who had escaped the perils of the sea. Had they been his oldest and nearest friends, his little speech could not have been more heartfelt and sincere. To his distress, it moved one of the ladies to tears, and, in embarrassment, he turned to the men.

"I regret there is no ice," he said, "but you know the rule of the tropics; as soon as a ship enters port, the ice-machine bursts."



Miss Cairns led the admiral to one side. "Admiral," she began eagerly, "tell me about your friend."

"I'll tell the steward to send you some, sir," said Livingstone, "and as long as we're here—"

The senator showed his concern.

"As long as we're here?" he gasped.

"Not over two days," answered the owner nervously. "The chief says it will take all of that to get her in shape. As you ought to know, Senator, she was pretty badly mauled."

The senator gazed blankly out of the window. Beyond it lay the naked coral reefs, the empty sky and the ragged palms of Porto Banos.

Livingstone felt that his legation was slipping from him.

"That wireless operator," he continued hastily, "tells me there is a most amusing place a few miles down the coast, Las Bocas, a sort of Coney Island, where the government people go for the summer. There's surf bathing and roulette and cafés chantant. He says there's some Spanish dancers . . ."

The guests of the *Serapis* exclaimed with interest; the senator smiled. To Marshall the general enthusiasm over the thought of a ride on a merry-go-round suggested that the friends of Mr. Livingstone had found their own society far from satisfying.

Greatly encouraged, Livingstone continued, with enthusiasm:

"And that wireless man said," he added, "that in the launch we can get there in half an hour. We might run down after dinner."

He turned to Marshall.

"Will you join us, Mr. Consul?" he asked. "And dine with us, first?"

Marshall accepted with genuine pleasure. It had been many months since he had sat at table with his own people. But he shook his head doubtfully.

"I was wondering about Las Bocas," he explained, "if your going there might not get you in trouble at the next port. With a yacht, I think it is different, but Las Bocas is under quarantine."

There was a chorus of exclamations.

"It's not serious," Marshall explained. "There was bubonic plague there, or something like it. You would be in no danger from that. It is only that you might be held up by the regulations. Passenger steamers can't land any one who has been there at any other port of the West Indies. The English are especially strict. The Royal Mail won't even receive any one on board here, without a certificate from the English consul saying he has not visited Las Bocas. For an American they would require the same guarantee from me. But I don't think the regulations extend to yachts. I will inquire. I don't wish to deprive you of any of the many pleasures of Porto Banos," he added, smiling, "but if you were refused a landing at your next port I would blame myself."

"It's all right," declared Livingstone decidedly. "It's as you say; yachts and warships are exempt. Besides, I carry my own doctor, and if he won't give us a clean bill of health I'll make him walk the plank. At eight, then, at dinner. I'll send the cutter for you. I can't give you a salute, Mr. Consul, but you shall have all the side boys I can muster."

Those from the yacht parted from their consul in the most friendly spirit.

"I think he's charming!" exclaimed Miss Cairns. "And did you notice his novels? They were in every language. It must be terribly lonely down here for a man like that."

"He's the first of our consuls we've met on this trip," growled her father, "that we've caught sober."

"Sober!" exclaimed his wife indignantly. "He's one of the Marshalls of Vermont. I asked him."

"I wonder," mused Hanley. "how much the place is worth? Hamilton, one of the new senators, has been deviling the life out of me to send his son somewhere. Says if he stays in Washington he'll disgrace the family. I should think this place would drive any man to drink himself to death in three months, and young Hamilton, from what I've seen of him, ought to be able to do it in a week. That would leave the place open for the next man."

"There's a postmaster in my State thinks he carried it." The senator smiled grimly. "He has consumption, and wants us to give him a consulship in the tropics. I'll tell him I've seen Porto Banos, and that it's just the place for him."

THE senator's pleasantry was not well received. But Miss Cairns alone had the temerity to speak of what the others were thinking.

"What would become of Mr. Marshall?" she asked.

The senator smiled tolerantly.

"I don't know that I was thinking of Mr. Marshall," he said. "I can't recall anything he has done for this administration. You see, Miss Cairns," he explained, in the tone of one addressing a small child, "Marshall has been abroad now for forty years, at the expense of the taxpayers. Some of us think men who have lived that long on their fellow-countrymen had better come home and get to work."

Livingstone nodded solemnly in assent. He did not wish a post abroad at the expense of the taxpayers. He was willing to pay for it. And then, with "ex-Minister" on his visiting cards, and a sense of duty well performed, for the rest of his life he could join the other expatriates in Paris.

Just before dinner, the cruiser *Raleigh* having discovered the whereabouts of the *Serapis* by wireless, entered the harbor, and Admiral

Hardy came to the yacht to call upon the senator, in whose behalf he had been scouring the Caribbean Seas. Having paid his respects to that personage, the admiral fell boisterously upon Marshall.

The two old gentlemen were friends of many years. They had met, officially and unofficially, in many strange parts of the world. To each the chance reunion was a piece of tremendous good fortune. And throughout dinner the guests of Livingstone, already bored with each other, found in them and their talk of former days new and delightful entertainment. So much so that when, Marshall having assured them that the local quarantine regulations did not extend to a yacht, the men departed for Las Bocas, the women insisted that he and the admiral remain behind.

It was for Marshall a wondrous evening. To foregather with his old friend, whom he had known since Hardy was a mad midshipman, to sit at the feet of his own charming countrywomen, to listen to their soft, modulated laughter, to note how quickly they saw that to him the evening was a great event, and with what tact each contributed to make it the more memorable—all served to wipe out the months of bitter loneliness, the stigma of failure, the sense of undeserved neglect. In the moonlight, on the cool quarter-deck, they sat, in a half circle, each of the two friends telling tales out of school, tales of which the other was the hero or the victim, "inside" stories of great occasions, ceremonies, bombardments, unrecorded "shirt-sleeve" diplomacy.

HARDY had helped open the Suez Canal. Marshall had helped the Queen of Madagascar escape from the French invaders. On the Barbary Coast Hardy had chased pirates. In Edinburgh Marshall had played chess with Carlyle. He had seen Paris in mourning in the days of the siege, and Paris in terror in the days of the Commune; he had known Garibaldi, Gambetta, the younger Dumas, the creator of Pickwick.

"Do you remember that time in Tangier," the admiral urged, "when I was a midshipman, and got into the bashaw's harem?"

"Do you remember how I got you out?" Marshall replied grimly.

"And," demanded Hardy, "do you remember when Adelina Patti paid a visit to the *Kearsarge* at Marseilles in '65—George Dewey was our second officer, and you were bowing and backing away from her, and you backed into an open hatch, and she said—my French isn't up to it—what was it she said?"

"I didn't hear it," said Marshall, "I was too far down the hatch."

"Do you mean the old *Kearsarge*?" asked Mrs. Cairns. "Were you in the service then, Mr. Marshall?"

With loyal pride in his friend, the admiral answered for him.

"He was our consul-general at Marseilles!"

There was an uncomfortable moment. Even those denied imagination could not escape the contrast, could see in their mind's eye the great harbor of Marseilles, crowded with the shipping of the world, surrounding it the beautiful city, the rival of Paris to the north, and on the battleship the young consul-general making his bow to the young Empress of Song. And now, before their actual eyes, they saw the village of Porto Banos, a black streak in the night, a row of mud shacks, at the end of the wharf a single lantern burning yellow in the clear moonlight.

Later in the evening Miss Cairns led the admiral to one side.

"Admiral," she began eagerly, "tell me about your friend. Why is he here? Why don't they give him a place worthy of him? I've seen many of our representatives abroad, and I know we can not afford to waste men like that." The girl exclaimed indignantly: "He's one of the most interesting men I've ever met! He's lived everywhere, known every one. He's a distinguished man, a cultivated man; even I can see he knows his work, that he's a diplomat, born, trained, that he's——"

The admiral interrupted with a growl.

"You don't have to tell *me* about Henry," he protested. "I've known Henry twenty-five years. If Henry got his deserts," he exclaimed hotly, "he wouldn't be a consul on this coral reef; he'd be a minister in Europe. Look at me! We're the same age. We started together. When Lincoln sent him to Morocco as consul, he signed my commission as a midshipman. Now I'm an admiral. Henry has twice my brains, and he's twice been a consul-general, and he's *here*, back at the foot of the ladder!"

"Why?" demanded the girl.

"Because the navy is a service, and the consular service isn't a service. Men like Senator Hanley use it to pay their debts. While Henry's been serving his country abroad, he's lost his friends, lost his "pull." Those politicians up at Washington have no use for him. They don't consider that a consul like Henry can make a million dollars for his countrymen. He can keep them from shipping goods where there's no market, show them where there is a market. The admiral snorted contemptuously. "You don't have to tell *me* the value of a good consul. But those politicians don't consider that. They only see that he has a job worth a few hundred dollars, and they want it, and if he hasn't other politicians to protect him, they'll take it."

The girl raised her head.

"Why don't you speak to the senator?" she asked. "Tell him you've known him for years, that——"



In front of Marshall was the iron stamp of the consulate. Protectingly he laid his hand on it. "I refuse to place the seal of this consulate on a lie."

"Glad to do it!" exclaimed the admiral, heartily. "It won't be the first time. But Henry mustn't know. He's too confoundedly touchy. He hates the *idea* of influence, hates men like Hanley, who abuse it. If he thought anything was given him except on his merits, he wouldn't take it."

"Then we won't tell him," said the girl. For a moment she hesitated.

"If I spoke to Mr. Hanley," she asked, "told him what I learned tonight of Mr. Marshall, would it have any effect?"

"Don't know how it will effect Hanley," said the sailor, "but if you asked *me* to make anybody a consul-general, I'd make him an ambassador."

Later in the evening Hanley and Livingstone were seated alone on deck. The visit to Las Bocas had not proved amusing, but, much to Livingstone's relief, his honored guest was now in good humor. He took his cigar from his lips, only to sip at a long cool drink. He was in a mood flatteringly confidential and communicative.

"People have the strangest idea of what I

can do for them," he laughed. It was his pose to pretend he was without authority. "They believe I've only to wave a wand, and get them anything they want. I thought I'd be safe from them on board a yacht."

LIVINGSTONE, in ignorance of what was coming, squirmed apprehensively.

"But it seems," the senator went on, "I'm at the mercy of a conspiracy. The women folk want me to do something for this fellow Marshall. If they had their way, they'd send him to the Court of St. James. And old Hardy, too, tackled me about him. So did Miss Cairns. And then, Marshall himself got me behind the wheel-house, and I thought he was going to tell me how good he was, too! But he didn't."

As though the joke were on himself, the senator laughed appreciatively.

"Told me, instead, that Hardy ought to be a vice-admiral."

Livingstone, also, laughed, with the satisfied air of one who cannot be tricked.

"They fixed it up between them" he explained, "each was to put in a good word for

the other." He nodded eagerly. "That's what I think."

THERE were moments during the cruise when Senator Hanley would have found relief in dropping his host overboard. With mock deference, the older man inclined his head.

"That's what you think, is it?" he asked. "Livingstone," he added, "you certainly are a great judge of men."

The next morning, old man Marshall woke with a lightness at his heart that had been long absent. For a moment, conscious only that he was happy, he lay between sleep and waking, frowning up at his canopy of mosquito net, trying to realize what change had come to him. Then he remembered. His old friend had returned. New friends had come into his life and welcomed him kindly. He was no longer lonely. As eager as a boy, he ran to the window. He had not been dreaming. In the harbor lay the pretty yacht, the stately, white-hulled warship. The flag that drooped from the stern of each caused his throat to tighten, brought warm tears to his eyes, fresh resolve to his discouraged, troubled spirit. When he knelt beside his bed, his heart poured out his thanks in gratitude and gladness.

While he was dressing, a bluejacket brought a note from the admiral. It invited him to tea on board the warship, with the guests of the *Serapis*. His old friend added that he was coming to lunch with his consul, and wanted time reserved for a long talk. The consul agreed gladly. He was in holiday humor. The day promised to repeat the good moments of the night previous.

At nine o'clock, through the open door of the consulate, Marshall saw Aiken, the wireless operator, signaling from the wharf excitedly to the yacht, and a boat leave the ship and return. Almost immediately the launch, carrying several passengers, again made the trip shoreward.

Half an hour later, Senator Hanley, Miss Cairns, and Livingstone came up the water front, and entering the consulate, seated themselves around Marshall's deck. Livingstone was sunk in melancholy. The senator, on the contrary, was smiling broadly. His manner was one of distinct relief. He greeted the consul with hearty good-humor. "I'm ordered home!" he announced gleefully. Then, remembering the presence of Livingstone, he hastened to add: "I needn't say how sorry I am to give up my yachting trip, but orders are orders. The President," he explained to Marshall, "cables me this morning to come back and take my coat off."

The prospect, as a change from playing bridge on a pleasure boat, seemed far from depressing him.

"Those filibusters in the Senate," he contin-

ued genially, "are making trouble again. They think they've got me out of the way for another month, but they'll find they're wrong. When that bill comes up, they'll find me at the old stand and ready for business!" Marshall did not attempt to conceal his personal disappointment.

"I am sorry you are leaving," he said, "selfishly sorry. I mean I'd hoped you all would be here for several days."

He looked inquiringly toward Livingstone.

"I understood the *Serapis* was disabled," he explained.

"She is," answered Hanley. "So's the *Raleigh*. At a pinch, the admiral might have stretched the regulations and carried me to Jamaica, but the *Raleigh's* engines are knocked about too. I've got to reach Kingston Thursday. The German boat leaves there Thursday for New York. At first it looked as though I couldn't do it, but we find that the Royal Mail is due today, and she can get me to Kingston Wednesday night. It's a great piece of luck. I wouldn't bother you with my troubles," the senator explained pleasantly, "but the agent of the Royal Mail here won't sell me a ticket until you've put your seal to this."

He extended a piece of printed paper.

As Hanley had been talking, the face of the consul had grown grave. He accepted the paper, but did not look at it. Instead, he regarded the senator with troubled eyes. When he spoke, his tone was one of genuine concern.

"It is most unfortunate," he said, "but I am afraid the Royal Mail will not take you on board. Because of Las Bocas," he explained. "If we had only known!" he added remorsefully. "It is most unfortunate."

"Because of Las Bocas!" echoed Hanley. "You don't mean they'll refuse to take me to Jamaica because I spent half an hour at the end of a wharf, listening to a squeaky gramophone?"

"The trouble," explained Marshall, "is this: if they carried you, all the other passengers would be held in quarantine for ten days, and there are fines to pay, and there would be difficulties over the mails. But," he added hopefully, "maybe the regulations have been altered. I will see her captain, and tell him—"

"See her captain!" objected Hanley. "Why see the captain? He doesn't know I've been to that place. Why tell *him*? All I need is a clean bill of health from you. That's all *he* wants. You have only to sign that paper."

Marshall regarded the senator with surprise.

"But I can't," he said.

"You can't? Why not?"

"Because it certifies to the fact that you have not visited Las Bocas. Unfortunately, you have visited Las Bocas."

The senator had been walking up and down the room. Now he seated himself, and stared at Marshall curiously.

"It's like this, Mr. Marshall," he began quietly. "The President desires my presence in Washington, thinks that I can be of some use to him there in helping carry out certain party measures—measures to which he pledged himself before his election. Down here, a British steamship line has laid down local rules which, in my case anyway, are ridiculous. The question is, are you going to be bound by the red tape of a ha'penny British colony, or by your oath to the President of the United States?"

The sophistry amused Marshall. He smiled good-naturedly, and shook his head.

"I'm afraid, Senator," he said, "that way of putting it is hardly fair. Unfortunately, the question is one of fact. I will explain to the captain—"

"You will explain nothing to the captain!" interrupted Hanley. "This is a matter which concerns no one but our two selves. I am not asking favors of steamboat captains. I am asking an American consul to assist an American citizen in trouble, and," he added, with heavy sarcasm, "incidentally, to carry out the wishes of his President."

Marshall regarded the senator with an expression of both surprise and disbelief.

"Are you asking me to put my name to what is not so?" he asked. "Are you serious?"

"That paper, Mr. Marshall," returned Hanley steadily, "is a mere form; a piece of red tape. There's no more danger of my carrying the plague to Jamaica than of my carrying a dynamite bomb. You *know* that."

"I do know that," assented Marshall heartily. "I appreciate your position, and I regret it exceedingly. You are the innocent victim of a regulation which is a wise regulation, but which is most unfair to you. My own position," he added, "is not important, but you can believe me, it is not easy. It is certainly no pleasure for me, to be unable to help you."

Hanley was leaning forward, his hands on his knees, his eyes watching Marshall closely.

"Then you refuse?" he said. "Why?"

Marshall regarded the senator steadily. His manner was untroubled. The look he turned upon Hanley was one of grave disapproval.

"You know why," he answered quietly. "It is impossible."

IN SUDDEN anger, Hanley rose. Marshall, who had been seated behind his desk, also rose. For a moment, in silence, the two men confronted each other. When Hanley spoke, his tone was harsh and threatening.

"Then I am to understand," he exclaimed, "that you refuse to carry out the wishes of a United States Senator and of the President of the United States?"

In front of Marshall, on his desk, was the little iron stamp of the consulate. Protectingly, almost caressingly, he laid his hand upon it. "I refuse," he corrected, "to place the seal of this consulate on a lie."

There was a moment's pause. Miss Cairns, unwilling to remain, and unable to withdraw, clasped her hands unhappily and stared at the floor. Livingstone exclaimed in indignant protest. Hanley moved a step nearer and, to emphasize what he said, tapped his knuckles on the desk. With the air of one confident of his advantage, he spoke slowly and softly.

"Do you appreciate," he asked, "that while you may be of some importance down here in this fever-swamp, in Washington I am supposed to carry some weight? Do you appreciate that I am a senator from a State that numbers four millions of people, and that you are preventing me from serving those people?"

Marshall inclined his head gravely and politely.

"And I want you to appreciate," he said, "that while I have no weight at Washington, in this fever-swamp I have the honor to represent eighty millions of people, and as long as that consular sign is over my door I don't intend to prostitute it for *you*, or the President of the United States, or any one of those eighty millions."

Of the two men, the first to lower his eyes was Hanley. He laughed shortly, and walked to the door. There he turned, and indifferently, as though the incident no longer interested him, drew out his watch.

"Mr. Marshall," he said, "if the cable is working, I'll take your tin sign away from you by sunset."

For one of Marshall's traditions, to such a speech there was no answer save silence. He bowed and, apparently serene and undismayed, resumed his seat. From the contest, judging from the manner of each, it was Marshall, not Hanley, who had emerged victorious.

But Miss Cairns was not deceived. Under the unexpected blow, Marshall had turned older. His clear blue eyes had grown less alert, his broad shoulders seemed to stoop. In sympathy, her own eyes filled with sudden tears.

"What will you do?" she whispered.

"I don't know what I shall do," said Marshall simply. "I should have liked to have resigned. It's a prettier finish. After forty years—to be dismissed by cable is—it's a poor way of ending it."

Miss Cairns rose and walked to the door. There she turned and looked back.

"I am sorry," she said. And both understood that in saying no more than that she had best shown her sympathy.

An hour later the sympathy of Admiral Hardy was expressed more directly.

"If he comes on board my ship," roared that

gentleman, "I'll push him down an ammunition hoist and break his damned neck!"

Marshall laughed delightedly. The loyalty of his old friend was never so welcome.

"You'll treat him with every courtesy," he said. "The only satisfaction he gets out of this is to see that he has hurt me. We will not give him that satisfaction."

But Marshall found that to conceal his wound was more difficult than he had anticipated. When, at tea time, on the deck of the warship, he again met Senator Hanley and the guests of the *Serapis*, he could not forget that his career had come to an end. There was much to remind him that this was so. He was made aware of it by the sad, sympathetic glances of the women; by their tactful courtesies; by the fact that Livingstone, anxious to propitiate Hanley, treated him rudely; by the sight of the young officers, each just starting upon a career of honor, and possible glory, as his career ended in humiliation; and by the big warship herself, that recalled certain crises when he had only to press a button and warships had flown to his aid.

AT five o'clock there was an awkward moment. The Royal Mail boat, having taken on her cargo, pulled out of the harbor on her way to Jamaica, and dipped her colors. Senator Hanley, abandoned to his fate, observed her departure in silence.

Livingstone, hovering at his side, asked sympathetically:

"Have they answered your cable, sir?"

"They have," said Hanley gruffly.

"Was it—was it satisfactory?" pursued the diplomat.

"It was," said the senator, with emphasis.

Far from discouraged, Livingstone continued his inquiries.

"And when are you going to tell him?"

"Now!" said the senator.

The guests were leaving the ship. When all were seated in the admiral's steam launch, the admiral descended the accommodation ladder and himself picked up the tiller ropes.

"Mr. Marshall," he called, "when I bring the launch broadside to the ship and stop her, you will stand ready to receive the consul's salute."

Involuntarily, Marshall uttered an exclamation of protest. He had forgotten that on leaving the warship, as consul, he was entitled to seven guns. Had he remembered, he would have insisted that the ceremony be omitted. He knew that the admiral wished to show his loyalty, knew that his old friend was now paying him this honor only as a rebuke to Hanley. But the ceremony was no longer an honor.

Hanley had made of it a mockery. It served only to emphasize what had been taken from him. But, without a scene, it now was too late to avoid it. The first of the seven guns had roared from the bow, and, as often he had stood before, as never he would stand again, Marshall took his place at the gangway of the launch. His eyes were fixed on the flag, his gray head was uncovered, his hat was pressed above his heart.

Another gun spat out a burst of white smoke, a stab of flame. There was an echoing roar. Another and another followed. Marshall counted seven and then, with a bow to the admiral, backed from the gangway.

And then another gun shattered the hot, heavy silence. Marshall, confused, embarrassed, assuming he had counted wrong, hastily returned to his place. But again before he could leave it, in savage haste a ninth gun roared out its greeting. He could not still be mistaken. He turned appealingly to his friend. The eyes of the admiral were fixed upon the warship. Again a gun shattered the silence. Was it a jest? Were they laughing at him? Marshall flushed miserably. He gave a swift glance toward the others. They were smiling. Then it was a jest. Behind his back, something of which they all were cognizant was going forward. The face of Livingstone alone betrayed a like bewilderment to his own. But the others, who knew, were mocking him.

For the thirteenth time a gun shook the brooding swamp land of Porto Banos. And then, and not until then, did the flag crawl slowly from the mast-head. Mary Cairns broke the tenseness by bursting into tears. But Marshall saw that every one else, save she and Livingstone, were still smiling. Even the bluejackets in charge of the launch were grinning at him. He was beset by smiling faces. Then from the warship, came, against all regulations, three long, splendid cheers.

Marshall felt his lips quivering, the warm tears forcing their way to his eyes. He turned beseechingly to his friend. His voice trembled.

"Charles," he begged, "are they laughing at me?"

Eagerly, before the other could answer, Senator Hanley tossed his cigar into the water and, scrambling forward, seized Marshall by the hand.

"Mr. Marshall," he cried, "our President has great faith in Abraham Lincoln's judgment of men. And this salute means that this morning he appointed you our new minister to the Hague. I'm one of those politicians who keeps his word. I told you I'd take your tin sign away from you by sunset. I've done it!"

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Since the days in which the events described in this story are supposed to have taken place, innumerable reforms have been brought about in the consular service. In consequence, to suggest that the story is a picture of present conditions would be most unfair.—R. H. D.

To the Highest Bidder

The auction room is a treasure house of queer stories as well as of odd bits of merchandise. Eccentric collectors, idle shoppers and curious souvenir hunters lend color to the throngs of buyers

by Avery Strakosch

"SOLD!"

Crash comes the auctioneer's hammer down on the block, as the word rings out triumphantly through the packed room. The furiously fought-over cut-glass decanter disappears as if by magic, and its place is taken by a Chinese snuff-bottle. The crowd surges a little closer and the fight is on again. Everybody is on edge.

"What am I bid? What am I bid?" They are off once more like a pack of hounds in full cry. Who of this very mixed aggregation will be the highest bidder? That keen-faced man over there in the first row is a buyer for one of the big Fifth Avenue curio dealers—a professional judge of art, ever watchful for hidden treasure. The immaculate young man with the stick is a well-known dilettante who has fought many a shrewd battle with the professional buyer. The quiet little old gentleman in the corner has long since succumbed to that irresistible lure which the sale of other human being's possessions holds for him. Somewhere tucked away in an old brownstone house he has the most amazing collection of queer odds and ends.

The dowdy little woman five rows back has all kinds of money, and gets a terrific "kick" out of fighting for a painting or an old chair or a suit of armor on the rare occasions when she hops into the bidding with both feet. The beautiful girl in the lavender Reboux hat who has shoved herself far down in front is there for an entirely different purpose. She is waiting breathlessly for the moment when the costumes of her most adored actress are to be put up, and she will go home equally happy with a queen's court robes or one dancing slipper. Next to her a hard-eyed business man, a dealer in antiques, is waiting for just one article he saw advertised days before. He keeps a wary eye out for his next-door rivals, hoping they missed the lead.

Scattered here and there all through the tense crowd is the casual passer-by. He

dropped in because of chance curiosity—the lure of the red flag at the door, and suddenly discovered within himself the old primitive desire for possession. Some of these others have been in the auction rooms since morning, long before the sale began. That is when the various collections, known in auction parlance as "sorted lots," are "on the floor," and all sorts and conditions of people go browsing about. Furniture, paintings, myriads of small objects have been cunningly displayed in a way to stimulate curiosity. There is none of that half-sleepy, bored feeling that one associates with miscellaneous junk in a store room. Long before the sale begins the place is vibrant with an atmosphere of human interest.

This is the work of the auctioneer. All morning he has been here, studying his prospective buyers. The old ones he recognizes; the new ones he mentally classifies. Every type is of vital interest to him. And if there is one man who is a past master at the art of reading human nature it is the auctioneer.

But can this quiet, self-contained business-like looking gentleman be the auctioneer? Where is the oily gavel-wielder of song and story with a smooth line of patter, a loud checked vest and a large diamond stud? The truth of the matter is that this "character" has largely gone into the discard along with the "green-goods" man, the crooked horse dealer and the hypnotic book peddler.

The voluble gentleman with a pot hat pushed back from his sweating brow who praised everything and anything indiscriminately to a generally skeptical audience has passed away. The greater truth may be that his audiences have passed him by. "Going, going, gone for a song!" marks his final epitaph. No matter what the means of his demise, it is certain that in the great modern auction room he no longer exists.

The modern auctioneer must be even more a necromancer than the old. But it is as a student of human nature that he shines, not as a

juggler with the truth. He must be a reader of signs, an almost infallible judge of people and things. By a glance at the face of the prospective buyer, through the movement of an up-raised finger or the barely perceptible nod of a head, as he gazes into the sea of faces before him, he must recognize the type to which his customer belongs and the exact degree of his responsibility. And there must be no mistakes.

From a hit-or-miss, happy-go-lucky affair, the auction business has placed itself on a firm, sure basis. The last few years have seen a slow, steady change. The public must have confidence in the authenticity of sales held by an established auction firm. And its belief is not being misused.

A TYPICAL example of the modern auctioneer is Wallace H. Day of the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms in New York. He is a gentleman of culture, and a connoisseur of many different forms of art. During the late war Mr. Day was assistant director of the Bureau of Branches and Customs for the War Trade Board and commercial adviser to the Bureau of Exports. After the armistice he went abroad as a member of the commission to negotiate peace, and assistant to the Chairman of the Supreme Economic Council, Vance McCormick. Remaining there, he became the American member of the inter-allied commission for occupied territory, representing the United States War Trade Board on the Rhine. When, for the first time in history, an inter-allied committee was appointed to regulate the destinies of a European country, Mr. Day served as Deputy American Rhineland Commissioner.

The panorama of human types that passes before this man is really a cross-section, not of one big city, but of the whole country. His mind is a storehouse of queer stories and of interesting people.

While the audiences of an auction room do not change in the main, it naturally follows that the character of goods on sale brings different groups of buyers. For instance, the man

interested in Phœnician glass or Korean porcelains may not come to a sale in which early American furniture plays a big part. Regardless of the nature of the sale, however, there are certain types of humanity that are ever present. Some for laughter, joy and happiness. They buy in a gay way. Then there are others, who would seem to represent sorrow, regret, pathos, who buy with a determined air of sad reminiscence.

"After a time," says Mr. Day, "the auctioneer senses the component parts of his audience.

For instance, I often feel strongly the presence of people who have a plus sense of humor. And, as luck wills it, on those very days some odd piece, some object with a funny 'slant,' is held up for sale. Then it is really difficult to down the temptation to indulge in a little good-natured horse-play that might ruin the necessary dignity of the sale.

"There is the curiosity-seeker—generally represented by the fair sex—who comes early. She doesn't want to miss anything, so she carefully selects a front-row seat. If the sale has been advertised in connection with some well-known name, the curiosity-seekers come in throngs. They are almost always a fairly well-to-do class, leading a leisurely existence. Hours in an auction room, gleaning information through the up to now cherished possessions of others, as to

what they owned, and how they lived, and where, is an excitement for them that creates, I believe, a mental reaction. They could not find such satisfaction in the theater, where, after all, the offering is purely fictional. Here, at the auction sale, they reach the mecca of their enjoyment, and in nine cases out of ten, if asked, would doubtless admit it.

"There is always present, too, the type who makes a living buying bargains to be sold some day at a profit. This is the professional dealer. He is a *rara avis* in more senses than one! And this dealer is a real asset to the auction room, because his insatiable appetite for stock makes him a constant bidder, thus creating



Wallace H. Day is representative of the modern auctioneer who must be past master as a student of human nature. People with a sense of humor, he says, are particularly dangerous because even a little good natured horse play will often ruin an otherwise promising sale.

competition. Yes, the dealer is in most cases a colorful 'character' to whom unusual and prodigious legends often attach themselves!"

There is a story that goes the rounds of the auction rooms in New York of an old man, well along toward fourscore years, who is always on hand at picture sales. This white-bearded patriarch—eagle-eyed, nevertheless—may be generally seen standing to the rear of the crowd. For years, no one knows how many—and he doesn't tell—he has been going about from one auction to another. He lives in a famous old hotel, so they say, where he has occupied the same suite of rooms for the past thirty-five years. Many hundreds of pictures are relegated there. Near-by a warehouse holds what may be the largest collection of unappraised art in existence, belonging to this old fellow. Yet he keeps on buying. What does he gain? He is the typical dealer. He may keep on buying, but he always follows a rule. It is never to bid over a cautiously considered maximum. Yet the moment the painting becomes his, its value takes a mercurial flight! It becomes almost, but not quite, priceless!

"ANOTHER type of auction habitué," continues Mr. Day, "is the woman who dotes on cluttering her home with an endless variety of household gods, other people's lures and penates. Sometimes she is sentimentally inclined toward the object she wants; the tone of her bidding is different from others. She is very sympathetic and just can't resist bidding! This, I may say, is the type that falls a real victim to 'auctionitis!' It is not uncommon to find the names of these same people listed as regular weekly buyers on the sales' records for years back. You see, the auction can become a pleasant, harmless form of dope. This type of buyer makes loyal friends for the establishment she haunts, and is among the best advertising mediums, because she goes only to the auction rooms in whose honesty of judgment she can really believe.

"But some people overdo a hobby. An old gentleman whose estate I will sell in the autumn had the oil-painting hobby. He had a very large house in the Back Bay section of Boston, but not nearly large enough to com-

fortably house his collection of paintings. Every room was hung from floor to ceiling, and in most rooms were a row of easels besides! This is an example of how the hobby can become master of a collector.

"I've seen people follow funny bents when choosing a hobby—collectors with a passion for cow-bells, belts, marble busts, old bottles. The most universal diversions seem to be collecting stamps, books, or etchings.

"Another of the most amusing types is the relative of the deceased whose property is being sought after by a number of not too friendly heirs! Such rivalry one would hardly credit. How wildly they bid, one against the other, and how they boost the prices!

In a way, they remind one of hasty scavengers, fluttering about, avidly lighting on this and that.

"Speaking of relatives reminds me of one customer, a woman, who has lost two husbands in the last four years. I have sold out the estate both times! She has married again and this fellow doesn't look any too strong either. She is what I call a good steady customer.

"Of course the smallest percentage of buyers in an auction room consists of the newly married couples. As a rule, they want to start life with everything bright and shiny. Yet, after they get the setting of their homes, they come to the auction room in search of choice bits that will tone down the bareness of atmosphere that new furniture sometimes

creates, particularly in a new apartment.

"People have often remarked to me that it is somewhat surprising to find so many professional men in the audience where an auction is being held. Quite to the contrary, I believe. Professional men, lawyers and physicians especially, attend auctions because they seem to find there an unusual source of interest, amusement and relaxation. Together with the dealers and curiosity seekers, they form a trio of 'ever-presents.' I have noticed that young doctors buy old static machines because they look businesslike. No one knows what they are, but they have the appearance of being scientific and tend to show prosperity.

"Many people whose names are nationally famous attend the sales incognito, afternoon after afternoon, and buying freely think that

QUEER THINGS TO SELL

A HIPPOPOTAMUS skull was received by an auctioneer a few months ago from a man in Hamburg, Germany. It was a family keepsake, explained the owner, and he hated to part with it. But in these hard times he couldn't afford to keep it any longer. Another feature of the reparations tangle—the upkeep on hippopotamus skulls!

A pair of corsets carved out of ivory was the contribution of a man from South America. His father had taken most of his life to make them, and the son came all the way to New York to oversee the sale.

A Bible written entirely by hand in ornamental script was sent in by one good lady. She considered it a priceless curio.

Eight old-fashioned engravings from a gentleman in Vienna sold for only fifteen dollars. But turned into Austrian kronen that sum paid off all the mortgages on his home.

What sells most easily? Here is one hint to prospective sellers: "Today there is a heavy demand for cellarets and old decanter racks that lock."



An excited crowd of bidders from all over the country attended the sale of Geraldine Farrar's home furnishings. "Gerryflappers" would later appear to explain that in the thrill of bidding they completely forgot the limit of their purses.

they are not recognized. Some, needlessly afraid of publicity, carefully give an assumed name. We generally recognize them. It is very amusing.

"The absent buyer is becoming more and more important as a factor in the auction business. I might call this type the 'exhibition type,' and he is a great compliment to the auction room. He believes so thoroughly in the integrity of the people with whom he deals that he leaves it up to the auctioneer and his assistants to bid what they believe in all fairness to be the proper amount on anything that he wants. He generally selects by number, in the morning exhibition, before the sale. It is generally the very busy person who buys in this manner, and who knows what he wants. It may be the shy one, too!

"In fitting relation to the absent buyers are the customers whom I never see who send me consignments. Sometimes they send rather peculiar things. About two months ago I received a hippopotamus skull from a man in Hamburg, Germany. His letter explained that it was a family keepsake, and that he hated to part with it, but now times were so hard they couldn't afford to keep it any longer.

"A gentleman in Vienna sent me, several years ago, eight old engravings. They were of a type for which there is no demand in this country. So they sold for very little, only fifteen dollars, in fact. I sent him a draft for the proceeds, and to square myself, wrote him an apologetic as well as explanatory letter, telling him why his consignment had not produced more money for him. He replied most courteously, saying that he was perfectly satisfied.



The gorgeous costume that Miss Farrar wore in the ill-fated opera "La Reine Fiametta" was the center of interest.

The Austrian kronen he received for that fifteen dollars had more than paid off the mortgages on his home!

"We have had many unusual crowds here, especially when the costumes of Edwin Booth were sold. The sale of stage accessories and costumes belonging to E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe brought mobs of people, when these artists decided to retire temporarily, a few years ago. But at no time has there been such excited interest as Geraldine Farrar's sale.

The Exciting Farrar Sale

"The daily afternoon crowd exceeded seven hundred persons, and every morning vast throngs came to look at the things that she had used for so many years during her operatic career. Indeed we had to build in an entire new lighting system for this sale, so that whatever was put up for sale could be seen distinctly by the eager crowd in front, and back and to the sides of the stage. It was natural that in the excitement of the moment, the 'Gerryflappers' outbought themselves. They would later appear to explain that in the thrill of bidding they completely forgot the limited strength of their purses! And I might say that in every such instance, carrying out the wishes of Miss Farrar, the money was refunded. Later on, in most cases, the piece was sent to the young lady buyer as a gift.

"Here indeed, was a chance to study human nature. One woman became so excited trying to bid at the Farrar sale, she whistled instead! Every type imaginable was there from the young, would-be opera singer, to the elderly, retired opera or musical comedy star. There were others, from all walks of life. In the excited crowd one could feel smoldering something fearfully alive and vital.

"No one could accuse the auctioneer of leading a monotonous life. Amusing incidents are always cropping up. Recently, a man came in who wanted to buy his wife a birthday present. Knowing that she loved Paisley shawls, he bought one for her at our sale. When he took it home and gave it to her, she at once discovered that it was one she had sent herself to the sale, to be sold for her account!

"I remember another customer who attended the sale of the estate of a departed friend. He bought for his own use the silver service he had given the deceased for a wedding present a few years before.

"Another fellow bid on an antique Italian carved wood crucifix, and asked me after the sale if I would resell it for him. When I asked him what was wrong with it, he said, 'I didn't realize that it was a religious subject.'

"Very often buyers become eccentric. Some years ago, there was an old gentleman who frequented our galleries who would never exceed a bid by more than ten cents. If an article was

being sold for four hundred dollars, he would call out 'Four hundred dollars and ten cents.' And yet, he was a valuable customer. He spent thousands of dollars here, but always followed the rule of never more than a ten-cent advance. Ordinarily a bid of this kind would be refused as being detrimental to the sale. But not so in this instance. He was eccentric, not cheap.

"Then there are people who have peculiar ideas as to what constitutes value. One good lady had a curio which she considered priceless—a Bible written entirely by hand in ornamental script. A man came all the way to New York from South America to sell something which had taken his father most of his life to make. What was it? A pair of corsets carved out of ivory.

"No private sale, no matter how extensively advertised, can create the individual interest that is invested in the straight above-board auction. And leave it to the public to sense the 'straightness of a sale.' The rummage-sale mistress is often surprised, and the charity she represents prospers, by the tips we give her from time to time concerning the real value of some inconspicuous knickknack, sent to the sale by an unsuspecting friend.

"On the other hand, many of those isolated antique dealers that only a 'few people' know about, with a shop buried in the hills surrounding some New England town, buy most of their stock at New York auctions.

Auctions a Barometer of Taste

"Today there is a heavy demand for cellarets and old decanter racks that lock. It seems that no office is complete without its cellaret. So, public auction is one of the surest barometers for detecting and following the change in public likes and dislikes. With these go the ups and downs in values. Many folks who have sold their chattels at public auction are shocked to see the bed and bureau that father and mother bought at the Centennial Exposition sell for nothing, only to be highly delighted when the old silver tankard, which had knocked about the closet shelf for so many years, brings them several thousand dollars.

"The auction business is based on confidence between seller and auctioneer, and between buyer and auctioneer. The interests of the seller must not be sacrificed for the advantage of the buyer, nor the confidence of the buyer shall not be abused for the benefit of the seller.

"Things shown in the open and sold in the open—that is the present day auction. People are realizing more and more that it is not only a good way to buy, but a good way to sell. In no other business is the modern personal equation more strongly felt. In it the study of human nature amounts to a pleasure."

A romantic novel of love and intrigue

The Great Samara

by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Joseph A. Maturo

Conclusion

GABRIEL SAMARA, dictator of Russia, had sent for her, and the Princess Catherine, some time known as Catherine Borans, typist, of the Stenographic Bureau of the Hotel Weltmore in New York, but, ever since Samara's visit to New York, more than a year before, his secretary, was obeying his summons.

She was thinking hard. Great things had happened since she had met Samara. Owing to what she had told him he had revoked the decree of exile against her monarchist relatives, including even her fiance and cousin, Nicholas Imanoff, pretender to the old Czarist throne. They had all come back to Russia; all were plotting Samara's downfall.

Catherine, greatly admiring Samara, still believed in monarchism. Yet she had rejected the proposal of marriage of Frederick of Wehenzollern, soon to become German Kaiser, if all reports were true. Was it because as he triumphantly said, she loved her cousin? She was by no means sure!

Samara! Oh, a great man—but a strange one! Against all the advice he was demobilizing the Russian armies. Against all the advice he had left Nicholas and the rest of them free to plot against him—as he had trusted her with all his secrets. The night before had brought things to a head, General Trotsk, minister of police, had invaded her aunt's house and ordered Nicholas practically under arrest. And now Samara had sent for her.

Samara greeted her with a grin of delight when, in response to his telephone summons, she appeared at Government House on the following morning. General Trotsk's report had appealed immensely to Samara's sense of humor.

"So your aunt is giving royalist tea parties," he remarked, "and your relatives are sporting the uniforms of the Imperial Guard. Were you there when the fun began?"

"I was there," she admitted. "I didn't think it very funny."

"You are quite right," he confessed. "It is not funny. It is pathetic. These people have lived in the past so long that they have taught themselves to believe in its reincarnation. All the same, your aunt seems to have been behaving very badly."

Catherine shrugged her shoulders.

"Is there any reason why she should not entertain her old friends?" she enquired.

"Not the slightest," Samara agreed. "I should not have interfered in a thousand years. Trotsk takes himself too seriously. He speaks already of the Royalist movement—as though there could be such a thing."

"General Trotsk may err too much in one direction," Catherine observed. "As an impartial looker-on, I should say that you erred too much in another."

"Are you an impartial looker-on?" he asked quickly. "Trotsk will have it that you are one of the gang."

"I am a Royalist at heart, of course," she acknowledged, "but I am by no means a conspirator."

"What have you been doing to Andrew Kroupki?" he asked abruptly.

"Quarreled with him, more or less," she replied. "As a matter of fact the quarrel was not of my seeking. He insulted me the other morning."

"Is it true that you knocked him down?"

"Perfectly," Catherine admitted. "I was delighted to find how strong I was."

Samara looked at her gravely.

"It is a terrible thing," he declared, "for a man to strike a woman, although she often deserves it. For a woman to strike a man is a tragedy. What was his offense?"

Catherine had seated herself at her table a few yards away. She swung round and faced her questioner.

"He asked me if you were my lover," she said coolly.

"A very natural question," he remarked, taking up a pile of letters and beginning to look

them through. "Was that your only provocation?"

SHE turned away, opened her desk, and drew out her work.

"I have always understood," she reflected, "that the standard of morals amongst the educated portion of the Russian bourgeoisie was exceedingly low."

"Meaning me?" he asked cheerfully.

"Yes."

"The cap, alas, does not fit," he assured her. "I have no pretensions to rank amongst the bourgeoisie. I am of peasant stock."

"You do not surprise me," she replied.

He rose to his feet and set into operation the machinery which unlocked the great private safe. In a minute or two he appeared with a roll of manuscript.

"Please get on with this manifesto," he begged. "You are at your best this morning. It would be a pity to waste such intelligence."

She took the papers.

"I should like to know what has become of Andrew," she said.

"He has gone to London as my advance agent. I do not think that he will ever come back—not unless you leave me. Of course," he went on, "if this little tea-party scheme of your aunt's comes off, you are booked for the part of Czarina, I suppose."

"There is always that hope," she admitted.

"Heaven preserve me from another woman secretary," he exclaimed. "One never gets the last word."

Catherine was studiously silent. Samara waited for a moment or two. Then he left the room, slamming the door violently. It was an hour before he returned, and when he did he closed the door behind him and locked it. Catherine looked up questioningly.

"What is that for?" she asked.

"So that you don't leave me before I am ready for you to go," he answered. "Also to make sure that we are not interrupted."

"It seems a little absurd," she complained. "I have no idea of going until I have finished my work."

"How long will that take you?"

"Another half hour."

"Finish it, then," he directed. "Afterwards I have something to say to you."

She continued her task. Samara studied a handful of the documents which he had brought back with him, signing some and throwing others on one side. Once or twice he spoke on the telephone. Finally Catherine turned towards him.

"I have finished," she announced. "Will you check my transcription?"

"Presently," he acquiesced.

"You had something to say to me?" she reminded him.

"I had. I find that after all old Trotsk wasn't such an idiot. There is a genuine monarchist plot afoot."

She sat watching him, without faltering, with no sign of self-consciousness.

"Started in your aunt's drawing-room without a doubt," he went on, "subscribed to and joined by all that shabby down-at-heel crew I brought home from the second rate American boarding house, making its way in the army, they tell me—especially the Second Army. Do you know that I have to postpone my journey to England, and go down to Odensk to harangue these recalcitrant subjects? That's the result of trying to make good Russians of men like Kirdorff and Orenburg. What do they care about Russia? It's their blasted selves they think of. They have a right to their convictions. They've been guilty of treason against the State. Trotsk has just given me a copy of one of Kirdorff's speeches to the Fourth Army Corps. He should have been tried by court martial and shot a few years ago. I hate to kill fools, but something must be done. Trotsk would have the whole lot of them out of the country, or facing the firing line in ten minutes, and I am not sure that he isn't right. Advise me, Miss Secretary. What am I to do with this nest of vipers? Not much poison about them, but enough to hurt, Trotsk says. Tell me how to deal with them."

"Too great a responsibility for me," she replied.

"What if I were to shoot Nicholas Imanoff, or banish him?" he suggested. "There isn't another Imanoff among them. They can't make a Czar out of an ordinary person, can they—even an aristocrat?"

"There is me," she remarked meditatively. "I am an Imanoff. They might make me Czarina and permit me to choose my consort."

"You had a predecessor," he reminded her scornfully. "A pretty mess you'd make of things."

"That would depend upon my consort," she replied. "I might choose you. How would you like that?"

He stood like a statue looking at her across the bare, lofty room. She was not near enough to see the knuckles whiten about his clenched fists or to catch the fugitive gleam of something unusual in his hard, brilliant eyes. She noticed with surprise, however, the slight break in his voice.

"Curse you, can't you ever be serious?" he exclaimed. "I've a good mind to throw the lot of them into prison."

"I should only intercede on behalf of my aunt," Catherine assured him. "She is really quite a dear old thing, but Czardom to her is very much like his Bible to an English Methodist."

The private telephone on Samara's table

rang. He picked up the receiver and listened for a moment or two, frowning. Then he nodded, and laid it down.

"Your friends," he said, turning to Catherine, "are beginning to annoy me. Trotsk is outside with an amazing story. You had better stop and listen to what he has to say."

General Trotsk was ushered in shortly afterwards. He entered the room and saluted, looking grimmer than ever.

"Sir," he announced, "I have a report to make."

"I am at your service, General," Samara replied.

THE visitor indicated Catherine with a little wave of the hand. Samara only smiled.

"I should prefer you to speak before Miss Borans," he said. "I have a certain amount of confidence in her, but apart from that, she is in a way responsible for my ever having invited this nest of conspirators over here."

"Miss Borans may yet find, then, that her responsibility is a heavy one," General Trotsk declared, with portentous coldness. "I have already reported, sir," he continued, "that I found Colonel Kirdorff and Lieutenant Nicholas Imanoff attending a private function yesterday, wearing the uniform of the late Imperial Army. I ordered them to report at once at the War Office. It has come to my knowledge that they failed to do so. They left the city instead, traveling by motorcar in the direction of Odensk."

"Well," he remarked, "I suppose you did not allow them to get very far?"

"They were arrested by my orders at Milton," the General went on, "and were brought back to the city under escort. I am here to ask your instructions, sir. The Minister of War is at Odensk, as is also General Denkers, commanding the Second Army." Samara glanced at his watch.

"Bring them here at three o'clock," he directed. "I will deal with this matter summarily."

The Minister of Police saluted.

"I have your permission, sir, to speak frankly?" he asked.

"By all means," Samara replied. "You can discard officialdom altogether if you will. Light a cigaret and speak to me as my trusted minister."

The Minister of Police made no movement toward the box of cigarets which Samara proffered. Catherine was watching him from across the room with fascinated eyes. There was something inhuman about this man's slow, deliberate speech, his waxen complexion, his lack of all earnestness, something sinister about the cold detachment of his words.

"My reports as to the condition of the morals of the Second Army are unsatisfactory,"

he declared. "These two men in their persons and by their precepts have broken the laws of Russia and are largely responsible for the disaffection. I recommend that under section Seven of the Military Discipline Act they be shot this afternoon. It is possible that such action will avert grave results."

"I shall bear what you say seriously in mind, General," Samara promised.

The Minister of Police saluted stiffly and withdrew. Samara waited until the door was closed behind him.

"You heard Trotsk's suggestion," he observed, turning to Catherine. "It seems to me that your chances of wearing that crown are slipping away."

Samara broke through precedent that afternoon. He consented to receive a visitor who came without an appointment. Alexandrina, her good-humored face wrinkled with anxiety, her clothes ill-arranged, and out of breath already with the exertion of climbing the long flight of steps and crossing the great stone hall of Government House, was ushered into his presence. Nothing of the *grande dame* remained but her manner.

"I owe you my thanks for receiving me, Mr. Samara," she said, as he rose to greet her. "Will you allow me to sit down? I am out of breath. I remember your house and that flight of steps when it was the palace of my cousin, the Grand Duke Cyril. In those days, however, steps meant nothing to me."

Samara placed a chair for her with grave courtesy and returned to his own seat. He preserved his somewhat ominous demeanor.

"I have been trying to find my niece," Alexandrina continued. "At Government Buildings they would not admit me. I thought, perhaps, that she might be here."

"She will arrive in half an hour," Samara confided. "She is now at Government Buildings finishing some work for me. If you would care to wait for her here, my housekeeper shall show you a salon where you may be comfortable."

"Thank you very much," was the grateful reply, "but since I am fortunate enough to have your ear for a moment, I will tell you my mission. I came to ask Catherine to intercede with you on behalf of my hot-headed nephew and Colonel Kirdorff."

"On what grounds, madame?" Samara asked. "Nicholas is young and he is an Imanoff," she said. "This is his Russia by the grace of God. How can he be expected to yield to the discipline of an artificial constitution?"

A slight smile played about Samara's lips. This was greater candor than he had expected.

"Madame," he reminded her, "I did myself the honor of paying you a visit a few weeks ago. Rumors of the activities of your friends had reached me. I offered you then a warning.

You had accepted the hospitality of the Republican Government of Russia. In plotting against it you or any other were guilty of a dishonorable action."

"Mr. Samara," Alexandrina said simply, "I can not argue with you. I live by my convictions. You are without doubt a great statesman and you have been a great benefactor to this country. I appeal to you only as a man. I beg that you will not treat Nicholas's misdemeanor too seriously."

"I have heard you, madame," Samara replied. "I can make you no promise. I am the servant of the State."

The Grand Duchess rose to her feet. Samara's face was like stone. She knew very well that further speech was useless.

"At least," she concluded, "I thank you for receiving me. I read in New York, and I have been told here, that your regime in this country is one of mercy. I shall pray for your forbearance, sir, and for you, if you extend it to my nephew."

She left the room, escorted by Ivan and without further word from Samara. He sat in his chair for a time, thoughtfully studying the mass of papers by which he was surrounded. Presently Catherine entered, carrying her dispatch box. She came straight over to his desk.

"The work is finished," she announced. "You will remember that Andrew is not here. Do you wish me to communicate with the Chief of the Ministerial Printing Press?"

"Presently," he answered. "Lock the dispatch box in the safe."

"I do not understand the mechanism," she reminded him.

He rose to his feet and began to demonstrate it. She suddenly seized his arm.

"Why do you trust me like this?" she expostulated. "You seem surer of me than I am of myself."

"I must trust some one," he observed. "Andrew was the only other person who knew the secret and he is not available."

"But why me?" she protested. "You know that there are reasons why you should not."

"I trust or distrust by instinct only," he replied. "I govern in the same way."

"Then you made a gamble of life and government," she declared. "Sooner or later the crash will come."

"Meanwhile, watch me," he directed. "The combinations you will have to learn."

Presently the telephone bell rang. He took down the receiver and his face hardened as he listened.

"In ten minutes," he decided.

Catherine turned toward the door. He called her back.

"Have you nothing further to say to me?" he asked.

"Nothing," she observed.

"You know that your aunt has been here?" "I have been told so," she admitted. "I can add nothing to what she has probably already said."

"Your personality might have more weight," he suggested.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Put it in the scale, then, by all means," she enjoined.

"In plain words," he persisted, "you are too proud to ask a favor of me."

"I know you too well," she assured him.

"You will do what you choose, what you think fit and right. Nothing that I or anybody else in the world could say would make any difference."

Her hand was upon the door. Again he called her back.

"I DESIRE you to remain during my interview with your friends," he said. "They will be here almost immediately."

"Why should I be present?" she asked coldly.

"So that you may know the truth without perversion. Go to your desk in the alcove. You can hear there, but you will be invisible."

She still hesitated.

"I have every instinct toward insubordination," she told him.

"Conquer them," he insisted. "I may need you to bear witness for me in the future."

She had scarcely reached her alcove before General Trotski was ushered in. Kirdorff and Nicholas Imanoff followed, wearing military great-coats buttoned to their throats. Behind came a guard of two soldiers with fixed bayonets. The Minister of Police saluted.

"According to your instructions, sir," he announced.

Samara seated himself at his desk. On either side of Kirdorff and Imanoff, who stood opposite to him, was a soldier; a few feet away, the Minister of Police, immovable and grave.

"Boris Kirdorff and Nicholas Imanoff," Samara began, "less than twelve months ago you accepted my offer to return to this country and become Russian citizens. I gave you both posts in the Republican Army. I told you that I was prepared to view your monarchical principles with tolerance. Every one in this country has a right to his own opinions and has a right also to ventilate them. So far as you could wish to influence people openly, and honorably, by lectures and literature, you were at liberty to do so. You have ignored the honorable means of propaganda. You have stooped not only to underground conspiracy but to conspiracy with a foreign power. You have made use of your position in the Army to initiate a seditious plot amongst the soldiers of the State, directed against the Republican Government of this country. Do you require evidence? I can give it to you."



"You are guilty of military insubordination and treason. . . . The penalty for both offences is death,"
Samara said coldly. For the first time both men before him lost confidence.

"I desire no evidence," Kirdorff replied. "It is quite true that I have endeavored to awaken the people of Russia to a sense of what is due to themselves and their natural ruler."

"And I," Nicholas added, "being by descent and the grace of God, Czar of all the Russias, can be guilty of treason to no one."

"A very comfortable self-assurance," Samara remarked with a faint sneer. "To proceed to a minor point. You were discovered yesterday wearing a uniform which is contrary to the regulations of the Army in which you serve."

"So long as there is a Russian Army," Nicholas argued, "so long must there be a regiment of Imperial Guards."

"An entire fallacy," Samara assured him. "To continue, you were directed by the Chief of Police to report at the War Office. You failed to do so."

"We are only subject to military discipline," Kirdorff observed.

"You display a shameless ignorance of existent conditions," Samara said sternly. "The Chief of Police ranks as a Major General in the Army. To disobey his orders amounts to gross insubordination, the penalty for which you know."

"On a technical point," Kirdorff admitted, "we appear to be guilty. I have never in my experience connected any part of the civil administration with the Army."

"It should be your duty to learn the regulations of the Army whose uniform you wear and whose pay you draw. You are both on your own showing guilty of military insubordination and treason against the Army of the Republic. The penalty for both offenses is death," Samara said coldly.

"I demand to be tried by court martial!" Kirdorff exclaimed.

"And I!" Nicholas echoed.

"Again your ignorance of the regulations amazes me," Samara declared. "I am the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Republican Army. I and General Trotsk form an ever-existing court martial, empowered to deal summarily with any cases which we direct to be brought before us."

For the first time both men before him lost confidence. Nicholas's air of somewhat fatuous bravado had disappeared and he was tugging nervously at his mustache. Kirdorff was obviously taken aback.

"Your republic, then," he ventured, "is a more autocratic institution than any monarchy which I remember."

"Your criticism may be just, but it is irrelevant," Samara observed. "We are a competent tribunal, your offenses are acknowledged. The penalty is beyond dispute. Have you anything further to say as to why this sentence should not be carried out upon you?"

"The Army will rise to a man," Nicholas threatened, shaking with emotion.

"Young sir," Samara enjoined, "you would be wiser to omit all mention of an army in which you have served merely to gain your own purposes. Furthermore, half-past five is the time at which our firing parties generally parade. Odensk is some distance away."

NICHOLAS was almost beside himself with mingled fear and passion.

"It is unheard of, this," he cried. "I have still my American citizenship. I'll appeal."

"Spare me a few illustrations," Samara begged. "For a Russian seeking to obtain a lofty position in his own country by virtue of his birth to attempt to shelter himself in a moment of danger under a foreign flag is scarcely in accord with the traditions of your race. Now, listen to me, both of you. I have addressed you as a judge to the offenders brought before him. Your crime is admitted. The penalty is acknowledged. Now, I am going to speak to you as one human being to another."

A sudden gleam of hope flashed in Kirdorff's eyes. Samara paused for a few minutes as though to collect his thoughts.

"From the point of view of an ordinary human being," he continued, "you two can not be judged as normal malefactors. Behind everything that you have done there stands, if not an excuse, a reason. How you can justify yourselves as men of honor, I do not know. You have accepted my invitation to come here. You accepted the positions I offered you in the Army, and you started at once to plot against the Government of a country which has never been so stable and prosperous as she is today. I will still bear with you. I will look upon you as men afflicted with an intriguing turn of mind."

"You believe that the code of honor may be abnegated if the cause itself be great enough. Very well. You believe that monarchy is a great cause. You believe that Russia would be better governed by a monarchy than it is as a Republic. I believe the contrary. Very well. Go and preach your doctrines, and I will preach mine. If you can convert this country to Czardom, do so. Only, do it in future openly, not by conspiracies and sedition. Don't pretend to be faithful soldiers of the Republic when you only wear the uniform to preach treason against it."

The two men stood with their eyes fastened upon Samara. Nicholas was moistening his lips nervously. Kirdorff had already realized that respite was at hand. The most gloomy figure was that of the Minister of Police.

"My decision is this," Samara concluded, turning to the latter. "You will escort these two ex-soldiers of the Republic to your Headquarters, where you will strip them of their uniform and provide them with civilian clothes. You will expunge their names from the Army list, but you will give them passes to cross the

lines at Odensk and to travel wherever they will in the country. That is all. Remove your prisoners, General."

"We are to be set free?" Nicholas gasped.

"I hoped that I had made myself clear," Samara observed dryly.

"You will permit me to say, sir," Kirdorff ventured, "that you are treating us in an extremely chivalrous fashion."

Samara rose to his feet.

"I do not care for nor desire your thanks," he said. "As criminals I have absolved you. As men who have stained their honor I shall be glad to be relieved of your presence."

The Minister of Police knew better than to argue. He made his protest, however.

"You have allowed yourself the luxury of quixotic altruism, sir," he said, "at the expense of your duty to the Republic."

"That may be the verdict of posterity, General," Samara replied. "If so, I must accept it."

The little procession filed out, Kirdorff and Nicholas alike momentarily drained of dignity, men to whom unexpected generosity had brought a sense of shame. Samara sat still at his desk and waited. There came no sign from Catherine. He rose to his feet and crossed the room at last to her alcove. On the threshold he stood still, amazed. She was leaning forward, her head buried in her hands, her shoulders convulsed. He came a little nearer.

"Catherine," he said quietly.

She held out her hand toward him without looking up. He gripped it tightly. Then he leaned over her. He asked no questions—there was that much of understanding between them. He kissed her fingers tenderly and turned away. Ivan's stentorian voice was announcing the arrival of his Cabinet in the outer room.

CATHERINE, a little tired, a little anxious, more than a little unhappy, lay stretched upon the sofa in her aunt's drawing-room, smoking an after-dinner cigaret. Opposite her, Alexandrina, with half a dozen newspapers by her side, her spectacles slipped on to the edge of her nose, her voice unsteady with excitement, was reading aloud occasional paragraphs.

"Listen to this, Catherine," she exclaimed. "This is from the leading socialist paper in Berlin.

"THE POLITICAL CRISIS STILL CONTINUES."

"Herr Brandt has confessed himself wholly unable to form a ministry and Dr. Beithier has also refused responsibility. Meanwhile the Imperialist Party have openly avowed that they are in a position at any time to form a government which will

command the entire support of the whole country. Prince Frederick is unable to leave his house in the Wilhelmstrasse owing to the crowds which surround it night and day. The announcement of a change of constitution is expected hourly."

Catherine listened unmoved.

"I seem to have missed a great chance," she murmured. "The young man was very much in love with me."

Alexandrina smiled.

"You are one of the fortunate ones of the earth, Catherine," she said. "No other woman in history has quite occupied your position. You could have been Kaiserin of Germany, and instead you will become Czarina of Russia."

Catherine poured herself out some coffee from the copper pot which stood by her side. She slapped her hands and a somewhat uncouth looking Russian servant entered.

"Sugar, Paul," she ordered, "and the samovar for Her Highness. See if that is a later edition of the paper they are calling in the street, too."

The man withdrew stolidly.

"Even if the Royalists succeed in Germany," Catherine continued, "I can not see that our chances are much improved. They have no Samara to deal with there."

"Gabriel Samara is a great man," her aunt admitted, "but his dominion is on the wane. His ministers have allowed all the power to drift into his hands simply because they have had no will to resist. Many have resented it, however. His final proposals with regard to the completion of this demobilization scheme are unpopular throughout the whole country. They only passed the Duma by less than a dozen votes."

Catherine leaned back thoughtfully, with her hands clasped around her knees.

"He is rash like all great men," she said. "He should have gone more quietly with these altruistic ventures of his. The people do not understand, and he is always a little impatient of opposition. But he has genius, and a man with genius is not easily crushed."

The servant returned with the sugar and the evening paper. Alexandrina glanced the latter through.

"Nothing fresh," she declared. "Samara is to address the last of his series of meetings at Odensk tonight."

The door was thrown open. General Orenburg was announced. They both turned toward him eagerly.

"Any news?" Catherine asked.

"Nothing within the last few hours," the General answered, seating himself by his hostess's side on the divan. "I came wondering whether you had heard anything from Kirdorff."

"Nothing," Alexandrina replied. "The news from Berlin is amazing."

"Amazing, indeed," Orenburg assented. "Six months ago the German Liberal Party appeared to have an ample majority and to be thoroughly established. The Imperialists scarcely dared to let their voices be heard. They were the weakest party in the State. Now a cataclysm seems to have taken place, a fever seems to have spread throughout the country. Every moment one expects to hear that Frederick has been proclaimed Kaiser."

"What do you think about the position here?" Catherine inquired curiously.

"In the light of what has happened in Germany, it is hard to say," the General said. "Six months ago Samara was his country's god, and the Duma prepared to follow him blindly. If there had been another election he could have nominated every candidate. Today there seems to be a strange undercurrent of political reaction. The people do not understand this demobilization. The peasants and work people are afraid of undue competition, the soldiers of privations, the bourgeoisie of invasion. They have suddenly begun to wonder whether their idol is only a great theorist. How far the pendulum will swing back I cannot tell. We know that the Russian people are faithful and dogged. It seems hard to believe that in a few months' time they could forget and discard the man who slew their dragon."

"Samara has ruled Russia for fifteen years," Alexandrina said solemnly. "Ruled her for her own good, we must admit, but ruled her like an autocrat. All the same, just as I believe in God as our spiritual Master, so I believe that every human being is born with the reverent instinct and desire for temporal government by an anointed head. Germany's period of madness lasted for a short time only. When France, too, comes to her senses and a king reigns once more at Versailles, then the wounds of the world will be healed, and not before. So far as we are concerned there has never been a time like the present. If we can secure the army, our moment may have arrived."

Once more the door was hurriedly opened, this time to admit a more unexpected arrival. Nicholas Imanoff entered, wearing a long brown leather coat and carrying dark spectacles in his hand. He was still a little breathless and had the air of one who has just concluded a rapid journey.

"Have you heard the news from Berlin?" he cried.

"Nothing for some hours," Orenburg replied.

"Frederick was proclaimed Kaiser early this afternoon!" he announced. "The whole city is *en fête*, and tomorrow has been declared a national holiday!"

"Wonderful," Alexandrina murmured, the tears standing in her eyes.

"What news of Odensk?" the General asked.

"Samara is like King Canute," Nicholas pronounced. "He has a great following there. He is enthusiastically received but the men are on our side, and he cannot keep back the tide."

"You have a mission here?" Orenburg inquired.

The young man nodded, threw his coat over the back of a chair, and called to the domestic for brandy.

"I have flown from Odensk," he explained. "All goes well, but one of our recruits insists that there are now in print secret orders to every army corps commander, to be issued some time within the next week, which might affect our plans. It is absolutely necessary that we get hold of these orders."

HE LOOKED across at Catherine. She tossed her cigaret into the fire and smiled at him pleasantly.

"You seem to have established a secret service already, Nicholas," she remarked.

"Kirdorff is organizer," he acknowledged. "I speak in his name. It is he who has found out about these proclamations and secret orders. They are in code at present, but I think we could find some one who could deal with them. Do you know anything about them, Catherine?"

"Very likely," she replied.

"Splendid," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Kirdorff hates mystery. He had always felt that Samara had something up his sleeve or he would never have dared to make this an open struggle."

"'Dare' is scarcely the word to use in connection with Samara," Catherine observed. "He may have made glorious mistakes but he has the courage of a lion."

"No one wishes to deny that Samara is a great man," Nicholas declared, a little impatiently, "His time is over, though. If he behaves sensibly and leaves the country without provoking a conflict no harm will happen to him. Catherine, I want a copy of that secret order. I shall fly back with it to Odensk tonight."

"How do you know that I can give it to you?"

"That is of no consequence," he answered. "The knowledge has come to us. It was you alone who worked for Samara on the day when he thought out his scheme. Why do you hesitate? What other reason had you for working for this man than to aid the cause?"

Catherine rose from the sofa, shook out her skirt and stood by her aunt's side.

"Aunt," she said, "what is your opinion? I became Mr. Samara's secretary intending to betray him at the first possible opportunity. I am still a Royalist, I am still as anxious as any of you to see Nicholas Czar of Russia. On the other hand, Samara is a great, honorable man. Shall I do well—I, a Princess Royal of Russia, to betray his confidence?"

Alexandrina looked a little disturbed. She was almost brutally frank.

"My dear," she confided, "I never dreamed that you would hesitate for a single moment."

Catherine turned to Orenburg.

"What is your opinion, General?" she asked.

"I sympathize with your position, Princess," he said, "but the cause must come before everything."

Catherine was standing in the glow of a tall rose-shaded electric standard. Her expression was unusually serious. Nicholas, fresh from the drab barbarities of a huge garrison cantonment, thought that she had never appeared so desirable.

"The best friends in the world," she said, "must sometimes agree to differ. I am a Royalist, and by any honorable means I would try to help Nicholas. The thing you ask of me I will not do."

"You desert me?" Nicholas exclaimed passionately.

"I do nothing of the sort," she replied. "I am against Samara, I am for you, but let us fight fairly. Samara himself has set you a great example."

Nicholas poured himself out more brandy. His fingers were shaking. He dared not trust himself to speech. Alexandrina stretched out her hand and took her knitting.

"If Catherine has made up her mind," she remarked, "it is of no use trying to change her."

"The young are like that," General Orenburg agreed with quiet resignation. "As they grow older the light they carry burns less brightly, and the journey becomes easier. The Princess must have her way."

NICHOLAS indulged in one final outburst. He set down his tumbler empty and caught up his coat.

"I am to go back, then, and report failure," he protested. "I am to report that while we may sell our souls and bodies for the Cause, my affianced wife has scruples about betraying the confidences of a usurper. We shall find another way into the secret, though. Be sure of that."

"I doubt it," Catherine rejoined coldly.

Nicholas forgot for a moment to be cautious.

"You think that it is your secret and his alone," she sneered. "You are mistaken. There is another."

"There is only Andrew Kroupki," she declared, "And he is in London."

Nicholas buttoned up his coat without a word.

"I had hoped to stay a little longer," he said, kissing his aunt's fingers. "Catherine's decision drives me back to the camp at once, however. I must let them know of my non-success."

He hurried off. Between Catherine and him there passed only the slightest of farewells.

They heard the front door slam, and the sound of his automobile driving away. Alexandrina rose with a little sigh, fetched the cribbage board and sat down opposite to the General. Catherine moved to the window and stood listening to the cry of the newspaper boys in the street.

SAMARA, in the days of her earliest acquaintance with him, she had looked upon as one of the milestones on the way from the ruin of her country to its regeneration, to be brushed then aside ruthlessly enough when the whole light of sanity once more returned to the people. The ethics of his system of government she had never even considered. She had marveled at its results, but all the time with the feeling that the same and better results would have been attained under monarchical rule. She had never even doubted that if the longed-for day of reestablishment should come, she would marry Nicholas and reign over Russia. She scarcely doubted that even now, although for once their wills had crossed.

Yet, in these days, she found herself comparing the two men. She found herself asking in the spirit of a new born heresy, whether Nicholas indeed possessed a single one of Samara's gifts; whether indeed it were possible for him, ruling by divine grace, to attain similar results to those which Samara's genius had achieved.

In those days of disquiet after her few hours of daily work at Government Buildings, necessarily restricted, owing to Samara's absence, she took to walking the streets in the late afternoon, when twilight offered a sort of shelter—streets now as safe as the thoroughfares of any European capital, of the world, thanks to the wonderful system of police. Nearly always her way led her past Government House.

One evening, to her surprise, she found a crowd collected in the street—a patient crowd, watching a thin thread of light through the curtained windows of a room on the lower floor. She paused for a moment and listened, gathering from the whispers that Samara had returned. In front of the door stood a high-powered motorcar.

She retreated a little from the throng and passed into a side street, unlocked a postern door in the wall with a key which she always carried with her, and made her way up the narrow strip of artificial garden to the back of the house. A man servant admitted her without question, and she hastened toward Samara's room on the ground floor. Ivan stood on duty outside the door.

"One may enter?" she enquired.

Ivan shook his head.

"General Trotsk is within," he replied, "and Minister Agoff. There is to be no interruption."

Catherine fetched herself a chair and sat down. The conference was obviously of a disturbed nature. Often she heard Argoff's voice raised almost to passion, and more than once the cold anger which burned at the back of Trotsk's measured words filled them with unusual and ominous volume. Samara's voice, alone, seemed unchanged, but sometimes in his intonation she detected a sign of the strain from which he must be suffering. At last came silence—then the throwing open of the door.

THE Minister of Police and Argoff came out together. The former glanced steadily at Catherine, saluted, hesitated and passed on. Ivan stood on one side and she crossed the threshold. As the door was closed behind her, she stopped short. Samara's head was buried in his hands. Instinctively she felt like an intruder, and hesitated, wondering whether she could withdraw unheard. Samara, however, with his amazing sensibility, seemed to be suddenly conscious of her presence. The flutter of her skirt, a waft of perfume from the bunch of dying violets she wore, or perhaps the sound of her quick indrawn breath, warned him of her coming. He looked up, rose an inch or two from his chair and nodded in friendly fashion.

"The light tires my eyes," he said, as though in explanation of his posture. "How did you know that I was here?"

"By the people outside, not from you," she replied a little reproachfully.

"I nearly sent for you," he admitted, "just to indulge in the very weakness of sharing my woes."

"The peace conference, I am told, is postponed," she said. "Why is Andrew not back from London?"

The question seemed to perplex him.

"I wish I knew," he admitted. "I cabled him to return. For ten days I have had no word from him. He is perhaps ill."

"It is I who have robbed you of the one person who should have been by your side," she exclaimed remorsefully.

He shook his head.

"I am not sure whether Andrew would be any comfort to me if he were here," he confided. "He behaved most strangely before he left and he never sympathized with my demobilization schemes. I rather fancy that he would go over to the great majority and side against me."

He sat quite still for a moment as though deliberating. Catherine, venturing to watch him a little more closely, was shocked at the change in his appearance. There were hollows underneath those always somewhat high cheekbones. His mouth in its straight firm lines seemed to have lost the possibility of any tenderness or humor. His eyes had surely re-

ceded a little and hardened. The wistful gleam of the visionary was still lurking in their depths, but the light of hope seemed to have grown weak.

"The room is insufferable," he declared wearily. "I dare not open the windows because of the people. Come up to the top, I have a fancy to talk with you there."

She followed him from the room by a door opening out of the alcove, along a narrow passage and into the self-adjusting lift, then up to the final flights of stairs, on to the leaded parapets. From the recess to which he presently led her the whole of the city westward was visible, enclosed in an arc of lights, with a glimpse beyond of the great plain rolling and falling to an indefinable horizon. The new city was tangled with the old; high buildings and straight-hewn streets cleaving their way through the jumble of ancient tenements, decayed mansions, half palaces, half hovels, the churches with their strangely shaped roofs and towers, the gimcrack lodging houses of Soviet erection. In the half light one seemed to be able to visualize the eternal struggle between modernity and antiquity, the utilitarian triumphing, magnificent in victory, here and there an old street or square left only partially destroyed, lending a touch of beauty to the stern and intruding materialism of brick and iron. Samara laid his hand upon Catherine's sleeve, his other arm outflung to where the canopy of lights ended.

"This has been my hardest task," he said, "and this has become the city I love. When they asked me to do what I could for Russia, there was scarcely a light to be seen from here, scarcely a sound building. The streets were full of holes and ruts, sewers were open; no man or woman could walk safely for a hundred yards in any direction. There was scarcely a shop doing business, prices were ridiculous, people died of starvation in the street. And today, see! Even this below is only the birth of a great city, but it grows hour by hour. The stores are full, prices are normal. Look at that blaze of light westward. Those are factories working overtime on American contracts."

"Russia will never forget what you have done for her," she answered him softly.

"History may remind her in the future," he answered. "Your passer-by in the streets below tonight has forgotten. Strange things are happening hour by hour. Marshal Phildivia, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Armies, received instructions to report here today. He failed to do so. They tell me that after receiving the mandate he flew instead to Odensk. Trotsk, my one really strong man, has asked tonight for permission to resign his position."

"I do not understand," she confessed. "Are you preparing to abdicate without even a fight?"

"A fight!" he repeated. "I have been fighting every minute of every day for the last three weeks. I shall fight to the end, but concerning one thing I have sworn an oath in Heaven, and no one shall make me perjure myself. Enough blood has been shed in Russia. What there is left is best preserved. I shall resist monarchy with the last breath of my body, but not a single Russian soldier shall lose his life for or against me."

"It is a wonderful decision," she murmured. "What about the First Army, then?"

"It is because of the First Army that Trotsky deserts me," he replied. "I will not have them mobilized. I will not have them fight against their fellows. While I live Russia shall not fight Russia."

"But surely you need a certain measure of defense," she protested.

FOR some reason unintelligible to either of them, they both relapsed into a curiously prolonged silence. Samara, a few feet back from the edge of the parapet, was leaning against a great block of masonry, his arms folded, his eyes fixed, first upon the dark pall of clouds which had suddenly risen up on the horizon, but later on Catherine, whose face was a little turned from him. She stood on the extreme edge of the parapet, the upper part of her figure outlined against the black chasm of sky and space, a curiously effective background. She was like a pastel in real life, something fine in line and exquisite in conception, but amazingly human. She looked into the empty places, but without the air of a visionary. There were human thoughts which throbbed in her brain; human passions which stirred in her veins.

Life, which since her departure from New York had moved so swiftly for her, seemed all the time to be piling up problems which even at that moment filled her mind—problems which she faced without a touch of neurotic disability but with a simplicity and breadth of vision essentially racial. Even her smooth and beautiful forehead was unruffled as she studied the issues which had risen up before her. Samara, watching more and more intently, was puzzled. He remembered ever afterward that in these hours of his fate the most strenuous effort of his mind was directed toward a wistful intense desire to read the thoughts of one who certainly might have been counted outside the cycle of his fate.

The breaking of the storm disturbed them. The whole of the black curtain of clouds seemed suddenly to open and disclose a background of fire. For a moment the light on her face appeared to him almost unearthly. Then she turned toward him with a very human little exclamation.

"Come along down," she cried. "The rain will be here in a moment."

The end of her words was lost in the crash of thunder which seemed to shake the building around them. She grasped his arm. He held her tightly and for a moment he did not move.

"An allegory," he whispered. "I came to look out upon the city because its splendor is mine. I made it, brought it into being. All this is nothing to the meeting of the clouds. Tomorrow the sun will shine down again on my work."

Suddenly he felt the cling of her arms, the touch of her body against his. A spell of forgetfulness swept him off his feet as his lips were pressed to hers. There was a moment of deep, intense silence, then the blaze of light again all around them. She broke away, with a perfectly human, unembarrassed laugh, though underneath was a curious new undertone.

"Another second," she warned him, "and all Moscow would have seen us. Perhaps they did, as it is. Come!"

She ran with flying footsteps across the leads, down the iron ladder and along the passage. He was breathless when he rejoined her in the great wainscoted library. The telephone bell on his desk was ringing without intermission. She pointed to it silently. He took off the receiver, listened for a time, spoke again and hung it up. Then he turned to Catherine.

"The Cabinet is holding a private session at Government Buildings," he explained. "They have heard that I am back from Odensk and they have done me the courtesy to desire my presence. I must go there at once. Except for Trotsky, Argoff assures me that they are perfectly sound."

"Have they to seek election?" she enquired.

"Only by the Duma," he answered. "They are in office until Parliament reassembles."

"Are you coming back here afterward?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"This must be good night," he told her. "I am addressing the officers at Odensk tomorrow morning and I shall fly back as soon as the storm is over. Before I go I want to ask you one question."

"Well."

"What were you thinking of tonight when the thunder crashed down upon us?"

She smiled reminiscently.

"Of you," she admitted. "I will tell you what I was thinking. I was remembering first of all a saying of Voltaire's that 'Every great man in the world at some time or another makes one huge mistake.' Do you know what yours is?"

"No."

"You have despised women. You have been too proud to share yourself, to live anywhere else except in the unalterable ego. You have classed women with flowers and wine and sunshine—a great mistake, Gabriel Samara."

"There are not many women like you," he said, after a moment's pause.

"That is part of your folly," she insisted. "A woman is what her own love makes her, or the love of the man she loves. You know what yours would have made of any woman whom you had taken into your life? It would have made her practical, farseeing. She would have supplied just that leaven of common sense, of human outlook, which would have kept your feet on the ground. You have kept your head turned to the skies just one hour too long. The woman would have pointed across the plain. You could have had this, Gabriel Samara, and the wine, and the sunshine, and the flowers."

He shook his head a little sadly.

"You may be right," he confessed, "but if you are, salvation would still have been impossible for me."

"I am too much of a woman to refuse the compliment," she murmured.

At the door he turned back. He pointed to the safe with its marvelous array of bars and cross bars.

"I have never asked you for an assurance before," he said, "but I ask you now—will you hold that secret for me for forty-eight hours?"

"I promise," she answered readily.

CATHERINE BORANS walked home alone through Moscow. In her ears was the din of a distant crowd—yet not so distant. In her heart were emotions she found it impossible to comprehend. In her mind was a confusion of memories, impressions, fears, desires. Once again, on that high roof, just as the flash of lightning had come, Gabriel Samara's arms had crushed her to him; once again he, the man who had shut women out of his life, had kissed her. And she—once again she, the betrothed of Nicholas Imanoff, destined, as she had always believed, to be Czarina of Russia, had yielded herself to the embrace of the man who stood between her cousin and his throne.

Mystery! So she put it. Samara—his whole hold upon her mind and heart. She had come back with him from New York. Her family and friends had believed that she would use her place as his secretary to spy upon him; she had never so much as thought of doing so. She had quarreled bitterly with Nicholas, just lately, because of her refusal to betray a secret of vast importance—that plan of Samara's to destroy at a signal all the ammunition of the Second Army, rife with monarchist sympathy, ready to proclaim Nicholas Czar and march, under him, on Moscow.

Throughout Russia monarchist sentiment ran high. Samara might have secured himself; he had the First Army. But he wouldn't use it; he would not allow a shot to be fired.

He staked all upon an election—and one almost certain to go against him.

One by one his supporters were falling away. Disgusted by his moderation, they were turning to Nicholas. The end was in sight—so Catherine felt. And her own course—had she any choice? All her life she had longed for the moment that was at last at hand.

Catherine on her homeward way that night, paused at the corner of the square astounded. Streets and pavement alike were closely packed with a surging crowd, many of them, as she saw at once, students from the universities, but the great majority of the working class. They waited very patiently, almost in silence, always gazing at the upper windows of her aunt's house. Even while she lingered there for a moment, the windows leading out to the balcony were opened and Nicholas, not for the first time, she gathered, made his appearance. With a little catch of the breath she noticed that he was wearing the old uniform of the Imperial Army. The people gathered realized it, too, and there was a low, hoarse murmur of restrained applause. Nicholas stood at the salute. The applause swelled and grew, but only one or two amongst the crowd were venturesome enough to dare the spoken word.

"Long live Nicholas Imanoff, Czar of Russia!" some one cried shrilly from the center of the throng.

The applause increased still further to a roar. Catherine turned to one of the great policemen who was standing placidly by her side.

"Is this allowed?" she enquired.

"All this is permitted, lady," was the respectful reply. "Save the anarchists, every one in the city has the right of free speech. An edict conforming this has just been issued from the Home Office, signed by Samara himself."

"Do you think I could get to my home?" she asked.

"Where is it that you wish to go?"

"To the house where Nicholas Imanoff is standing upon the balcony."

"You are a member of the household?"

"I am his cousin, Catherine Zygoft of Urulsk."

"In that case, gracious lady," the policeman assured her, "a way shall be made."

He held his baton above his head and shouted in strident Russian at the top of his voice.

"Way for the Princess Catherine Zygoft of Urulsk, who seeks to return to the house of the Grand Duchess. Give way for the gracious Princess! Give way, you loiterers."

The spirit of orderliness was in the crowd, perhaps because it was so seldom questioned. A lane was made for Catherine at once. People in the background stood on tiptoe to see her. From the heart of the assembly came the same shrill voice.

"Way for the Princess Catherine Zygoft of



She felt her hand grasped by Nicholas, and the volume of applause increased.

Urulsk, cousin of Nicholas Imanoff and future Czarina of Russia."

There was a moment's breathless pause. Liberty of speech was a new gift to Russia and something of the old dread lingered. In a few seconds, however, hesitation vanished. Catherine regained her roof, through an avenue of wildly applauding, hat-waving youths. She passed into the house without a sign. At the top of the stairs Nicholas met her, his face flushed.

"Come and stand by my side, Catherine," he invited. "The people demand it. It is our betrothal."

"Do not be absurd," she answered scornfully. "What are these but a few handfuls of sight-seers, out for any sensation they can get hold of. There are just as many yelling themselves hoarse at Samara's gates. One loses dignity in accepting such tribute."

The young man's eyes flashed in anger. •

"It is from small beginnings that the great things come," he cried. "These people have sought me out of their own will. You have not heard. We bring news from Odensk. There have been demonstrations at Petrograd. The country is with us."

"It will be quite time enough for us to accept the homage of the people," Catherine insisted, "when the elections have convinced us that it is the people's will that we should be restored to our proper places."

"You talk like Samara himself," he sneered. "Have you no Russian blood in your veins?"

"Catherine."

THE suddenness of the interruption startled her into momentary silence. Alexandrina had pushed her way past Nicholas and stood below him upon the stairs. She was like a woman transformed. The disabilities of her figure seemed to have vanished. It was the voice of a great lady who spoke.

"You have forgotten what is due to your cousin and to your destiny, Catherine," she said. "These are the first of the millions who will yet claim you. Do not hesitate for another moment. Let these people see you standing by Nicholas's side. All Russia will hear of it and know."

Catherine was torn with a terrible indetermination. Nicholas made room for her to pass and followed her as she slowly ascended the stairs. She was in a state of furious revolt,



"Smile at them and at me, Catherine. This is the beginning of better days."

but she had somehow the feeling that she was obeying an immutable law. They entered the salon, and moved toward the wide-flung window.

She took her place beside him on the balcony, and looked downward into the upturned faces. Once more hats were waved; a roar of voices seemed to come from an indefinite space. She felt her hand grasped by Nicholas, and the volume of applause increased. Her fingers were limp and passive and cold. She seemed to remember that earlier in the evening she had stood in a windier paradise and on a greater height.

"This is no small matter, Catherine," Nicholas exclaimed eagerly. "We bring wonderful news. People are flocking here and from all parts of the city. There are students there, too, the class we want. Smile at them and at me, Catherine. This is the beginning of the greater days."

Dinner that night at Alexandrina's flat was a disturbed and tumultuous meal. Nicholas was full of his personal triumphs at Odensk. Even though he had been compelled to appear there as a civilian, the common soldiers had broken all rules of discipline and saluted him.

The meetings which Kirdorff had arranged had been packed, the enthusiasm enormous. The excitement seemed somehow to have benefited Nicholas, to have raised a few moments his feet from the ground. He was vainglorious but confident.

"I have promised the people," he announced, "a government which shall give them as much liberty as the present one—liberty of speech and liberty of religion. I have promised them to alter nothing which is for their good. In return they will know that they are being governed not by a usurper, but by divine and moral right."

"You are becoming amazingly eloquent, dear cousin," Catherine murmured. "To tell you the truth," she went on, "your eagerness for my presence tonight astonished me. I had fancied, from our last parting, that I was written out of your scheme of things."

"That could not be," Nicholas replied solemnly. "It could not be in the first place because our alliance is the one thing necessary to make our position sure in the face of the Russian people. You and I represent all that is left of our great House."

"The union," Alexandrina declared, "has

been blessed in Heaven, and sanctioned by the Head of our Church. It is one of the great and happy features of the new day."

"As for our last parting," Nicholas concluded, "I remember very well my anger. That is finished, however. We ask no further service of you, Catherine. Tonight we start afresh."

Catherine looked at him reflectively. A vague sense of trouble was gathering in her mind. To cross-question him further at present, however, was impossible. They had finished dinner now and moved into the small salon, where all the time a little stream of callers presented themselves and, having paid their respects, passed on to make room for others. Nicholas accepted the homage paid him readily and with dignity. Catherine was gracious but non-committal.

"We move too fast," she insisted more than once. "Later, perhaps."

She sought her opportunity for speech with her cousin. Toward the end of the evening it came.

"Nicholas," she said, "I must ask you what you meant when you assured me that you would cease your attempts to persuade me to betray Samara's confidence? You know that I have in my keeping a secret. When you left the house that evening you were very angry because I refused to divulge it."

He smiled at her in condescending fashion.

"Put the matter behind you, my dear Catherine," he begged. "It is finished. The world itself is opening before us. All that we seek to learn we shall learn, and that without delay."

He moved away to greet some fresh arrivals. The cloud of uneasiness in Catherine's mind increased. She was seized with a very definite and persistent apprehension. As soon as it was possible, she slipped unnoticed from the room and made her way to her own apartment.

THERE were still people in the square when, at a few minutes after midnight, Catherine left the house by the back entrance and turned toward Government House. She had changed her gown for a plain walking costume of dark material, and she wore a small hat with a thick veil. There was something hard and comforting in her pocket and the thrill of adventure in her pulses. The back streets through which she passed were almost deserted, but in the broader thoroughfares the lights were still flaming and people were promenading in such numbers that the tread of their feet sounded like the march of a distant army.

Samara's boast, however, that the streets of Moscow were now as safe as the streets of New York and London was justified in her person that night. Except for a few good-humored greetings, she passed on her way unnoticed until she reached the side entrance to Government House. She entered by the postern

door, closed it behind her noiselessly and stood for a moment peering into the shadows of the courtyard. There was no one stirring, no sound of following footsteps from the street outside. Yet, for the first time, Catherine was unaccountably nervous. She moved forward reluctantly. She paused at every other step to listen.

There were two tall elm trees on her left through which the wind seemed to pass with a sort of shuddering sigh, sending pattering down upon her drops of rain from the recent storm. The house itself presented a great white blank, the blinds drawn and the shutters tightly fastened. She approached nearer and nearer to it, climbed the steps and stopped once more to listen. The silence was still unbroken, save for the dull reverberation of those ceaseless footsteps in the distance, the sharp honk of a motor horn on the boulevard, an occasional murmur of voices. She entered the house, shut the door behind her, groped her way for a few steps into the gulf of darkness and found the switch. The great hall was flooded at once with light—an instantaneous, though unaccountable relief to her.

She passed on and opened the door of the ante-room, itself furnished as a library at the further end of which lay the entrance to the room she sought. One light only was burning here from the ceiling, so inadequate an illumination of the lofty chamber that she could scarcely see across it. By degrees, as her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, she could dimly discern the great table round which the counselors had been used to sit, the plain wood panels reaching to the ceiling, with here and there fragments of the ancient tapestry, and—the most reassuring sight of all—at the end of the room, seated on guard before the closed door of his master's private apartment, Ivan. She recognized him with a throb of relief and moved at once toward him.

"Ivan!" she called.

He took no notice. He was bending a little forward, motionless, and apparently asleep.

"Ivan!" she called again.

Still he did not reply. She stretched out her hand and gripped him by the shoulder. Her fingers fell upon something hard, and as she leaned over him she saw the horror in his distorted face. Her lips parted. It was the effort of her life to keep back the shriek which rose to her lips. In Ivan's back was a dagger. There were some faint drops of blood upon his coat. His face was the face of a dead man and from underneath the chink of the door in front of her, she could distinguish a pale shaft of light.

The first shivering moments of panic were past and Catherine was comparatively calm, almost collected. In her right hand she held the small revolver which Samara had given

her on the steamer; with her left she turned the handle of the door and entered the room. She entered so softly that the man busied with the safe, his back turned toward her, proceeded with his task undisturbed. She drew a little nearer. Then surprise forced from her the exclamation which terror had failed to wring from her lips.

"Andrew!" she cried. "Andrew Kroupki!"

He turned round quite slowly, stiffly, as though it were against his will. The change in him was so startling that she almost wondered that she had recognized him. His face had grown lank and thinner than ever, his mouth seemed to have taken to itself the character of a wolf's, his sunken eyes seemed at once to have lost expression and yet had gained in brilliancy. With a little thrill of horror she saw the scar upon his cheek. He drew himself gradually upright.

"Catherine Borans," he muttered. "What do you want?"

"When did you come back from England?" she asked.

"I did not go to England," he answered. "Samara thought that I was there. He was wrong. I went to Odensk."

"Odensk!" she repeated incredulously.

"Yes. You haven't heard, then? But how should you? I swore them to secrecy. I have betrayed Samara. I am selling his secrets to your friends, the Royalists, selling them day by day. They tell me you have some foolish scruples. So they sent me here for the great one. Scruples! I have none, but I thank the Father of Russia that you came tonight."

"Why?"

He struck himself on the side of the head. He had the appearance of a madman.

"Because my mind is going," he groaned. "My memory is failing. I remembered the hiding place of the key. I remembered the adjustment of the bars—four panels to the left, three to the right, two back—I remembered it all as well as ever—the combination for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday—I know them by heart. Today is Friday, and I have forgotten. Here I stand, with those proclamations only a few inches off, the secret orders I have promised them within my grasp—and I have forgotten. It is well you came. Tell it to me quickly. The password for Friday. My head is hot with the emptiness of it. Quick!"

"To whom are those secret orders going when you have them?" she asked.

"To your friends, the enemies of Samara. Quick!"

She made no movement.

"What has Gabriel Samara done to you," she demanded, "that you should betray him like this?"

"Robbed me," he shouted fiercely. "Robbed me of you!"

"You poor fool," she scoffed. "Do you know who I am?"

"Catherine Borans," he answered. "The Chief brought you from New York. But they tell me that you are a Russian—a monarchist. Well, I am a monarchist, too. Damn Samara."

"They might have told you the truth," she said. "It really doesn't matter. I am the Princess Catherine Zygoff of Urulsk, betrothed, if I carry out my contract, to Nicholas of Russia, whom you say you serve."

He glared at her, speechless for several moments.

"Now I know that I am mad," he muttered at last. "A Princess of the Royal House. You were in the Weltmore Typewriting Agency."

"Quite true," she admitted. "So was Nicholas selling bonds on commission. Kirdorff was secretary to a foreigner's club. My aunt, the Grand Duchess, designed artificial flowers. It is none the less true that we are what we are."

He sank into Samara's chair. For a few moments he seemed to have forgotten his mission.

"Did Samara know?" he gasped.

"He knew at Monte Carlo," she answered. "General von Hartsen told him."

He sat at the table perfectly limp. Something in his attitude reminded her with a little thrill of renewed horror of the man outside.

"Now that you know who I am," she continued quietly, "you know that I have a right to speak on the matter of those papers. You and I are the only two whom Samara has trusted. Royalist though I am, I have no mind to betray him. Neither shall you. Close up the safe, Andrew Kroupki. Go home and ask your God to pardon you for the terrible thing you have done tonight, and the terrible purpose that was in your mind."

He stiffened slightly in his place. Something from which she shrank came into his expression.

"I have finished with Samara," he announced. "He is only a woman. He has not the courage to fight for the people. He is a coward."

"Samara is a great man and you are a liar," she answered.

The fury was back in his face.

"It is always true what I feared," he went on. "You love him. You can not deny it. In your heart—even though Nicholas takes you to his throne—you are Samara's woman."

"You are becoming a little absurd," she said quietly, struggling against what seemed to be a shortness of breath. "Do as I tell you. Leave this room and go home."

He rose from his chair, and began moving slowly round the table which separated them.

"No," he decided. "I shall not do that. I shall fulfil the purpose for which I came. Tell me the password for Friday, Catherine Borans."

"I shall never tell it to you," she retorted. He was clear of the table now, within a dozen yards of her.

"You shall tell me the password," he insisted, his voice rising, "and you shall do other things that I bid you. I have lost my soul since I bore the shame of a woman's blow. There is a little left in life and I will take it. First tell me the password."

Her hand came from the folds of her dress. The feeble light shone on the bright metal of the revolver she held out.

"I shall tell you nothing," she warned him. "And I will not have you a step nearer."

He laughed.

"Those who are sold to the devil," he cried, "have no fear of hell!"

She would have aimed at his mouth, but a chance word of advice of Samara's never to aim too high, came into her mind. She dropped her arm a few inches and fired. Within the four walls of the room the report seemed to her tremendous—almost deafening. He came on another couple of paces, undeterred. Her finger was on the trigger again, when he suddenly faltered and spun round. He clutched at the air, grasping as though for something to seize hold of and fell, a crumpled heap upon the floor.

Catherine stood for a moment, looking at him. She watched the slight color drain from his cheeks, saw the little hole just underneath his shoulder from which a dark spot of blood was oozing. She felt no pity for him, only a great and wonderful relief. If by any chance, she had missed! The thought was paralyzing in its horror. She retraced her steps for a minute to the door, and stood listening. The domestic part of the establishment was some distance away and no one apparently had been disturbed by the report of his revolver. Ivan was still there, terrible in his limp inertness. Again she retraced her steps, made her way to the front of the safe, laid her revolver down upon the table and commenced the task of securing the intricate fastenings.

Once she paused and listened. She fancied that there had been some movement in the room. There was nothing to be heard, however, except the muffled and distant sounds from the street. The safe itself was a miracle of ingenuity, the work of one of Russia's foremost engineers, and familiar though she was with its mechanism, it still absorbed her whole attention. Her task was approaching completion. There was only one more bar to coax into its place. Then the horror came again. She felt her heart almost cease to beat. There was a hot breath upon her cheek. She turned round fearfully, and this time she shrieked as one who looks into hell. It was Andrew's face, white and drawn with pain and passion—Andrew who had dragged himself to his feet and found strength of his madness.

"Nothing but a flesh wound," he muttered. "I'll have the password from you, then . . . The password first. Tell it to me."

She struck at him with all her force, and for a moment it seemed as though her blow had gone home, for he reeled upon his feet and his new-found strength appeared to have left him. With a fierce effort, however, he recovered himself. His fingers were upon her throat. His knees pinned her to the door of the safe.

"The password. The password—first."

She put forth all the strength of her young and supple limbs, and suddenly realized that it was hopeless. His fingers were like burning pincers, his arm like a band of iron. Already the room seemed to be going round, the light must have been extinguished. Then there was another sound—a roar at first, a whisper, a roar again. Where had she heard it before, she wondered with the last efforts of her ebbing consciousness? The steamer! Samara with the would-be assassin in his grasp. The body hurtling through the air. Then she opened her eyes and tried to smile. She was filled with an ineffable sense of relief. The arms which were holding her so firmly and yet so tenderly were Samara's.

THERE followed days during which Moscow scarcely knew itself; days of excitement and processions, rumors and counter-rumors, meetings in every public hall, at every street corner, telegrams and wireless messages in the plate-glass windows and in nearly every one of the great shops. Curiously enough all the time business went on almost as usual. The restaurants and cafés were packed with surging crowds, who thronged to the boulevards at night singing patriotic songs. Sometimes the crowds were thickest outside Government House, sometimes outside Alexandrina's modest abode. Everywhere people were asking themselves what it all meant. Was it a military rising of the Royalists?

If so, why was Nicholas Imanoff in civilian clothes, to be seen day by day on the balcony of his aunt's house, alighting at the aerodrome on hurried visits from Odensk driving in an automobile through the streets. Then Samara addressed two great meetings, one at the skating rink and another at the opera house, and on the following morning the city awoke to find a proclamation signed by him on every wall. At last they began to understand. It was theirs to make the choice, the restoration of the monarchy under Nicholas Imanoff, or the continuation of the Russian Republic under Samara and his great Council.

The people should decide, Samara promised with persistent passion. No portion of the army should be used even to defend the city against any possible military coup. No blow should be struck, no blood be shed. Samara's invocation

to the Russian people was posted everywhere:

"CHOOSE WHO SHALL GOVERN YOU."

As the days passed on Catherine became conscious of a sense of growing excitement in her aunt's disturbed household. Kirdorff, Orenburg and most of the younger men of the party were now absent. Finally Nicholas himself departed, as it seemed, permanently. The air was filled with rumors. It was the quiet before the storm. In two days the initial electioneering results would be proclaimed. Catherine, who for the first time in anybody's recollection, had been confined to her room with a bad throat, came down late one afternoon, with a red rose in her waistband, and a great bundle of papers under her arm.

She passed smiling about among the little groups of her aunt's visitors. She wore an unusual band of velvet around her neck, but seemed otherwise very much as usual. Only the immediate members of the household who had not retired on the night when she had been brought home by Samara's physician in his own car had any idea that she had been suffering from anything but an ordinary indisposition.

"So after all," she remarked, "this great Samara will keep his word. It seems too amazing to think of a change like this without a gun being fired or a blow struck."

An octogenarian baron, once the owner of vast estates in southern Russia and now a pensioner at Monaco, took snuff and grunted. "You forget, Princess," he reminded her, "there may be no change at all. Samara may prove to have been too clever for us. If I had been Kirdorff and the others, I would have let Samara talk of peace and then asked him to look down the barrels of a hundred thousand rifles from Odensk."

"The Baron is right," a woman from the other end of the room declared eagerly. "The whole of the army at Odensk is almost in a state of mutiny at the idea of demobilization. Nicholas has made no compact with Samara. He could march into Moscow at the head of a quarter of a million of soldiers in two days, and the victory would be won."

The Grand Duchess smiled.

"One never knows," she murmured.

BUT Nicholas had not the chance of marching into Moscow at the head of even a hundred thousand soldiers. He arrived, instead, very sulky and wet, about half past eleven that night soon after the last of the guests had departed. His anger blazed up at the sight of Catherine.

"It is you whom we have to thank for this failure," he exclaimed furiously. "You and that lunatic, Andrew Kroupki, who seems to have tumbled off the edge of the earth."

"What has happened?" his aunt asked. "All day long we have been listening for the rumbling of the trains and the sound of your guns."

"Guns!" he scoffed. "Samara's secret was simple enough. It has paralyzed the entire army. Yesterday the whole of the ammunition within five hundred miles of us was destroyed, and the men's bayonets seized. There is an army still, it is true, armed with walking sticks."

"Samara has at least been consistent," Catherine pointed out. "He fights harder to avoid bloodshed than for his own cause. Do you realize that if he chose to, he could bring the First Army into the city, fully equipped and armed?"

Nicholas sprawled in an easy-chair and drank brandy.

"How could he?" he asked cynically. "After his declaration of pacifism? We could show fight—not he."

"My opinion of you and your counselors is that you are a brainless lot," she retorted. "You have lost a magnificent opportunity of impressing Moscow and the whole world."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Simply this. You say that practically the whole of the Second Army is on your side."

"Except for a percentage of the officers, it is."

"You have your hundred trains waiting and your commissariat," she continued. "Why don't you bring your soldiers up unarmed? You can issue a proclamation and say that agreeing with Samara in his great desire that not a single life should be lost, you are content to show by peaceful illustration the will of the Army."

Nicholas looked across at her for a moment blankly, and afterward in almost fervent admiration. Then he rose to his feet.

"I'm going to the telephone," he declared. "You are a genius, Catherine."

Catherine herself waited until the small hours of the morning. Then she stole downstairs to the room on the ground floor where the telephone was, and asked for that secret number which only she and a few others knew. Almost immediately Samara answered her.

"You should be in bed," she told him severely.

"One does not sleep these days," he answered. "You are better?"

"Absolutely well," she assured him. "What about Andrew?" she added, after a moment's hesitation.

"He died in the hospital this morning," was the cool reply. "I only wish that he had died in New York twelve months ago."

"I have news for you," Catherine confided.

"Well?"

"The Second Army is going to march on Moscow just the same, but as pacifists. It is coming to protest against being demobilized

and to shout itself hoarse for Nicholas. My idea entirely."

"A very excellent one," Samara admitted after a moment's pause. "But I'll counteract it. Some busybody has mobilized the First Army against my orders. I'll disarm them and bring them in."

"I gather that Moscow will be becoming lively during the next few days," she remarked. "How do you think things are going?"

"In the direction of change," he answered a little sadly. "It is always like that. The pendulum of political impulses will never cease to swing. Are you to be crowned in Moscow?"

"It has been suggested," she assented. "Shall I send you a card?"

"I shall escape from your magnificence," he declared. "There is that little villa down in the south of France which I showed you on our way back from America. I fixed upon it then as my ultimate retreat. I scarcely thought, though, that it would be so soon."

"Nothing is settled yet," she reminded him. "You may win at the polls. If you do, there is only one way to avoid trouble in the future. Send Nicholas back to New York to sell bonds and my aunt with him to make her artificial flowers."

"And you?"

"Back to the Weltmore Typewriting Agency. I am sure they'd take me. It was such a good advertisement for them when I left New York with you."

"Are you by any chance being flippant?" he asked dryly.

"No. I'm just sleepy," she confided. "Good night."

Two days later a new sensation presented itself to the already distracted inhabitants of Moscow. Soon after dawn, from every railway terminus and even along some of the main thoroughfares outside, columns of soldiers in blue-gray uniforms came creeping into the city. By noon it was estimated that there were nearly a hundred thousand from the Second Army alone encamped in the streets and squares. To add to the bewilderment of the people, from northward came a steady stream of soldiers from the First Army, also unarmed. The streets were hung with a proclamation.

"A PORTION OF THE SECOND ARMY WILL ARRIVE IN MOSCOW TODAY TO PROTEST AGAINST DEMOBILIZATION. ANXIOUS IN EVERY WAY TO SHOW MY ACCORD WITH THE DESIRE OF YOUR PRESIDENT TO AVOID BLOODSHED THE TROOPS AT MY ADVICE WILL COME UNARMED.

(Signed) NICHOLAS."

SAMARA showed his first anger when a copy of this proclamation was brought to him. He tore it promptly in two and flung the pieces across the table.

"It is untrue," he told the little conclave of ministers who were with him in almost hourly consultation. "If a woman had not been faithful, Nicholas would have made a shambles of the city. As it is, under whose orders do these troops march? Where is General Denkers?"

It was the Cabinet meeting, but there were many vacancies down the long table. Argoff leaned forward in his place.

"The General telephoned a half hour ago to say that he would call at Government House on his way into the city," he announced.

"If he is here, admit him," Samara directed shortly.

Argoff left the Council Chamber and returned a few minutes later ushering in the Commander-in-Chief of the Second Army, General Denkers. The latter saluted gravely and stood with his hands resting lightly on the back of the chair to which Samara pointed.

"By whose orders, General, have you brought these troops to Moscow?" he, Samara, demanded.

"I have to report, sir," was the momentous reply, "that in common with a large majority of the officers under my command, I, two nights ago, took the oath of allegiance to Nicholas Imanoff, future Czar of Russia."

"Are you not anticipating a little, General?" Samara inquired imperturbably. "It is true that I have issued a proclamation that the constitution of this country shall be according to the desire of the people. The people as yet have not spoken."

"Sir," the General answered, "the Army has spoken."

Samara smiled with faint sarcasm.

"And, but for an unexpected shortage of ammunition," he remarked, "I imagine that the Army would have spoken in a different tongue. It is perhaps fortunate that my agents advised me of your probable attitude."

The General remained silent. He had been a soldier of Samara's own choosing, a fine disciplinarian, a strong, conscientious man. It was very certain that if he had declared for the Czar, it was because he had believed in Czardom.

"Supposing I order the First Army to march upon the city?" Samara suggested. "They are perfectly armed, and loyal to the Republic."

"Such a step would be contrary to your own proclamation, sir," General Denkers rejoined quickly. "You have announced your earnest desire to have the future of this country decided upon without the shedding of blood."

"I wonder," Samara asked, looking at him steadily, "whether you would have respected my appeal if the bombs had been there for your aeroplanes, the cartridges for your rifles and the ammunition for your heavy artillery?"

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Cleveland's Popular Traffic Cop



Officer Benjamin Bill's job is enforcing the law good naturedly in the city's heaviest traffic.

POLICEMAN Number 530, known in private life as Benjamin Bill, wasn't always popular. He was so "crabby on the job" that all the motorists in Cleveland hated him worse than watered gasoline. In any unpopularity contest he could have rolled up a tremendous plurality on all the rest of the traffic force. At his station on the corner of Carnegie Avenue and 105th Street east and west bound motor traffic and a crosstown car line made the problem of keeping folks in line no easy one to solve. During the rush hour in the afternoon east-bound traffic is packed in solid formation with cars three lines deep, while west-bound vehicles squeeze by at the north side of the curb in a single precarious line. When the inner soul of the tired business man hears the

alluring call of a comfortable home, a piping-hot dinner and relaxation after the cares of the day, he rushes to answer it with all the power of a willing motor.

To hold him back in a line that chugs along at a snail's pace is no easy job. One may use diplomacy, the Golden Rule—or a club. Bill used the club. Pelted by snow or rain, cut by the lake gales, or boiling under the summer sun, he stood on his corner and barked at a belligerent world. Sometimes he was "bumped" when he was standing right under the light. After one nasty wallop, a driver admitted in his rage that he'd tried to "get" the cop who had "pinched" him. There was a nice friendly feeling all around! That was some time ago.

Just before last Christmas an astonishing sight met the eyes of passers-by at the corner of Carnegie Avenue and 105th Street. From the "Go, Go" and "Stop, Stop" signs on the rotating traffic signal dangled neat little packages, cheerful with red ribbon and holly. Piled up around its base was a clutter of bundles of all shapes and sizes. They were wrapped in everything from pink tissue to butcher's paper, but they all bore Yuletide seals and the admonition "Do not open 'till Christmas." And still the roaring motors slowed up at Bill's corner long enough to drop off another package they had toted out from town to pile on the toppling heap. It was all for Policeman 530, ex-"yellow dog" of the force.

What had happened? Well, Officer Bill had had a radical change of heart some time before. Here he was the most-hated man in Cleveland so far as he could make out. He quarreled with everybody and they quarreled with him. He knew what it was like to be "sent to the woods." The police authorities were trying to eliminate a notorious trouble-maker. But he was efficient and hard working and they needed one of their best men on that vital corner. So back he would go.

Then it was "Hey, you, where do you think you're going? Didn't you see my hand?" Black looks on both sides and a venomous wobbling front tire that seemed to thirst for Bill's gore. Then he'd assert his "officer of the law" prerogative and "lock 'em up."

"The officer at the precinct would talk to them, and let them go, and they'd thank the officer for calling their attention to the law, tell him he was a good fellow and a gentleman, give me a dirty 'I'll-get-even-with-you' look and go on their way," says Officer Bill. "Then my superior would say, 'What'd you bring that fellow in for? He's a good fellow. He didn't mean to do wrong.'"

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The Sapphire Queen

IT WAS chance or pure luck that made Florence T. Kaye a jewel merchant. Indeed she just "fell into" the job and no one could be more surprised than she at the result. But it was the ability to size up a situation instantly and seize an opportunity in the twinkling of an eye that resulted in her cornering the world market in star sapphires. Until recently, Miss Kaye's interest in sapphires of any variety was largely casual. Before she became a collector of rare and precious stones she was an incurable globe trotter. She had circled the world twice and made three European tours before she capitalized her knowledge of rich mines in the Orient. Today by mail and telegraph jewel lovers everywhere are sending in queries about her beautiful stones.

Several years ago an ocean liner was sailing for Europe. At the pier Miss Kaye, starting on her second trip around the world, was saying good-by to a small nephew.

"Please, I want a star sapphire from India," he begged as the gang-plank was raised. "I want a beauty, too."

The star sapphire is not a common stone. The color is a deep blue of unusual luster. In the center is an immovable, six-pointed star of white. It glints and gleams as the light catches it. These sapphires can not be imitated because it is impossible to duplicate the star. Their value, like that of diamonds, varies according to weight, color and quality. Single stones may be worth several thousand dollars. Most of them are mined in the Far East. An ancient legend relates that a star, falling in love with a mortal, was imprisoned in the gem and never permitted to return to the heavens.

With her nephew's commission in mind Miss Kaye visited jewel mines in the most remote parts of the Orient. And in Ceylon she came upon a vast, hidden treasure of star sapphires. An old man guarded the entrance. But Miss Kaye had some knowledge of the Tamil language of the Cingalese and his attitude soon became friendly, for that happened to be his native tongue. Eventually he consented to take her into the mine.

Just what guided her to this particular mine or how she obtained the large consignment of star sapphires which she brought back to America are trade secrets which Miss Kaye will not divulge. But a short time after her return the president of a large jewelry concern in the Middle West wished to place an order for star sapphires. Investigation revealed the astonishing fact that a woman had practically cornered the entire market. That woman was Miss Kaye.

That was the real beginning of her career as a jewel merchant. Since then she has worked



Beginning as a globe trotter, Florence T. Kaye capitalized her knowledge of rich Oriental mines.

hard at her job. It has led her into many hazardous adventures in search of rare jewels. She seldom hesitates at the most dangerous risks, even when she finds herself alone among cannibals.

When she visited the Philippines recently, Miss Kaye explored the country of the man-eating head-hunters of Bagio. She traveled for miles among them unaccompanied. Giant warriors passed her with spears over their shoulders. Native belles smiled shyly as they passed. And the experience was as uneventful as if she had been bus-riding on New York's Riverside Drive.

On another trip she was the only woman on a train making a sleeper jump from Tokio to Osaka. At the start she felt a bit nervous, she admits, when she found that two Japanese men of none too prepossessing appearance were the sole passengers besides herself. Pullmans are just being introduced in Japan. The service is not yet equal to that of the Twentieth Century Limited. At the second stop several pretty geisha girls boarded the train. It was a relief to hear them laughing and talking. But they stopped at a near-by station near nightfall. And so Miss Kaye finished her trip as the only woman passenger.

She has explored the gold mines of Arizona and many others in India and countries of the Orient. Next fall she is planning a trip to the emerald mines of Colombia and the

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A Live Wire at Eighty-Four

THE magic Fountain of Youth sought so vainly by Ponce de León has been found in Missouri by a newspaper reporter. The achiever of this "scoop" is a woman eighty-four years old, Mrs. J. M. Patterson of Marshall, Missouri. Since 1879 she has been a swift, capable news-gatherer on the staff of the town's daily paper, the *Democrat-News*. As any one in Marshall will tell you, she is still a vital influence in local affairs. The story of how she found the secret of eternal youth in the human heart is a trumpet call to people who have let the march of events shove them aside and who sit with folded hands waiting for release. In fact, all her career has been a triumphant answer to people who let life lick them.

Usually, long before the time a woman has reached her eightieth year, she has folded her hands and resigned herself to a quiet secluded corner on a quiet secluded shelf. She has only memories for company. She is supposed to be practically done with life, its antics and its queer human beings, and to have nothing left to live for. With nothing else to do, with nothing else to occupy her mind, she is likely to magnify and complain about all her little aches and pains, grow crotchety through inaction, and so garrulous about the good old days gone forever that she can't see any good in anything that is happening now, no matter how exciting or interesting it may be.

There is one woman at least who has proved that all this is not always necessary and most of it a waste of good time, and she has proven it most triumphantly. At eighty-four she is the living epitome of the never-say-die spirit. Her age and the fact that most copy is written by typewriter nowadays doesn't bother her in the least. She sends in her three batches of live news a day, written in a clear, legible hand, with never-failing regularity, and her interest in present-day people and their problems is keener than that of many women at forty.

Until several years ago Mrs. Patterson made her regular "runs" over the city—runs that any regular newspaper reporter makes, rain or shine. When she finally had to give that up, did she subside promptly, admit she was old, and say her day was done? Not in a thousand years! She simply took over the society and death news of the town for her paper and, by telephone, continued her work as usual from her home. She has become such an institution by now, and made herself so necessary, that it would be difficult to do without her. People have been carefully trained to save the choicest bits of news for her and will not give their items to any one else on the paper.



Straight of back, keen-eyed and vigorous, Mrs. J. M. Patterson finds that keeping busy and interested is the prescription for youth

Another thing Mrs. Patterson seems to prove is that keeping busy and interested is one of the best beauty doctors a woman can patronize. She does not look her age by any means. She is straight of back, keen-eyed, vigorous. Her hair is not yet entirely gray and the lines in her face are not nearly so numerous as the lines in the faces of much younger women who sit around worrying about their age and how to stave it off. Her handshake is firm and spontaneous and she greets you with the lively interest of the born news-gatherer. She has the rare quality every good reporter should have, that of being so engrossed in what you have to say that before you know it you have told her all she wants to know about you and your trials, while she has told you practically nothing about herself.

Although she can see a story in almost everything else about her, Mrs. Patterson is modestly diffident about her own achievements and doesn't think she is remarkable or that she has done anything but the sensible and natural thing. One must go to the *Democrat-News* office to really find out things about her. There one will learn what a truly remarkable woman she is.

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A Pioneer Frog Merchant

OVER twenty-five years ago there was a young news agent on the Wisconsin Central Railroad, now part of the Soo line, who became convinced that the lowly, lively frog, familiar to fishermen as bait and to many as a rare and appetizing food, could be marketed in huge quantities at a handsome profit.

The man who capitalized on that idea was Emil R. Neuenfeldt of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and from a small beginning grew a business in the last quarter century that has earned for him the name of "king of the frog farmers." Beside his actual achievements the elaborate imaginings of Owen Wister's "Virginian" pale into insignificance. Today he is one of the largest, if not the largest, dealers in frogs and frogs' legs in the United States, with a "frog farm" at Oshkosh and a receiving, packing and shipping depot at Chicago that is operated on an extensive scale.

Buying frogs and selling them at first was a side line with Neuenfeldt. Then it got to be such a big business enterprise that he had to devote his entire summers to it, depending on the railroad news agency for his winter occupation. Finally he found a way to make the frog market pay him all the year around so well that the former news butcher became a full-fledged merchant in a field that in those years had little competition and wide opportunities.

How Neuenfeldt became interested in turning one kind of "greenbacks" into another sort is not a long story, but it is worth noting. In his daily effort to get passengers on board trains to buy of his wares, the "newsy" often encountered anglers bound for the lake and river regions of Wisconsin where fish abound. He often heard them say, "I wish I had some small live frogs for bait, then, you bet, I'd land the prize fish." And they would inquire of him as to where they might exchange a piece of silver for a few "hoppers."

Neuenfeldt was ambitious to make more money and the thought came to him that if the fishermen were so eager for frogs for bait and willing to pay well for them, why not keep a supply on hand and sell them to the Izaak Waltons whom he met? And that was the way he started his frog farm, which was one of the very first of its kind in the country.

As he traveled about on the trains he bought live frogs at various places along the line and carried them home to Oshkosh, keeping a supply on hand as a side-line for anglers. His market grew and by advertising in mediums calculated to reach those who might be interested in frogs for bait he began to see a real future ahead.

At first he was troubled because many of his frogs were so large that fishermen would not



Selling frogs—little ones for bait and big ones for the table—is Emil Neuenfeldt's unique business.

buy them for bait, insisting on the little ones. But that problem only opened another pathway for him. If he could not sell big frogs to devotees of the hook and line, he could dispose of them to hotels and restaurants whose patrons demanded the delicacy of frogs' legs.

So he began sorting and grading the frogs he bought and pretty soon he was filling two wants that spelled success for his venture. At the start the Oshkosh man had no special equipment for handling frogs and he admits he knew but little about their habits or the requirements for keeping them alive and healthy. He made a sort of pond in the yard at his home on the south side of the city and around this he built a high board fence.

As the business developed Neuenfeldt made a study of frogs from all angles and gave attention to improved methods of caring for them. In consequence of this study and through costly experiment and experience, he is now one of the best-posted men of the day on frogs.

From a little pond within a rough fence the Neuenfeldt frog farm changed and expanded until it had no semblance to the first crude plant. The pond gave way to huge tanks of concrete and alongside of these was built a large building, housing more tanks and providing space for receiving frogs and for killing and skinning those that were to serve as food. An intricate system of pipes was installed to provide fresh water from the city mains to the tanks. Steps were taken also to build high

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Everybody's Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

Young But Chivalrous

Willie was five years old and went to church every Sunday with some other small boys, each one having a penny. But one Sunday he went to church with his mother and when the collection was being taken up, he asked:

"Ma, have you got a penny?"

"No," said his mother.

"Then take mine. I'll get under the seat."

Slight Misunderstanding

Albert and Percy, having dined too well at their London club, were on their way home in Percy's little sporty two-seater. After several narrow escapes from collisions said Albert to Percy, "I shay, ole fella', do drive more carefully." To which Percy replied in an astonished tone, "What, me? Dash it, old sport, I thought you were driving!"

He Certainly Did

A man in the rural districts, notorious for his slovenly dress, after coming to town and imbibing a quantity of "white mule," decided to buy himself a suit of clothes and thus surprise his wife. He bought the suit, threw it in the back of his buggy and started home.

On the road to his farm he came to a very swift stream. Stopping his vehicle in the middle of it and divesting himself of all his old soiled garments he threw them into the stream and watched them float away. Then he reached into the back of the buggy for his new suit. Some one had stolen it. He regarded his bare form with dismay. His new suit was gone and his old clothes were beyond recovery. He was without a stitch of clothing.

"Oh, well," he said philosophically, gathering up the reins and continuing homeward, "I'll surprise my wife anyway."

The Dentist's Dilemma

A youth seated himself in a dentist's chair. He wore a wonderful shirt of striped silk and an even more wonderful checked suit. His shoes were a loud tan and he wore a bright red tie. He had the vacant stare that goes with these.

"I'm afraid to give him gas," the dentist said to his assistant.

"Why?" asked the assistant who was attending them.

"Well," said the dentist, "how will I know when he is unconscious?"

A Biblical Parabola

A colored man once appeared before the ordination board of a certain church and requested that he be ordained minister in that particular denomination.

He appeared very ignorant, so the ministerial board asked if he had studied the Bible.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I'se studied it a lot."

"What is your favorite part?" was the next question.

"Parables is my favorite, suh."

"Would you mind repeating your favorite parable for us?"

The old darky drew a long breath and started in:

"Once when de Queen o' Sheba was gwine down to Jerusalem, she fell among thieves. First dey done pass her by on de othah side, den dey come ovah an' say, 'Tho' down Jezebel,' but she wouldn't tho' her down. Again dey come ovah an' say, 'Tho' down Jezebel,' and dey still wouldn't tho' her down. Den dey come ovah an' say, 'For de third an' las' time, I say unto you, Tho' down Jezebel, 'an' dey thowed her down, an' de remains was 'leven baskets full, An' I say unto you, 'Whose wife was she in de resurrection?'"

Only a Day Laborer

Once a city man out of work had "hired out" to a farmer. At four o'clock in the morning the newly employed hired man was called to breakfast. A few minutes later the old farmer was astonished to see the man walking off down the road.

"Say! Come back and eat breakfast 'fore you go to work!" he yelled.

"I ain't goin' to work," the man called back. "I'm going to find a place where I can stay all night."

George Was Right

Farmer Giles, canvassing for members for a raffle, asked one of his neighbors to enter.

"George," he said, "be you a-goin' in for my raffle?"

"How much?" asked George.

"Two dollars," was the reply.

"Put me down," answered George. "I'll pay ye tomorrow."

Next day the two met again.

"Well," said George, "who won the prize?"

"I won the first prize," said the farmer. "Wasn't I lucky?"

"Who won the second?"

"My wife won the second; wasn't she lucky?"

"And who won the third?" queried George patiently.

"My darter; wasn't she lucky? By the way you haven't paid your two dollars yet."

"No," said George. "Wasn't I lucky?"

Couldn't Fool Charlie

Up in the Ozarks there was a hill billy who had a family of twenty-one boys. He and his wife drove to town once a year for supplies, but the rest of the family had never seen a sidewalk. The oldest boy, who was twenty-four years old, had never had a haircut or shave in his life and never looked in a mirror.

On the annual trip to town the old man picked up a looking-glass at the store and stuck it inside a crate, with the remark, "Maw, it's time the young-uns seen theirselves." Back home the boys rushed out to the wagon, looking for candy and peanuts. There was a burst of guffaws from the oldest boy who was staring in the crate at the looking-glass.

"Charlie, what you-all laffin' at," demanded one of the other boys.

"Nawthun," said Charlie, still cackling.

"Charlie, what ails you?" demanded his mother.

"'Tain't nawthin, Maw," drawled Charlie.

"Charlie, if you don't tell me, I'm a-goin' to whup ye," she snapped.

"Aw, well, Maw," said he, "I'll tell ye. Paw's bought a wolf."

Sane to the Last

"Well," said the dying business man, "you better put in a clause about my employees. To each man who has worked for me twenty years I give and bequeath \$50,000."

"But," said the lawyer, "you haven't been in business twenty years."

"I know it, man, but it's good advertising."

One Consolation

Picture post-cards of a Kansas City hotel carry this message:

"This hotel fully equipped with automatic sprinklers. Statistics show loss of life has never occurred in a sprinkled building. In case of fire you may get wet, but not burned."

To one traveler this brought some thought and he wrote thereunder the following prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep. Statistics guard my slumber deep. If I should die I'm not concerned, I may get wet but won't get burned."

Quick Work

He had been dining too well, and hailing a taxi he crawled in after giving the driver his destination.

It so happened that the opposite door had been left unlatched, and stumbling against it, the inebriated one fell outside again. He picked himself up with difficulty and accosted the driver.

"That's pretty quick work," he said. "How mush do I owe you?"

Lines of Least Resistance

In the middle of the white-light district of New York where Broadway runs into Times Square a deeply inebriated gentleman staggered frantically about peering earnestly at the sidewalk. Crowds passed and repassed but he bumped around unheeding.

"Move on there, you're blocking traffic." It was a policeman at his elbow. The swaying drunk turned on the cop a perplexed frown. "'Salright," said he. "I'm lookin' f' sumpin'."

"Watcha lookinfa," growled the officer.

"Lookinfa m' watch," confided the man hoarsely.

"Wheredja lose it?" asked the other.

"Madison Square," answered the drunk. The officer exploded.

"Well, for the luva Mike!" he roared, grabbing the man by the shoulder. "Losta watcha mile away! Whatcha lookin' herefa?"

"Whattama lookin' herefa?" returned the drunk in an aggrieved tone, "I'll tellya why. Ver' goo' reason, orfcer." Then, triumphantly, "So mush lighter here."

We Must March

[Continued from page 67]

Doctor. When does the Spanish brigade start for California?"

"Tomorrow at dawn. We have a pack train of two hundred horses this time. William Rae is in charge. Here's a neat problem for you, sir! If it costs us fifty thousand pounds to keep the Americans out of Oregon, won't it cost a million to keep them out of California?"

"'Twould be worth it," replied Simpson. "I'll start with Rae in the morning, Doctor. I want a look at the San Francisco situation. I'll be back by boat and will then attend to business here."

"But how about the missions? I cannot hope to prevent Whitman and Spalding from beginning to build."

"Do you think Pambrun big enough to handle them?" asked the governor.

"I do, indeed."

Governor Simpson, with that charming smile which no one could resist, suddenly held out his hand to the chief factor. "McLoughlin, I've been mistaken in my judgment of you. You've been handling the situation better than I could have. All my attempts on the Whitmans have bungled."

McLoughlin shook the extended hand heartily. "Thank you, Governor! You are generous. But I'll be equally frank and say that I can't handle the California matter. That you must do and can do."

Simpson nodded. "I'll be on my way before you are well awake. I shall leave letters that must be pushed eastward, you know—all speed. And, McLoughlin, nothing must interfere with your program for the missionaries. Madam Whitman is the pivot on which they all turn."

"She shall be here when you return, Governor," said the doctor, with a sudden broad grin.

Governor Simpson gave the chief factor a haughty look. "I'll be obliged to you, sir, if you'll have my secretary sent to me," he said.

But McLoughlin was still grinning as he rang the bell for Burris.

SO IT was that the missionary party heard the bagpipes the next morning when they rose. But they did not so much as catch a glimpse of the governor.

That day, after an extended conversation, it was agreed that the three men of the mission party would return at once to Pierre Pambrun to locate and start building the missions, while the women remained at Fort Vancouver. Narcissa felt uneasy about the decision, yet there was no sane argument to be brought against it. She and Eliza would only handicap the men by

being with them during the exploration and building period. It was possible for her, by tutoring Eloise McLoughlin and organizing singing classes, to save sufficient to buy many things for the mission which their meager mission funds would not supply. McLoughlin had agreed, too, to sell the missionaries certain necessary tools. She thought it rather extraordinary that Governor Simpson should have come and gone without a word to her. After all, he had declared a friendship for her in which, though he must be hostile to her interests, she had complete faith. Pondering on this she suddenly felt terribly alone in an alien land.

Pambrun was eager to return to his fort, where Thomas McKay was keeping house for him, so on the morning after the conference, the boats, loaded with freight and bearing the three men of the mission beside the factor and his voyageurs, pushed out into the Columbia. It happened, not long before the launching, that Narcissa was alone with Henry Spalding for the only time in many weeks.

Eliza was not able to go down to the shore to see the men off, so Narcissa went alone, arriving there before Marcus had finished his purchases at the blacksmith shops. Henry was standing beside his own supplies, bought the night before. Narcissa leaned against a bulkhead and stared at the huge stockade.

"Henry," she asked, "how do you think our little adobe missions will compare as fortifications with this great affair?"

"We need no fortifications like this," declared Henry. "The Lord is our fortress."

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Narcissa, "be practical! After years of experience the Hudson's Bay Company has found this sort of thing absolutely necessary."

"You are afraid, I observe!" sneered Henry.

"Yes, I'm afraid," returned Narcissa quietly. Then she turned from the fort to a calm scrutiny of the preacher.

After a moment's contemplation, Narcissa said: "Henry, don't you think it's time you forgave me for refusing to marry you?"

The resentment in the brown eyes deepened to anger. "Forgive? I'm glad you didn't marry me!"

Narcissa shook her head. "You are consistently hateful, Henry. And it's not as if I ever gave you hope. I refused you nearly a year before Dr. Whitman came to Angelica."

"I wouldn't have cared," Spalding burst forth furiously, "if you'd preferred that Harvard professor to me, the one that courted you last summer. At least I'd have lost to an

equal. But a fellow like Marcus Whitman—"

Narcissa's cheeks turned a deep crimson. "Henry, you're not fit to black the doctor's boots! His physician's training may not have made him as learned as you think you are and he loves a rough story and mixing with all manner of men better than you do. "But Henry, take heed of this fact: for breadth of vision, for indefatigable energy and for usefulness to his country, he's as much your superior as you are superior to an Indian."

Spalding looked for a moment as if he would strike her, then a look of misery pierced his anger. "Oh, Narcissa, why did you marry Marcus in your despair, and force me to marry a farmer's daughter I'd known only three weeks?"

"You persist in ignoring one thing, Henry," said Narcissa coldly, "and that is that there never was the remotest chance of my marrying you. I never have injured you, except inadvertently," her voice softening at the look of pain in the man's eyes, "so I can't ask you to forgive me. But I do ask you to forget your unhappiness in the ministrations of the really splendid woman who is your wife."

She made a gesture of impatience and turned with a feeling of relief to meet Marcus. He dropped his many parcels and, taking her hands, drew her out of earshot of the others.

"Narcissa, I leave you with a heavy heart that's not all due to parting. Dear wife, say something to me that I can cherish through the weeks we shall be separated."

"Say to yourself," said Narcissa slowly, "that every moment I am longing to be with you."

"Truly, are you, Narcissa?"

Narcissa looked steadily into his pleading eyes. "You are a wonderful companion, Marcus! I am never so happy as when I am with you. Oh, my dear! My dear! Don't look at me so! All that I have, all that I am, belongs to you!"

"I know!" said Marcus huskily. He kissed her lingeringly and was gone.

Six weeks to a day after Governor Simpson's departure a small sailing vessel dropped anchor off the fort and the governor was rowed ashore. Narcissa, at the time of his arrival, was sitting alone in the grape arbor at the foot of the garden. When she heard the seven guns she flushed, conscious of both excitement and a sinking of the heart. Suddenly, very fiercely, she told herself that she did not want to see Governor Simpson again.

She remained in the arbor reading a volume of Scott's *Life of Napoleon* which Dr. McLoughlin had urged upon her. Even at dusk, she did not close the book until a quiet voice roused her.

"You are absorbed, indeed, Madam Whitman!"

Narcissa looked up into Governor Simpson's face.

She rose and, with the book clasped to her bosom, bowed to him. "Did you wish to use the arbor, sir?" she asked.

"Yes, for a consultation with you," replied Simpson. "There still is afterglow, and a silly moon is rising. We shall not be unlighted and I see you have your shawl for warmth."

"You have looked to every contingency, sir. Will you not be seated?" Narcissa, with a scarcely audible sigh, sank back to the bench.

"Thank you!" Simpson gravely pulled his cloak about him and seated himself where he could watch Narcissa's face. "What is the story that made you oblivious to life?"

"Oblivious to life, yes, but thrillingly conscious of a great one," replied Narcissa. "It's Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*. The doctor is quite rabid about the Corsican. I'd not be at all surprised, sometime, if the doctor should attempt a march on Sitka with his thousand half-breeds, imagining himself undertaking the march on Moscow."

"I hope the result would not be as disastrous as the historical event!" exclaimed Simpson.

"It probably would be," returned Narcissa cheerfully. "The doctor is too uneven tempered to be a military man."

The governor chuckled. "You've not been idle, I perceive."

"There is one thing he claims to have absorbed from Napoleon that I think makes for stability here," Narcissa went on. "'Be master!' he quotes constantly. And certainly the natives tremble at his frown."

"'Tis true," agreed Simpson, "he's a remarkable man in the right place. And this, undoubtedly, is the right place for him."

"And he is master of white men as well as the savages," Narcissa watched the stern face opposite hers. "The caste system here is as clean cut and iron bound as though Fort Vancouver were in the British Empire."

"It is in the British Empire," returned the Governor coolly. "Every fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company has that honor."

"More and more you persuade me, sir," said Narcissa, her blue eyes twinkling, "that it is essential that Oregon and California Alta belong to the United States."

Governor Simpson laughed. "Take them if you can, my dear Madam Whitman! But don't forget the victory is to the strong, not to the virtuous, per se."

"You are thinking of my husband," said Narcissa quickly; "of his faith in the teaching of Christ as a philosophy to live by."

"As a philosophy to acquire empire by," corrected the governor. "Don't delude yourself with phrases, madam. You and your husband are as avid to push your flag westward as I am mine. You are fonder of hypocritical phrases than I am, though!"

Narcissa drew a long startled breath.

wonder if you are right," she murmured. "It will be a terrible thing for Marcus and me to fail if you are right."

"Indeed, you will discover after the truce is over that I am right," Simpson nodded, his eyes half whimsical, half defiant.

"So this is a truce!" repeated Narcissa. "What happens next?"

"That depends on you," replied the governor promptly, staring frankly at Narcissa. Then he rose and stood before her, a splendidly impressive figure of dignity and power. "You have been kind to me, madam," he said, and he lifted her hand to his lips, laid it gently back upon her knee and was gone.

NARCISSA did not stir for a long time. The gloaming deepened. Some one in Bachelors' Hall tuned a violin. A baby cried faintly. Crickets chirped. Stars marched into vision. Finally Narcissa clasped her hands before her heart and raised her face to the sky.

"Dear God," she whispered, "You know that I am faithful to Marcus with the last fiber of my being. Teach me to love Marcus as he deserves to be loved. Amen."

Then she drew her shawl over her shoulders and returned to the house.

During dinner that evening Burris came in and whispered something in the chief factor's ear.

"What!" roared the doctor, rising. "And why was this not brought to me before?" He turned to the governor. "There's fifty Cayuse before the gates threatening murder and arson. If you will excuse me, Governor and ladies, I'll be about my business."

"I would like to see this council," exclaimed Narcissa, who was beside Eliza.

"It would be well for you both to do so, considering the work you've set your hands to," said Simpson. "But you'd best see it from the little concealed gallery yonder," nodding toward a curtain high in the room. "These councils are not without their dangers. We see to it that several guards are hidden where they may be most needed."

"We'll get Madam McLoughlin to take us there now," said Narcissa, rising.

The three women reached their vantage point, just as Burris threw open the dining-room door and a long line of Indians filed into the room, followed by several white men. The tables had been pushed away and Governor Simpson stood before the fire. The braves, in feather head-dresses and bright colored blankets, seated themselves on the floor in a rough semicircle. The white men dropped into chairs, scattered about the room. Dr. McLoughlin took his place in a chair beside the governor who remained standing. Then there was silence, the Indians glaring sullenly at the serene face of the "Kitche Okema."

"They are ver' angry," whispered Madam

McLoughlin to the two white women. "They are ready to draw tomahawks and fight. He will have great trouble to mak' them hear him speak, that Kitche Okema. I do not lak' the look of this at all."

"They seem peaceful," whispered Eliza.

"Peaceful! You do not know what you speak. They are bad, those Injun. Cayuse, they are. We have much troubl' with them."

"Why, those are the ones we are to have our mission among!" exclaimed Narcissa.

The half-breed woman gave Narcissa an enigmatic look, then turned to watch the room below. The silence now had lasted for perhaps ten minutes and the governor turned to the chief factor.

"Have in Colin Fraser!" he said quietly.

Shortly the rear door opened and in stepped a tall, handsome man in kilts and bonnet, a bagpipe at his lips. As he crossed the threshold he began to play Bonnie Doon with a mastery that thrilled Narcissa. Strange as his instrument seemed to her, she recognized in him the skilled musician and the wild sweet notes moved her almost unbearably.

For nearly an hour Fraser marched up and down the room, playing not warlike melodies, but lovely airs of indescribable melancholy. During all this time Governor Simpson stood immovably watching the faces of the braves below him. And the braves themselves! One after another, blankets were loosened, war bonnets were laid aside, concealed weapons were placed on the floor, rigid bodies relaxed and swayed gently with the rhythm of the pibroch and at last, with tears coursing down his cheeks, a tall chief rose to speak. Governor Simpson nodded to Colin Fraser and the music ceased. The chief extended a dramatic brown arm and spoke solemnly and at length. When he had finished, a half breed in deerskin clothing rose, bowed deeply and interpreted.

"We came to make war on the English. The spirit pipes have forbidden that. Still our hearts are angry. Why have the English sent Bostons to settle among us? They said when we asked them why they came that Doctor McLoughlin had sent them. Umtippe, our chief, then gave them land. But I, I am the war chief! I and my strongest braves are angry. When the Bostons come they bring rum. They will take the senses of our young men with it. When the Bostons come they will not keep their word in trade. There is no strong man among them, such as the Kitche Okema or Doctor McLoughlin. Why did the Kitche Okema allow Doctor McLoughlin to send them?"

"The Indians sent four braves to the Bostons in St. Louis asking that white teachers be sent to tell them of the White Man's God," replied Governor Simpson. "The teachers have come. Kitche Okema could not defy the desires of the Indians and refuse to allow the teachers in

Oregon. Why did you send for these Bostons, if you did not want them?"

"It was the Nez Percés who sent for them," replied the chief. "Let them settle among the Nez Percés."

"Two of the four who went to St. Louis returned," said the governor. "They were Nez Percés. The two who died in St. Louis were Cayuse."

"That is a lie!" exclaimed the war chief.

Governor Simpson seemed to grow six inches taller as he shot a forefinger at the Indian. "How dare you tell me I lie?" he roared. "A Kitche Okema never lies. Men have died for less than that insult. Tell me immediately that I speak the truth or I'll have you out with my own hands."

The Cayuse stared in wonder while the governor uttered these angry words, and as the interpreter translated, he showed every sign of consternation.

"The Kitche Okema speaks truth," he mumbled hurriedly.

"These Bostons have come at the request of members of your own tribe," Simpson went on, his voice cutting as steel. "If you are not strong enough to control your people, that is your lookout. What they do among you, that is your and their concern. But mark you, my Cayuse war chief, that if either of the women with them receives harm at your hands, we will drag the cannon from Fort Walla Walla to your village and kill as many Cayuse as there are hairs on those women's heads! White men protect all white women. An Englishman will fight to revenge even a Boston woman. Do you understand?"

"I understand," muttered the Cayuse.

"And the next time you have complaints to make, don't come howling at our gates like a pack of wolves, or you'll be treated as wolves. Come as men, brave men, as you are, and you'll be treated like men."

There was utter silence, then Governor Simpson said, his voice suddenly as courteous as though he were addressing an honored guest, "Have you supped?"

"No! We made great speed and have fasted for two days," replied the Indian sullenly.

"Too bad! Too bad!" exclaimed the governor. "McLoughlin, will you not order a feast for the Cayuse war chief and his braves? Something immediately, perhaps, to stay their stomachs, then roast a steer for them! Make a night of it, with plenty of sweet cakes and potatoes."

As the interpreter repeated this, a broad smile wiped every sullen line from the chief's face, and there was a long "A-a-a-h" from his braves; the first sound that had broken from them during the council.

With a magnificent gesture, flinging his blanket over his shoulder, the chief strode from

the room, followed in single file by his warriors.

Eliza Spalding slipped her hand into Narcissa's. "They are terrible people, these British!" she whispered.

Madam McLoughlin led the way in to the dimly lighted hall. "Will you mak' me visit?" she asked.

"No, thank you, madam!" replied Narcissa. "If you will excuse us we both will go to bed."

They said good night and went to the room they had shared since their husbands left. Here in the candlelight, they stared at each other.

"Do you suppose the Nez Percés will repudiate us as the Cayuse have you?" asked Eliza.

"They say the Nez Percés always have been friendly and the Cayuse unfriendly to the whites," replied Narcissa. "I suppose that's why Marcus and I were put among them. I scarcely believe you will be troubled."

"But why should you be given the danger point?" insisted Eliza.

Narcissa sat down on the edge of the bed with a sigh. She felt that she knew why the division had been made, but she could not tell Eliza the reason without offending her. She made no attempt to answer, but gave another trend to the conversation.

"I am terribly troubled, Eliza," she said. "Marcus and Henry should know about what we heard this evening, at once. There is no telling what that Cayuse will do."

"The governor is so friendly to you, why don't you ask him in the morning to send word to our husbands?"

"His friendliness to me is entirely personal, Eliza. He intends to oust us all from Oregon by fair means or foul. He'd refuse me."

Eliza slowly began to undress, but Narcissa sat motionless, staring at the candle. Suddenly she felt a violent desire to leave Fort Vancouver, with all its comforts and its growing personal complications. And with that desire came an equally sudden conviction that the governor would do all he could to prevent them from going to the new mission station. There would be excuses and delays, and perhaps more drastic measures.

As if she sensed a part of Narcissa's thought, Eliza said suddenly, "I wish we were with our own men!"

"So do I!" exclaimed Narcissa heartily. "But I'm afraid it will be long before we see them!"

"Let's send word to them to come for us," suggested Eliza.

"I have no confidence in their getting it," said Narcissa. "I am very much troubled, Eliza!" She rose and began to sweep up and down the room, the gray silk flowing about her. "Eliza, I have such a curious feeling—that we may be kept from our husbands until—until I don't know what!"

Eliza, brushing her hair, turned a startled

face toward her friend. "How can that be? You mean they'd use force?"

"I don't know what I mean. I only know that I'm afraid."

"But let's go to them now." Eliza, braiding her hair, turned a startled face toward her friend. "How? How can that be?"

"A boat load of freight for Fort Walla Walla was late in starting, this afternoon. I heard the head voyageur tell Mr. Douglas they'd make the start, then camp at Lone Rock, five miles down the river. Let's go to that camp, at dawn, and take passage."

"But how shall we get out of the great gates? There is a guard there all night," asked Eliza.

"The Indian feast will be held tonight. I suppose many of the people from the fort will go to look on. What is more natural than that we should go, too?"

"But surely," exclaimed Eliza, "it seems very undignified for us to sneak away like that!"

"We will leave a letter, Eliza. Yes, it is undignified. But I'm afraid. Afraid!"

"Of what?" asked Eliza, gazing steadily into Narcissa's eyes.

"Of many things I cannot put into words, Eliza. We will say in the note that we were homesick, desperately homesick. And so we are, are we not? I'd give a year of my life to be with Marcus at this moment."

"I don't understand you," said Eliza slowly. "You don't really tell me your thoughts at all. These folks can't keep us here if we don't want to stay. We're free born."

Suddenly a knock sounded on the door.

"Who is it?" asked Narcissa.

"Me! Madam McLoughlin."

Narcissa unlatched the door and the little half-breed woman came in. "I am alone, too,

lak' you," she said. "Gov' Simpson, the doctor and Mr. Douglas, they go away ver' quickly."

"What has happened?" exclaimed Narcissa.

"Big Spanish brigade march up the Willamette and Hudson's Bay man must go mak' it stop before it reach Columbia. No Spanish north of Columbia, that the rule." Madam McLoughlin waited for a moment, then went on a little breathlessly. "You two been ver' good to me. You lak' me?"

"Yes," replied the two white women sincerely.

"You tol' doctor I must eat at table with him. You teach me lak' I been all white. Now! You heard Cayuse tonight? I been talk with Cayuse chief, just now. He eat here two, three days, then he will go back, kill three mission men. If you ladies were there he not dare do it, because of what Kitche Okema said tonight. So he do it before you get there and he thinks the Hudson's Bay Company not care."

She paused, staring at the two women in a troubled way.

"Thank you, Madam McLoughlin," said Narcissa. "You have helped me to make a decision."

"What shall you do?" asked Madam McLoughlin anxiously.

"Wouldn't you rather not know so you can't be blamed?" asked Eliza.

"That would be best, if you do not need my help," replied the half-breed woman.

"Are you, by chance, going to see the Indian feasting?" asked Narcissa. "If you are, we will go out of the gates with you in about half an hour."

Madam McLoughlin nodded and went softly from the room.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Live Wire at Eighty-Four

[Continued from page 147]

One will learn that in spite of her newspaper work, in all the years past, Mrs. Patterson managed to keep a neat, clean house and a happy home; she managed to be a good wife and mother; she managed to teach school to help swell the family income, and to teach music, besides becoming locally quite a famous director of choirs and musical entertainments. And they will tell you even more than that. They will add that in spite of housekeeping and home cares and the ups and downs of family-rearing—yes, and in spite of severe troubles—Mrs. Patterson has always been, in the whole thirty-odd years of her professional career, one of the best, most accurate reporters on the home town newspaper.

Apparently her will and determination and courage have always been indomitable. To

prove it her associates will point out how, some years ago, when she fell and broke her wrist while making her rounds during slippery weather, she stopped just long enough to have the bone set and then turned up at the office smiling and went right on with her work. On another occasion, when she had a small surgical operation performed, she didn't bother to say anything about it until it was all over.

But most of all they want to tell you at the office what sort of woman personally is this one who has refused to let life or circumstance or old age conquer her, and who is still in the thick of life's intricacies and alive to its problems. They will tell you first of her fineness and staunchness of character, her integrity, her sweetness, her understanding. They will tell you of her courage in spite of more than

physical obstacles. They will tell you of her industry, her determination, her faithfulness to duty. Most of all, they will tell you, in spite of the popular newspaper opinion that gives an average reporter three years at the most to become a skeptic after he has begun investigating weak and frail human nature, how Mrs. Patterson has never, in all the long years, lost her faith in human beings and the goodness of people—and God. In fact, they will tell you, with twinkling eyes, that, if you desire to go straight to heaven, all you have to do is to contrive to die in Marshall so Mrs. Patterson can write your obituary and send you there. For she will know all about every good quality you ever had, and will have given you the benefit of the doubt about those you may have had, and she will never have seen or will have utterly forgotten your limitations and mistakes.

It must not be imagined that Mrs. Patterson is any sort of a superwoman with any sort of superhealth who has been miraculously spared the bodily ills and failings most elderly people are heir to. She isn't and hasn't. She simply has a great capacity for disregarding such things as nonessential, after all. She is the sort of woman who might be anybody's beloved grandmother, and, though she does not like to talk about herself, she loves to talk about her home and her children and her grandchildren, even as any other normal woman. So away goes still another theory that women can't be in offices constantly and in business harness long and stay essentially feminine, with ordinary feminine interests.

Mrs. Patterson will tell you proudly about her husband, whom she adored, and how he was the oldest printer in active service in the United States when he died at eighty. And she loves to tell about her son, John Patterson, who bought the ancestor of the *Democrat-News*, and really started his mother on her reportorial career.

It never occurs to her that any credit for subsequent successes or even the fact that she continued to hold her job when his paper passed eventually into the hands of strangers, is due to her. She gives it all to him, freely, just as any other mother would. And she likes to say she belongs to a newspaper family and to point out that her father was also a newspaper man in pioneer days.

Herself she dismisses invariably with a wave of her hand!

"Reporting is just my life, and that's all there is to it. I've done it so long now it has become a part of me and a sort of second nature. I love it and don't know what I'd do without it. It keeps my mind active and alive. It keeps me busy and interested and it helps me to be happy, which is the biggest thing of all. Someway, I've always had a horror of quitting just because the family Bible says I am supposed to be getting old. I don't like to quit, anyhow, any time, any thing, any place, anywhere. I've always been like that. And the saddest thing in the world to me has been old people who give up and just sit aimlessly and wait for the end. There isn't any need of it and I'm glad I don't have to. As long as I live I hope I may keep up my work and keep in touch with people and things of today, right now. It's the only way."

And there you are.

If, at eighty-four, Mrs. Patterson can feel that life is still so much worth living because it means a chance to be busy and thus happy, who knows but that she has stumbled on what Ponce de León once thought existed in a living spring of actual water somewhere or other? After all, it does seem to exist in this instance in the living well-springs of a human heart. Mrs. Patterson is a shining example not only to discouraged old women but to young ones too, to say nothing of many, many a male of the species!—MARY BLAKE WOODSON.

Cleveland's Popular Traffic Cop

(Continued from page 145)

"'But he was doing this or that, and it says in the law—' I'd protest.

"'Oh, well, there are ways and ways of enforcing the law,' my superior would say. 'It wouldn't hurt you to be a good fellow.'

"I got to thinking hard about it. I was the toughest traffic man on the force and proud of it. Every motorist in town was telling his fellow motorists to look out for 'that tow-headed devil,' meaning me. I knew it, and I thought it was a good reputation to have. You see, I was too conscientious. I just saw one thing—my duty to enforce the law and to make folks obey because they were afraid not to, not because they wanted to observe the laws that were for their protection as well as their fel-

low drivers. I did my duty, but I didn't do it intelligently. That's important."

Officer Bill has revamped his whole idea about folks since he started in combining practical horse sense with his clear sense of duty. You can see it work out under your eyes as you stand talking to him at his busy corner. It's "Keep moving there, sonny, don't hold up the folks behind," with a "How do, Mr. Smith," and a "Hello, Mrs. Jones," while the hands flash from one signal to another, and the traffic of a great city smoothly crisscrosses.

"Sure," says the traffic philosopher, "I have a good word for 'em, and hail 'em as they pass. If they're violating the law, I just remind them about it, the same as I'd like to be reminded

myself. I figure folks and animals are a lot alike—you can beat 'em into submission, and make 'em hate it and snap back at you when they have a chance, or you can be kind and decent, and make 'em do the right thing and like it."

That's Trafficman Ben Bill's version of the Golden Rule. "I don't give 'em a chance to crab at me," he says. "I see 'em first. If they're forgetting some of the rules of the road, I give 'em a sign, or a word, but I don't bawl 'em out or haul 'em to headquarters. That only makes folks hate laws and policemen, and encourages them to beat up both the first chance they get. That's human nature."

Officer Bill's job of smiling and hailing them good-naturedly, greeting them or remonstrating courteously, and refraining zealously from "bawling 'em out," is no sinecure. There aren't many Officer Bills who can keep their heads clear, their hands steady and their smiles sweet and cheery in the midst of such hurly-burly. There aren't many who try. Motorists obey traffic laws when they are in the vicinity of Officer Bill's corner because they want to, not because he makes them.

Motorists don't mean to violate the laws—they are just careless or thoughtless or have their minds on something else, he says. The business man is engrossed in "big deals," in plans, in worries. The young man is "rattled" by the girl at his side. Women are thinking about getting home quickly, being on time for an appointment, or a job they have to do. Officer Bill has an excuse for all of them.

"Sometimes I stand here on the corner in the

dark, now, with the rain or the sleet or snow pelting me, and getting across the windshield of the fellow that's driving so he can hardly see me. But he'll slow down every time and go out of the way to avoid a chance of hitting me. You know it's a temptation to 'nick' a traffic cop that's been mean. I know."

Again the hands and arms flash into another signal and the east and west bound traffic halts. All but one white-faced driver who careers on at the tail of the procession, and comes to a sudden abashed stop across the street. Officer Bill goes over to have a talk with him.

"Take that fellow, now," says Bill. "I guess he's pretty new at driving. Probably just saved up enough money to get him his little car. Well, he's got to be taught to watch the signals, and look out for the other fellow. But what's the use of giving that fellow a terrible bawling out, when he's trying all he can? Might get his nerves so he'd do something worse at the next corner." A Ford charges by, the driver grinning at Bill, and Bill grins back. From the window of a sleek limousine just behind, a pretty girl calls something or other at Bill, and Bill nods amiably. Once more the cross traffic halts, and the three abreast east-bound rush is on.

"How many Christmas presents did I get? Lord, I don't know," says Bill, blushing to the roots of his blond hair. "That's nothing to talk about anyhow. A lot of fellows talk themselves into a peck of trouble by telling what good fellows they are. If your actions don't speak for you, your words won't, that's certain."

—GEORGIA M. BOWEN.

The Great Samara

[Continued from page 144]

The General made no reply. His silence was in itself a confession.

"You are dismissed, General," Samara concluded. "In the name of the State I charge you to issue orders to your officers that all property be respected and that any acts of insubordination be immediately punished."

"We shall use our most strenuous efforts in that direction, sir," were the general's final words.

Samara looked down the table. There were eight ministers present; five others, including Totsak, were already deserters.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "the Government of this country is in suspense. Until the new Duma is elected and meets, constitutionally we are important. Such measures as must be taken for the good of the country can be left to my associates, Weirtz and Argoff, together with myself. You are dismissed."

The Minister of Finance rose to his feet.

"Sir," he said, "we are passing through one

of the strangest upheavals of history. It may be that we shall none of us meet again in this chamber as officials of the Russian Government. Before we part, let me say on my own account at least, that if we and the rest of the country should yield to the popular desire for a change of constitution there will still be not one of us who will not think of you, Mr. President, with the deepest gratitude and respect.

"You have been a great ruler of this country in troublous times, and a patriot in this hour of adversity, as these days of bloodlessness prove. I claim the privilege of shaking hands with you, sir, even though I venture to tell you that if the people's call for a monarchy is, as seems at present, unanimous, I shall tender my services to Nicholas Imanoff."

There was a chorus of assent. Samara shook hands with every one. They filed out a little reluctantly. At the very last moment one of the official secretaries rushed in with a telephonic dispatch.

Samara read it through very quickly. Then: "Gentlemen," he announced, raising his voice a little so that every one might hear, "the results of the election in twenty-three districts is herewith proclaimed. Twenty-one have voted for the representatives pledged to the restoration of the Monarchy."

A murmur of amazement, almost of consternation, was clearly audible. Nothing so sweeping as this had been expected. Argoff and Weirtz would have lingered with their Chief, but Samara waved them away.

"It is useless," he said, "to discuss affairs of State. You will find me here if I am wanted."

He retired into his inner chamber—the faithful Ivan no longer there to guard the door—telephoned to the servants outside denying himself to all callers, and spent several hours looking through his private papers. Once a privileged servant came silently in with the samovar upon a silver tray. He waved him away.

"A bottle of brandy," he ordered.

He helped himself liberally, refilled his glass, and sent over to Government Buildings for one or two minor officials with whom he completed some unfinished business. Later on, an official from the Home Office presented himself with another list of election results. The young man handed him the sheet almost apologetically and Samara read it with genuine astonishment. The returns were now in for over half the seats of the Duma, and out of a hundred and thirty districts, a hundred and seven had voted for the monarchist representative.

"What does it mean, Paul Metzger?" Samara asked curiously. "Where did it come from—all this fever for a monarch? Why was there no evidence of it before?"

"There isn't a man in Russia who isn't asking himself the same question, sir," the young official declared. "In the cafés, on the streets, and in the clubs, there is nothing but sheer amazement. All that the most clear-sighted can say is that it is the swing of the pendulum. The Army started it, of course, but why the country districts should all be on fire to see the monarchy back again is inexplicable."

"I wonder whether Bromley Pride is still in Moscow?" Samara ruminated.

"He is one of the about a hundred waiting in the ante-room, sir," Metzger replied.

"I will see him," Samara announced. "Send the others away."

PRIDE came lumbering in as breezy and cheerful as ever. He was too much a man of the world to pull a long face and offer sympathy.

"You've earned immortality, Mr. President," he said, as he shook hands. "I'm just from Berlin. I was at the start of things there.

I've seen a half a dozen South American Republics come and go, although perhaps they don't count any. I'm supposed to be an authority upon revolutions and changes of constitution in a country, but I want to tell you this is the most astonishing business I ever knew. No one could conceive of such a thing.

"There are a hundred thousand unarmed soldiers in the city hobnobbing with a hundred thousand civilians, there are gala dinners at all the swagger restaurants, you can't get within a dozen yards of a table at any of the ordinary cafés, and I haven't heard an angry word or seen a blow struck. I was out early this morning. There the crowds were as patient as you please, waiting for the election returns.

"I met lots of people I knew slightly, and I asked them all the same question: 'Which is it going to be?' I got the same answer right away from every one of them. 'The elections are to decide,' they said. And I tell you this, Samara," the journalist concluded impressively, "if the country had voted the other way they'd have taken it all right. Talk about a bloodless revolution! I never believed in such a thing before. I didn't think human nature could stand the strain."

Samara pushed over the bottle of brandy and lit a cigaret.

"Pride," he said, "you are one of the few men in the world whose judgment I would believe in as soon as my own. You are there amongst the people, and you see the truth. What does it all mean? I have governed these people for fifteen years. No country in the history of the world had prospered as Russia has done under my rule. Yet along comes this young scion of the Imanoffs, whom I found selling papers and bonds in New York, shows himself to the people, makes use of a little propaganda in the army, and behold, he seems suddenly to have become a god. You have seen the voting?"

Pride nodded.

"When you have learned not to care, Samara," he said, "you'll understand it better. This is at the root of the whole thing. The commonest evil quality in all human nature is ingratitude. It isn't a conscious evil quality. It's the philosophical evolution of the profound egotism of human nature. The whole country's prosperous and happy and cheerful. The people don't stop to realize that it's your administration which has brought that about. They honestly believe that they have done it all themselves. You've had the privilege of being at the head of the Government. They don't grudge it to you. They have no ill will towards you. They're simply dazzled by the prospect of a more picturesque form of government.

"It never enters into their heads for a moment

that the present prosperity might not continue. They have accepted it as a matter of course. They think it will continue as a matter of course. That's as near as I or any one else can get at an explanation of what is going on today. It has nothing to do with you. You made just one mistake and only one."

"Demobilization," Samara murmured.

Pride signified his assent.

"You will remember I warned you in New York," he continued. "A soldier doesn't look far enough ahead. Your men were well fed, well looked after, well pensioned. They weren't philosophers. They didn't appreciate the fact that theirs, from your point of view, was an unnatural existence. You tried to pitchfork them out into civil life without preparing them sufficiently for the change. Then arrived that little nest of conspirators you brought back from New York, and the whole thing was easy. You went too fast, Samara. You brought it off with the first million, but you ought to have waited for a year or so afterwards."

Samara nodded, and changed the subject almost abruptly.

"What's the last move in the city?" he asked.

Pride shrugged his shoulders.

"This is such a kid glove sort of affair," he observed, "that I should have thought Nicholas Imanoff would have been round here to consult you. There's some talk about a ceremony tomorrow of some description. I heard there were a hundred men working upon the Cathedral bells."

Metzger re-entered with the air of one who brings tidings.

"Sir," he announced, "the Archbishop is here and begs to be received."

"You can show his lordship in at once," Samara directed. "Don't go away, Pride. It's as well there should be some historian of the period present. Sit at the other end there, and listen if you wish to."

The Archbishop, followed by a chaplain, was shown in with some formality. He was a large, bulky man, with a black beard, commanding physique, a splendid forehead and piercing eyes. Even in his strangely fashioned vestments he was a person of dignity.

"Mr. President," he said, as Samara rose to receive him, "you will permit me to explain the reason of my visit."

"If your lordship will be seated," Samara begged.

The Bishop leaned his elbow upon the table and played for a moment with one of his rings.

"You are doubtless in touch, sir," he proceeded, "with the trend of events. I have been asked tomorrow morning to open the Cathedral and to administer the sacrament to Nicholas Imanoff and the Princess Catherine of Urulsk, his intended bride."

Samara made no movement. He sat quite still, looking beyond the walls of his room.

"You and I, sir," the Archbishop went on, after a moment's pause, "have had little to do with one another during the years of your office—much sometimes to my regret. From the material point of view Russia will never be able to forget what it owes to you. You have brought the country out of a state of pitiful misery and filled her veins with new and vigorous health. If it has not seemed good to you, or according to your convictions, to think also of her spiritual welfare, that, alas, in these days, is no uncommon thing. You cannot blame me, however, if as the head of the Church, I welcome frankly a new regime which incorporates at least the outward observances of the Christian faith with its ceremonies of state."

"I DO not blame you, indeed, Archbishop," Samara acknowledged. "From your point of view this must be a wonderful change. The pagentry of monarchy needs the background of ecclesiastical ceremony."

"Not the outward form only, I trust," the Archbishop ventured earnestly. "The ceremonies of our Church, even that one which will take place tomorrow, are as nothing if they are not symbolic of spiritual things."

Samara bowed.

"Your Lordship has done kindly in coming to visit me," he said. "My work for Russia is over. The new Government will bring you a larger sphere of action and greater responsibility. You have my very best wishes."

The Archbishop rose to his feet.

"You, sir," he pronounced, "stood shoulder to shoulder with the Church when you struck at the great dragon of atheism, and for that reason I beg you to accept my blessing."

Samara bent his head. For a moment the sonorous voice of the priest seemed to be attuned to some deep note of music. Then his hand flashed back and, followed by his chaplain, he was gone. Samara looked after him like a man in a dream.

Presently Pride came up to offer his adieux.

"What are your plans?" he asked.

"I am going abroad at once," Samara confided. "I am going to live in the most beautiful country I know, grow olives and grapes, farm a little, read a little, and write a little. After all, I have earned a rest."

"What part of the world do you choose?" Pride enquired.

Samara shook his head.

"When my wine press makes its first revolution," he replied, "and I gather my first crop of olives, you shall know."

No person had a finer view than Samara himself of the great pageant which transformed Moscow on the following day into a

city of amazing beauty and splendor. He stood upon the roof of Government House, leaning against the solid parapet, looking down upon the great thoroughfare below, at the streets beyond, at the great dome of the Cathedral above which the bells, silent for many years, were making clamorous music. Every house was bedecked with flags, every person in the crowded streets seemed to be carrying flowers or waving banners. With a grim smile he watched Trotsk, with an escort of mounted police, pass up toward the Cathedral, pushing the people back on either side.

They stood eight or nine deep upon the pavement, a solid phalanx, soldiers and civilians mixed together, good humored, cheering at everything, festive with the joy of a great holiday. Samara gazed down at them a little wistfully. After all, it was his city, it was his brain which had made her what she was. Those two universities, the finest in the world, had been his conception. The hospitals, white-fronted, flower be-garlanded and hung with hundreds of flags, were of his building.

It was he who had cleared out the dreaded foreign quarter, which the Soviet Government had allowed to become a very sewer of humanity, and erected the great warehouses there, every one of which was filled now to the top-most story. It was he who, with a mayor of his own choosing, had studied deeply the question of civic administration, who was responsible for the wonderful transport, the perfect sanitary system, the broadening of the streets, the wonderful schools. All these things had come under his rule, almost at his instigation. Pride was right. It was unconscious ingratitude. The people had these things—they belonged to them—all thought as to their source had passed. Not once for him had those Cathedral bells rung out their almost barbaric note of welcome. Not once had any crowd, such as he saw now, filled the streets, and waited for his coming.

Blazoned upon a hundred huge banners reared in prominent places he could read from where he stood the amazing electoral results. Nobody wanted anything more to do with the Government which had brought prosperity to their doors, which had reestablished them in twelve short years amongst the nations of the world. Nobody even thought of these things. There must lie somewhere ingrained in the minds of men, he reflected, a sort of craving for the pageantry of life, to see life itself decked out with the trappings of ceremonial usage, an unconscious survival of the delight of savage ancestors in processions and drum beatings.

When the time came for the natural revulsion of sentiment, historians would praise him, they might think of him without a doubt, and they might even raise a statue to his memory.

And in the meantime those hideous figures telling their humiliating story of his defeat, and a crowd beside itself with delight!

Trotsk and his men, who had ridden back, reappeared. In the distance, coming nearer, was a slowly breaking wave of sound, of rapturous welcome. Samara felt a sudden quietness steal over him. He had come to this place that he might fully realize and ever afterward forget this great blow of fate, that he might look upon it as in any way accidental or dubious in its import. He was discarded by the will of the people. The hurt and grievousness of his humiliation seemed to him just then as nothing compared to the sharp pain at his heart when, from the sudden baring of heads, he knew that the moment had arrived. He gazed down, tense and motionless. The open automobile came into sight. Inside was a solitary figure—Nicholas Imanoff, in his prohibited uniform of white and silver, his hand to the salute, looking to the right and to the left—Nicholas alone!

"I am afraid," a familiar voice said behind him, "that I have rather spoiled the procession."

Samara turned slowly round. He gripped the iron bar above his head until he almost fancied that it bent in his grasp. He stared incredulously at this impossible vision.

"Such a beautiful gown it was they had for me to wear!" Catherine went on, "white, all covered with pearls, and a real Russian head-dress. It would have suited me wonderfully."

"What are you doing here, like this?" he asked, and for once in his life his voice was broken and choked.

She laughed up at him.

"I am Miss Catherine Borans, from the Weltmore Typewriting Agency," she announced. "You observe that I have not forgotten even the typewriter. Like a perfect secretary," she went on, "I have made all the arrangements. I have an automobile waiting at the side entrance. The streets at the back are absolutely empty. Your bag is packed and in the car with mine. We have just twenty minutes to catch the train."

"Where to?" he asked, a little dazed.

"The perfect secretary," she whispered, with a wonderful smile, "knows exactly where to go. A little way beyond Monaco, a little way into the hills, a few yards down a rose-entwined avenue of olives. We have plenty of time, but I think we ought to go."

Nicholas Imanoff was mounting the steps of the Cathedral. The bells, which had ceased for a moment or two, suddenly pealed out in their wildest clamor.

"For us," she murmured, her arms stealing out toward him. "Wasn't it wonderful for that to happen just as you are going to kiss me?"

He Put the Taxi on Main Street

[Continued from page 74]

dentist would make unsafe cab drivers. Using them as a fine tooth comb on present as well as incoming personnel, the company in eight months brought about a 34% reduction in accidents.

Another example of the breadth of Hertz's vision was the lesson in traffic control he gave Chicago's city fathers. Michigan Boulevard, broad, smooth and receiving traffic only from the west, had become a death trap. Needless traffic murders were almost weekly occurrences.

Taking a hint from New York, Hertz suggested synchronized control by a system of lights instead of by individual traffic officers. Local experts cried "impossible" and advanced a lot of perfectly good reasons. Nevertheless Hertz thought otherwise. So he offered to install a system costing more than forty thousand dollars to prove his contention, stipulating that if it worked successfully he was to be reimbursed in ninety days. He also agreed to restore the street to its original condition if the system failed to live up to his predictions.

In sixty days St. Luke's Hospital on Michigan Boulevard reported 50% decrease in traffic emergency cases. The weekly deaths dropped to a total of two since the system was put into operation—these due really to criminal negligence on the part of the pedestrians. For ten months the experts fought among themselves, some saying the system was working, others arguing the opposite. Then one day the system went out of kilter. Traffic officers were rushed back on the job. Immediately a hue and cry rose about the commissioners' ears. Hertz was reimbursed—and the system is now being extended to every important Chicago thoroughfare.

With such vision, courage, patience and relentless searching for improvements there could be but one result: the creation of the finest taxicab system in the world—a system comprising 3,000 cabs, 5,300 drivers and utilizing a telephone exchange adequate for a town of 300,000 population; a taxicab system carrying over 30,000,000 passengers more than 115,000,000 miles a year and earning at the rate of over \$2,000,000 dollars annually.

Many men would have stopped there; and stopping, could have well been content. But not Hertz. His eager eye sought other fields to conquer. Heading an organization that knew more about successful taxicab operation than any one else in the world, and owning a huge plant equipped to turn out the most practical cab ever designed, he conceived the idea of supplying other cities with taxicab service. He did not stop at the half-way point of merely selling

cabs. He knew that cabs were only one part of the system. So he proceeded to offer a completely proved business plan for making money out of taxicab operation. Cabs were sold on partial payment, with the balance payable out of profits. With the cabs went everything that Yellow Cab had learned—fundamentals, details, methods, forms—and even experts to supervise the installation and to check up periodically.

Success again? Brilliant success! Today the people of over 800 cities are riding in cabs operated on the Yellow Cab plan, the soundness of which is indicated by the fact that less than 1% of all such installations have failed. With the exception of New York City, 85% of all the cabs sold in the last two years are Yellow Cabs.

Way back in the founding days of the Yellow Cab, Hertz realized that motor-buses some day would compete with the taxicab in certain directions. His prophetic eye saw the fundamental shortcomings of the street railway, the elevated and the subway—inability to meet quickly the transportation needs of a rapidly growing city.

Shortly before America entered the war, a group of promoters had organized a Chicago bus company. Being promoters they were not operators. The venture was not a success.

"If we must have competition," said Hertz "let's have it with ourselves." So he bought the Chicago bus lines for a million dollars.

Then he made the shocking discovery that neither he nor any of his men knew anything about motor-coach operation. So he set out to find the ablest man in America and hit upon J. A. Ritchie, then head of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company in New York. Ritchie refused to listen. But Hertz, knowing that all business success is founded on men, himself refused to listen to Ritchie's refusals. Fifteen trips to New York and three years of persuasion brought Ritchie out to Chicago underneath the Hertz banner.

Success came almost immediately, and with meteoric brilliance. A two-million-dollar factory was rushed up to produce the more efficient and economical motor-coaches that were designed as the basis of improved service. Having watched the metamorphosis in Chicago, the interests behind the Fifth Avenue Coach Company sent for Hertz. Result: The formation of the \$25,000,000 Omnibus Corporation of America now operating lines in Chicago, New York and St. Louis. Other cities will be entered; interurban service will be provided; feeder lines will be established in conjunction with existing transportation systems—all in keeping with Hertz's vision that this new field

of transportation has barely been tapped.

Having provided America with two new types of transportation, Hertz, a short time ago, announced still another, which according to him outdoes the others in the vastness of its possibilities. Three years ago he sensed the potentialities in the "motorized livery stable." He knew that one-third of taxicab rates represented drivers' wages. He knew that there were hundreds of thousands of automobile owners paying too much a mile for the service they got out of their cars, figuring interest, depreciation and maintenance against speedometer readings. He knew that there were thirteen million people in America not owning cars who knew how to drive and who would eagerly rent a car on many occasions if the price were within reason.

But there were pitfalls to be overcome and facts to be learned before such a business could be put on a successful and profitable basis. So he acquired an interest in a struggling Chicago "Rent-a-Car" agency and went to it.

Six months ago he announced the Hertz "Drivurself System" which is national in scope. Already a hundred companies are in existence. Others are being organized at the rate of four a day. And it is predicted that there will eventually be ten "Drivurself" companies for every taxicab company in America—and remember that there is a Yellow Cab installation in 90% of the towns in America over twenty-five thousand in population.

Go into any one of those hundreds of towns. If you have a registration card you can rent

a smart six-cylinder sedan or touring car (designed by Hertz engineers and built in a Hertz factory) without leaving a deposit and drive it as long as you like for a few cents a mile, including accident insurance! It calls for no great imagination to visualize the thousands of salesmen who will get from town to town making daily use of such inexpensive transportation! Or the even greater thousands who will be renting cars for pleasure jaunts of every sort.

That is the latest Hertz creation. There is no telling when he will evolve a new one. Some day soon some one is going to announce some system of aerial transportation on a basis that the public will use. It will not be at all surprising if it is Hertz. He has the vision. He knows how to turn gasoline into mileage that is profitable to him and the public.

His is an almost Aladdin-like story. It deals in riches that came swiftly; in opportunities that widened like the waves from a stone tossed into a millpond; in a repetition of success that seems too habitually successful to be true. Yet its fundamental is simplicity itself—that great fundamental so easy to discuss and yet so rare that the man who has it can not fail. It is knowing men—knowing how to find them, how to develop them, and how to win their loyalty. It is a mixture of understanding and fairness; of being as inflexible as steel when nothing but firmness will breed results; of yielding with the ease of a willow twig when yielding is the thing; of being able to put oneself into the other man's shoes. If you have the combination, nothing can stop you.

A Pioneer Frog Merchant

(Continued from page 148)

sheltering fences around the entire area and to construct suitable coverings for the tanks in winter. Large sums of money were invested in the plant, but the investment paid. At times many tons of live frogs were placed in the concrete tanks. This means about twenty-four thousand frogs to the ton, since Mr. Neuenfeldt estimates it takes on the average about a dozen live frogs to weigh a pound.

With the demand making great strides, Mr. Neuenfeldt had to devote all his time to keeping up his supply and the business lost its seasonal aspect and required attention both summer and winter. In the fall large quantities of frogs were stored on the farm and kept in the vats for winter marketing. Frogs were shipped in to Oshkosh from all parts of Wisconsin and adjoining states in crates and boxes. Then they were shipped out again to the markets. This kept up until recent years when several of the states adopted laws restricting the catching and killing of frogs in certain seasons. As a result Mr. Neuenfeldt found his local business con-

siderably handicapped in the matter of getting supplies from near-by sources.

He has transferred much of his enterprise to Chicago, where there is less restriction and better shipping facilities, and has established a large depot to which most of his supply is sent to be sorted and packed for market.

Mr. Neuenfeldt has spent a small fortune to perfect his methods of handling frogs successfully. Floods of letters have come to him asking for information on how to operate a frog farm. He points out that frogs are of a delicate nature and cannot stand too much cold or too much heat. They are peculiar in their aquatic habits and must be understood. Their meat is like that of fish: it must be handled rapidly in the process between dealer and consumer so it will not spoil. All shipments of the meat have to be packed in ice and the task is especially hard in summer. All shipments of both live frogs and frog meat are made by express.

Killing and skinning frogs has to be done by experts and they are so adept they can prepare

large quantities of legs in an hour. The legs are sorted and tied in bunches of two dozen each, then packed for the trade. At first Mr. Neuenfeldt bought his frogs by the dozen, but as the business enlarged, counting the frogs became a huge and finally impossible task and it was necessary to purchase them by the pound, putting them in sacks and weighing them. The price the frog farmer pays and the figure he gets for the table delicacy depends upon the market. He governs his supply in part by the seasons, meeting the demands for bait at certain times of year and for the food product at others. Many of his choice frogs go to colleges and medical laboratories for biological study.

For butchering, Mr. Neuenfeldt has installed an electrical equipment that is ingenious and effective. By passing a powerful current of electricity through the water in small tanks filled with frogs they are executed painlessly and *en masse*.

Mr. Neuenfeldt, in former years, when frogs on his farm laid their clusters of eggs, enclosed in a jellylike secretion, often transported the eggs to places in the state where natural conditions were suitable for their growth into frogs, but this plan did not pay sufficiently to continue it. He now buys all his supplies after they have passed the tadpole stage.

— LOUIS H. TORREYSON

America's Most Arrested Man

[Continued from page 16]

jail often with young men who had never been there before. They were guilty of no crime except that of being broke. I never knew of a case in which it did not embitter them. Often I've heard them declare that if they were to be made jailbirds anyway they might as well be criminals, too.

"In your beautiful city the only alternatives for moneyless men are the jails and the missions. No mission can serve those it shelters as adequately as a properly conducted municipal lodging house can. The mission may do its best and still find it impossible to prevent the spread of disease.

"Diseased tramps are sure to become a public charge in city hospitals, as well as a menace to public health before they get that far. If you send a man to a mission, the city, indirectly, pays for it. If he gets sick there the city pays for it. If you make him a jailbird the city pays for it. If you make him an enemy to society the city pays for it. Wouldn't it be better for the city to pay for it first, in the form of a municipal lodging house? This would prevent much crime, disease and discontent. Now, sir, will your city undertake the establishment and maintenance of such a place, with the same nonpolitical management as a Carnegie library, if I will agree to furnish half the money needed to start it?"

"But wouldn't that encourage tramps to flock here?" asked the mayor nervously.

"It would not. The daily germicidal bath and medical inspection alone are enough to scare off the worst of them. An employment bureau would be an important part of the idea. That and efficient management would do the rest. Men and women looking for a city in which they would not have to steal or turn prostitutes in case they went broke before they found work might be attracted. But all the worst classes of vagrants would shy away from a city in which they would be brought so direct-

ly under municipal inspection and supervision. So long as you have no such place you encourage the street panhandler and thieving idler to come here, but when you open a city lodging house you take away the last excuse of such people to clutter up your streets."

Both the city officials and the newspapers in Los Angeles became interested in Brown's proposal. Investigations are now being made in other cities in which municipal lodging houses are operating. It is promised that this summer a definite campaign for a municipal lodging-house will be launched there.

A WEEK after Brown's visit to Los Angeles he enacted the leading rôle in a similar performance in San Diego. There, in a shabby part of the city, Brown tried to interfere when a young man asleep on a bench was arrested, after confessing that he had just arrived in the city, had not yet secured a job and had only fifty cents in his pocket. Brown wasn't successful in his protest, but received a hearty invitation to come along and see the jail, too. Next day, no longer disguised as a tramp, he called on Mayor Bacon. San Diego was in much the same situation as Los Angeles. The indications now are that San Diego will establish a municipal lodging house before the annual rush of "side-door pullman tourists" begins next winter.

Whether or not those two Pacific Coast institutions are established in the immediate future, it can truly be said that Edwin A. Brown is one living American to whom the people of many cities and many states have erected monuments. His name does not appear on any of those monuments, and he never has thought of claiming that any one of them really is a monument to him, yet his zeal and sacrifice have brought about, directly or indirectly, the organization, reorganization or improvement of municipal lodging houses all over the country.

Before he undertook his crusade Edwin Brown lived a life in which hardship was unknown. In Denver, Colorado, he owned a delightful town house and also a beautiful country place in partnership with his cousin, W. C. Brown, then president of the New York Central Railroad. He was the sort of man who customarily stops at the Waldorf in New York and at the Hotel del Coronado in San Diego. If he took a notion to tour Europe or spend a winter in Southern France or Italy he could do so without worrying. He was not extremely rich, but he had money enough to do what he wished and he didn't really care for any more.

He was living very happily and comfortably, and might have gone on that way till the end of his days had he not been stopped one night when the mercury had shrunk below zero by an overcoatless man who looked half-frozen. The man asked the price of a bed. Brown had heard a good deal about the dangers of encouraging such beggars and asked why the man didn't go to a charity organization.

"Because it's Saturday," replied the man, bitterly. "Dere's one flop here might do something for me if it was open—but it ain't. She closes at noon on Sat'day and don't open till Monday morning at nine, see? Then dey'll want my address and God knows how many questions dey'll ask. I ain't got no address. I just got here today. I t'ought I had enough coin to get by, but I hadn't. I'm an honest man lookin' for a job, I don't want to go to jail, not even to sleep. I'd freeze first."

Brown gave him the price of a bed and passed on. But when he got home beside his own bright fire he couldn't forget that man. The next day would be Sunday. There was small chance of a job for such a man, and Sunday night he would be facing the bitter alternatives of begging, stealing, going to jail or freezing all over again.

The result of his pondering was a visit to the mayor. The mayor, thinking of the luxurious Brown residence, smiled at his story.

"What do you know about the problems of these people?" he asked.

Brown admitted he didn't know much, but declared that he was going to find out. That was years ago, but "finding out" still is Edwin Brown's life work.

Men with queer hobbies are about as common among America's men of wealth as objectors to the income tax, but in spite of the keen and wide-spread competition Mr. Brown seems to have claim to the title of the most unusual hobbyist. Imagine having a hobby for masquerading as a tramp and getting thrown into jail as a "vag." It should be remembered that there are really at least three distinct types of penniless wanderers in this country, loosely called tramps or vagrants, none of whom are necessarily criminal. There is first

the bum, a broken man, often diseased physically or mentally, usually a beggar, and generally useless. Then there is the hobo, often quite sound, who steals railroad transportation; but seldom anything else, who begs food, but seldom anything else, and who will not work. Third there is the itinerant worker or casual laborer, sometimes known as the "dynamiter," who is quite willing to work, but is unskilled and drifts with the labor demand from harvesting to berry-picking, to road-building to snow-shoveling and back again. Like the bum and the hobo he "rides the rods" on freight trains and he may beg for food, but he is beginning to be recognized as a valuable, necessary part of society. It is as this last type of tramp that Mr. Brown usually masquerades.

THE tragedy of it all is that no one makes much distinction between these different types of wanderers. The police are likely to herd them in jails, with the criminal, the mentally defective and the diseased. Men like Mr. Brown are just beginning to make clear to us which kinds of "tramps" can be salvaged and how. And to do it he must take his medicine along with the rest. He has been jailed from coast to coast and from New Orleans to Seattle, and is proud of it. He has been at it for years and intends to keep at it for years, though now he is a white-haired man of sixty-eight. His wife has resigned herself to the idea that he is incurable. He will undoubtedly be able to boast, when he reaches the end of his long and interesting trail, that he has been the most frequently arrested man in this country.

Yet he never has done anything to be arrested for, and never expects to break any law or to be suspected of breaking any law.

When officially at home Edwin Brown lives in one of the loveliest and most comfortable homes in Del Mar, California, where he delights in his flowers, his books, his pictures and his grand piano. He enjoys all the comforts and refinements which independent means and cultivated tastes can secure him, and enjoys them immensely. He loves to sit at his piano and improvise as he gazes out over the sunset-flushed Pacific. He loves his study, in which he is surrounded by autographed pictures of many famous men who have been his friends; by curios he picked up while in England, France, Italy or elsewhere abroad, and mementoes of still more interesting travels at home. He loves his home, but he can never stay in it long at a time. The "habit" takes hold of him and drags him out, fight it as he will, to some city in which he will not be recognized and will stand a chance of being cast into his other home, the "bull pen." The I. W. W. who, when loaded into a patrol wagon, turned to the driver and murmured "Home, James," was an amateur compared to this Brown.

Yet he is as far from being an I. W. W. as he is from being a "parlor socialist." He is a humanitarian tremendously interested in the welfare of the unemployed man. It is with the hope of preventing radicalism and discontent that he so often subjects himself to hardship and even ill treatment. He is convinced that he has discovered the greatest primary cause of crime, disease and social unrest, and the most scientific fundamental for the cure of those ills.

Some of Brown's "findings" are a little startling, but all are interesting. He is convinced, for instance, that charity never will cure poverty and is utterly unscientific. But listen to him:

"Ninety per cent. of the men who 'go on the road' are honest men, looking for work or driven to seek other parts of the country for reasons of health or other equally good reasons. Many try to follow harvests from state to state, but often are out of work a week or two between harvests. I have just come from a town in the Imperial Valley of California into which men recently flocked for the lettuce harvest. The harvest was a little later than expected—many of the men went broke. The jail was full of them. Yet without those itinerant workers that community would have suffered greatly a week later.

"The itinerant worker is one of this country's great floating assets, and in many cases it is the treatment he receives which changes him from a benefit to society to a menace to society. Arrests for the crime of being broke and charity which rob a man of self-respect both fail utterly to meet the problem he presents.

"A good workman, out of work in the Oklahoma oil fields, may try to work his way to the California oil fields. An honest man in Chicago or Detroit may have to go to Texas or Florida as an itinerant worker to save his health. It is a great mistake to call those men hoboes and to treat them as if they had lost all right to respect.

"A man who enters a free public library doesn't hang his head and feel he is a beggar because he is asking something for nothing. The library employee who courteously serves him has no such feeling, either. Itinerant workers should be treated in municipal lodging houses from coast to coast with respect which will fortify their own self-respect; as essential members of society who may arise from their clean beds the next morning and immediately become useful citizens of the community through the aid of the institution's employment bureau."

The way in which Mr. Brown has spread these ideas throughout the United States is amazing. After his visit to Boston, a former mayor of the Hub went incognito to the municipal lodging house the city already had. There he learned for himself how it treated an

honest moneyless man—after which he secured an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for the reorganization of the institution along the lines recommended by Brown. After his visit to Washington, Congress appropriated forty-five thousand dollars for a new municipal lodging house. After his visit to Minneapolis, a municipal lodging house accommodating one hundred men nightly was opened. The campaign he made unquestionably influenced the voting of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a municipal lodging house in Buffalo, which is one of the best in the country. St. Louis welcomed Brown with great heartiness, and the movement his visit inaugurated has resulted in a municipal lodging-house which this latest winter, according to press reports, sheltered from four hundred to five hundred persons nightly. Denver opened a temporary municipal lodging house for both men and women as a direct result of his efforts.

IN ADDITION to those results Brown, acting as a moneyless itinerant worker, tested the treatment accorded honest but moneyless men by Chicago, New York, Pueblo, Salt Lake City, Kansas City, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Omaha, San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Albany, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Evansville, Louisville, Paducah, Memphis, Houston, San Antonio, New Orleans, Milwaukee, Toledo, Detroit and many of the smaller towns between those cities. In all those places he appeared as a workman looking for work, never as a beggar, and not once was he suspected of any crime. Yet in the majority of those cities he was arrested as a vagrant or jailed for "safe keeping." And in every case, before leaving town, he called the attention of the city officials and the newspapers to conditions which he believed needed to be corrected, just as he had in Los Angeles. In many of the cities his visits brought about immediate action to improve conditions and it can not be doubted that directly or indirectly his one-man crusade has brought a little more humanitarianism into the treatment of millions of temporarily luckless men. He has received evidence of that in the form of letters from every part of this country, and some from foreign countries, including one from the trustees of the Tolstoy estate in Russia.

It will be noticed that there have been wide gaps in Brown's itinerary. That is because invariably he goes to places in which he is not expected—and must return to his home to clean up and recuperate between trips. For on his trips he has endured every hardship, every danger that the average tramp endures. He has gone hungry at times and has labored hard for bed and breakfast—harder sometimes than the quality of the bed and breakfast seemed to merit. He has worked through New York

State as a berry-picker, in the Middle West as a harvester and on the Pacific Coast at many kinds of toil. He has ridden the rods of freight trains and labored as a Mississippi steamboat roustabout. He has acted the part of itinerant worker so well that the police and charity workers of more than a score of cities have been fooled. But in between times he returns to his home of refinement and comfort—and his grand piano.

What are the conclusions to which this tireless benefactor of civilization's miserable and unsuccessful by-products has arrived? Edwin Brown sums them all up unanswerably: "If a man begs, the community supports him. If he steals it supports him. If he goes to a mission it supports him. If he gets ill from hunger or exposure it supports him. If it embitters him by jailing him for nothing it must pay the cost. The only scientific plan, therefore, is for the community to support him in the first place and in the right way, which will serve to diminish if not to do away with all those other calls for support. The very fact that a considerable proportion of itinerant workers are forced to tramp for their health's sake should be proof enough to any thinking person that a community which either forces them to endure dangerous exposure and hunger or permits them to be crowded together in some nobly inspired but necessarily

unsanitary mission is being criminally careless of its own public health. And the community which provides no place at all, not even a crowded mission, for moneyless women is taking as criminal a risk with public morals."

That is the doctrine Edwin Brown is preaching. He has been arrested from coast to coast in order to attract the concentrated attention of this or that community to it, and is in delicate health now as a result of the hardships he has undergone. Ever since the cold night when he was one of a group of moneyless men who slept on a huge railroad ash-heap near Pueblo, warmed only by the still smoking—and gas-exuding—ashes he has been rather deaf. But still he is willing to go anywhere and get arrested there if assured that he can do good for homeless men and women by so doing.

When he made that declaration in a western city the other day, a newspaper editor said: "You'll never be appreciated till you're dead, Mr. Brown."

"I'll get more out of it that way," replied Brown, whimsically, "for I expect to be dead a good while longer than I will be alive. But so long as I am alive I'm ready. I don't care a hang about whether I'm appreciated or not. All I want is to have my ideas appreciated. I may be the most arrested man in America, but I'm going on the theory that an idea, once it starts, never can be arrested."

Making the Steerage Respectable

[Continued from page 68]

And then a shipping agent in Chicago, the friend of a friend of Adams, got wind of the notion and wrote for particulars. Adams wired back complete information, and the agent, a Mr. Johnson, mentioned it to the Chicago representative of one of the biggest steamship lines. The other man threw up his hands in holy horror.

"For God's sake!" he cried, "forget it. It will mean a revolution in the shipping business."

"You bet it will," said Johnson. "That is Adams's idea exactly."

Johnson left the terrified steamship man and told his story to local officials of the Cunard Steamship Company. No holy horror there. They communicated at once with the New York office, and in two days an officer of the company traveled to Ithaca to interview the college boy with the new idea.

"We are sufficiently interested in your scheme," said the company's officer, "to give you the entire third cabin of the S. S. *Saxonia*, sailing June 21st."

"It will have to be done right," Adams said. "You must give your passengers more elbow room and extra stewards. Make it worth their while to fill up your empty third cabin."

"That can be done," the officer granted. "Grapefruit for breakfast."

"We'll do that too if you think it is necessary."

Other details were discussed, and then the company man exploded his bombshell.

"Mr. Adams," he declared, "you will be our agent for all the American colleges. Our only proviso is that you obtain a minimum of three hundred bookings by May 1st."

It was then the 16th of February, the birthday of the College Third Cabin—and May was only ten weeks away. Although wholesome self-confidence is one of Adams's attributes, he was appalled by the result of his suggestion.

"I knew absolutely nothing about the steamship business," he admitted later, "and I had to learn ticket forms, tariffs and accounting from the ground up. And then I had to sell collegemen on my idea and get rid of a minimum of three hundred tickets. Scared? For weeks I shied at my own shadow."

TO START the ball rolling, Adams booked himself for a college cabin ticket on the *Saxonia*, feeling that if he put the thing across he would deserve another trip to Europe. Then he got busy. Fraternity brothers, working on a

commission basis, joined forces with him. Professors assisted. Bulletins were posted. Advertisements appeared in college journals throughout the country. Applications began to pour in.

Inquiries came not only from college boys, but from their professors, friends, sisters, sweethearts, mothers, fathers. The idea began to go over with a rush. Since the *Saxonia* was limited to college males, the Cunard line was obliged to list another ship with College Cabin, or, as it is also called, "tourist third-class" accommodations. On April seventeenth the public advertisement of this new mode of trans-Atlantic travel appeared.

A few weeks later rival steamship companies opened their eyes and saw the light. The company whose Chicago representative thought Adams's idea meant the end of the world was one of these. The company to which he first broached his idea was the last to fall in line. One and all they "originated" this startlingly inexpensive method of traveling to Europe in palatial steamers. One line even established a record by dispatching a ship with tourist third-class passengers a few days prior to the first sailing of the *Saxonia*. But Adams didn't mind having his thunder stolen. He and his friends sold not only three hundred tickets to college men, but an additional one hundred and fifty. His receipts for three months' work ran well into four figures. Only by the skin of his teeth he says, did he gain his degree of civil engineer.

Then the *Saxonia* sailed. The officers and crew had never seen anything like it. They were shipmates for the first time with a cross section of American college life. Every evening hundreds of young men gathered at the bow and sang college songs. Every night they put on an impromptu dance in the steerage. They had their own college orchestra, and girls flocked from the first and second cabins to step the light fantastic. Captain A. G. Brown set aside certain hours of the day for receiving calls from the college men. The officers gave them lectures on navigation, showed them the ship from forepeak to shaft alley, made the whole voyage an occasion of unusual distinction. The College Third Cabin was a howling success.

HAVING worked four years to become a civil engineer, Bob Adams is now regularly employed appointing agents in a hundred American colleges, and traveling the entire country putting the plan across on an ever-widening scale. If he had been only visionary his wagon would have remained behind when his star began its meteoric flight up steamship row. But his wagon is still hitched to the star, and he is directing its passage.

What is the explanation of the amazing

popularity of the tourist third cabin? Is it that a college graduate of twenty-three has impressed a novel idea upon America by sheer force of his personality? No. Everybody knows that countless thousands of Americans will travel if price and conditions are right. Adams's achievement consists in seeing what nobody else had seen—that empty, wasteful steerage could be made profitable if they were rendered attractive to the man or woman who has a couple of hundred dollars to spend in oceanic travel.

THE college third cabin is no longer confined to young people of college age. It is open to the American family. Old couples whose slender means have restricted them to stay-at-home vacations are traveling abroad. So, also, are parents who have heretofore been barred from foreign excursions by the expense of taking a flock of children. Self-supporting women who have never been able to meet the price of a second-class ticket are going and returning in comfort in the third cabin. Even youngsters who have no money at all for steamship passage are traveling by working their way in volunteer orchestras. Last year the round-trip third-class rates ranged from \$165 to \$220. This year people are paying from \$155 to \$175 for the same ticket. By taking advantage of the tours which may be arranged in conjunction with the steamship passage it is possible to spend a month abroad for the price of a high-class radio set.

Already the new movement has had its effect in educational circles. Professors, heartily cooperating with the college steamship agencies, are urging their charges to deny themselves other things and take this new opportunity to see the world. Three universities—Washington and Jefferson, the University of Delaware, and New York University—have been inspired to give credit for foreign travel in the attainment of a college degree.

As a striking indication of how Bob Adams's idea has gone across, the undergraduate steamship agency at Princeton has this year done about ten thousand dollars worth of business. In every year a certain percentage of a college student body travels to foreign parts—some first class, some second cabin, and some by punching cattle. But this year nearly eighty-five per cent. of Princeton's senior class is traveling to Europe in the College Cabin. Moreover, in mid-June the *Berengaria* sailed with her third-class quarters exclusively occupied by college girls and alumnae, among whom were many who would never otherwise have dared the perils of a solitary voyage. The popularity of the Prince of Wales is such that he once attracted hundreds to the *Berengaria*. But even he was unable to sell the steerage to the ladies.

The Man Without a Country

[Continued from page 110]

he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone. And I went away.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city."

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and

I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY
in memory of
PHILIP NOLAN,
Lieutenant
In The Army Of
THE UNITED STATES.

He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

Next month's offerings in "The Old or the New" series will be two famous sea stories:

"The Open Boat," by Stephen Crane, and "The Trawler," by James B. Connolly.

Coney Island's Gas Lady

[Continued from page 34]

office to be vacated by her older sister, who was leaving to be married. Mary took the job, ten dollars a week, and became the second and at that time the only woman employee of the company.

Those were fearful days, full of errors, for Mary Dillon, "office boy." She knew nothing about gas—hardly how to light a gas-stove—and no more about office routine, and she was trying to replace a good business woman with seven years' experience. Only gradually did she catch on. In taking all departments, at many kinds of work, she spent her girlhood, unwittingly taking an intensive course in the gas company business. Presently she became familiar with almost every phase of the work, and so in 1912 the general manager picked her for his assistant.

When the position of general manager became vacant in 1919, the question was asked, "Who will take his place?"

Most persons familiar with the organization agreed that Mary Dillon was the one who could and knew most about the work. But no woman had ever been a gas company's general manager, and the directors of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company were not ready to create a precedent. The woman had to prove herself first. From 1919 until the last of 1924 Miss Dillon held down the job of general manager without the title. Then she was appointed to the position, in form as well as in fact, and became vice-president, too.

Soon after Miss Dillon got her new rank the company moved into its new home, one of the material evidences of her achievements. The sturdy brick building is within sight of the blue deep, on the fringe of which millions of

human beings splash, and within earshot of shrieks of laughter from Luna Park and Steeplechase. But inside the gas company's home one forgets Ferris wheels and flying swings.

THE general manager's office is just off a balcony. It overlooks on one side the window-boxes of the court and on the other a corner of Mermaid Avenue. It is daintily furnished with a few pieces of wicker, a Martha Washington sewing-stand, a tip-table, a comb-back Windsor chair and a couple of sets of book-shelves. Somewhere around is a vase of flowers. In the corner is a real "he-man" mahogany desk, kept with feminine care, and behind it Miss Dillon sits—a woman little more than five feet tall. She may be found, likely as not, becomingly attired in a black satin frock with lace at the neck and relaxing gracefully in her swivel chair.

She looks attractive, but more than that. Her mouth is firm, she speaks in a grave contralto voice. She impresses one with her forcefulness. As the conversation proceeds, the serious expression is often lightened by a genuine laugh and the discourse by a witty remark. Her sense of humor is a ready ally to the general manager of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company. It is an effective instrument for driving home her points.

Miss Dillon is a very busy person, yet in her presence one gets no feeling of nervous rush. She has the gift of relaxing. The very feeling of her building is tranquil, busy, but never bustling. Friends say she accomplishes as much as she does because she knows how to conserve her strength. Such is the woman who



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You accomplish something when you own an automobile—give yourself more earning power—economize your time—travel more, see more, do more, enjoy more—get more out of life for yourself and family—bring pleasure to others.

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with pure..luscious fruit-jams..
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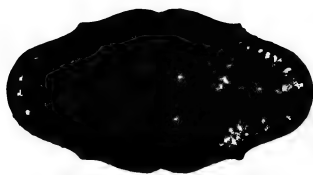
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The better stores everywhere carry Diana "Stuff." Be sure. Look for the Bunte trademark name on the 2½-, 4-, 9- and 16-ounce purity jar, or the tidy tin holding 2, 3 or 5 pounds. Each package contains twenty-one varieties of candy. Keep some on hand at home. The packages are air-tight. The candy remains fresh indefinitely.

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The Toll of Water

THREE little ships weighed anchor in the harbor of Palos, Spain, four hundred and thirty-three years ago and set sail upon a perilous adventure; 88 hardy, hopeful souls faced the unknown. Had Columbus and his men gone down who can say what the history of America would have been?

Imagine a fleet of 68 Santa Marias, 68 Pintos and 68 Niñas—204 ships in all—going to the bottom of the sea with every one of their crews drowned! Then you will have some idea of the number of persons who perished last year in the United States from drowning accidents. More than 6,000 drowned.

Day after day, all through the summer, you read the tragic story of death by drowning. Some one dares a beginner to swim out to the raft. Or perhaps the water is too rough. Even the strongest swimmers take unnecessary chances. "Go ahead, be a sport" has brought disaster to thousands.

Don't Be a "Sport"—Be a Sportsman

There is a vast difference between a sport and a sportsman. The sportsman is courageous and willingly hazards his life for others—but he is not a daredevil.

The sport, showily daring, is the one who does stunts to dazzle onlookers—who dives without



"Imagine a Fleet * * *"

knowing the depth or what lies beneath the surface—who swims far out, disregarding unknown currents, undertow and cramps.

Learn to swim—not alone because swimming is joyous recreation and splendid exercise—but so that you can save your own life and the lives of others if called upon. Swimming is not at all a difficult accomplishment. Once learned it cannot be forgotten. Good instructors may be found almost everywhere. It is of highest

importance to be well taught.

Your Chance to Save a Life

There is one thing that *everybody*, young and old, should know how to do—revive the apparently drowned. Often they are not dead though life seems to be extinct. Patient, persistent manipulation of the right kind would bring them back to consciousness. It is heartbreaking to think of the lives that could have been saved if some one in the crowd, standing paralyzed with horror, had but known the simple manipulations necessary to rekindle the vital spark.

This summer, be prepared. Never court danger but be ready to meet the great hazard that sometimes lurks in water sports.

During the months of July, August and September, deaths from accidents lead all other causes—except heart disease and tuberculosis—among the 22,000,000 policyholders in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Deaths from drowning are at their height during these months.

In July 1924 the number of deaths among Metropolitan policyholders from drowning was about twice as many as from typhoid fever and diphtheria together.

It is the duty of parents to have their children instructed in swimming and the art of resuscitation, so that the danger from drowning at-

tending summer vacations may be minimized. The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "Artificial Respiration" which shows by diagrams just how to restore breathing by manipulation of the apparently drowned body, as well as what to do in the case of gas suffocation or electric shock. Carbon monoxide poisoning claims an increasing number of victims each year because it is not generally known that artificial respiration, applied in time, will restore life. The information contained in this booklet is valuable and may be wanted any moment. The booklet will be mailed free. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

runs a company among the twenty-five largest of the nine hundred-odd gas companies in the United States. Under her management the property is growing steadily. Business doubles every five years, according to the company's reports. For the first time it passed the billion cubic feet production mark in 1923. Its total revenue last year was a million and a half dollars. In the year 1924 the number of its meters in actual use increased twenty per cent., and the length of its mains from something over one hundred and fifty-nine to one hundred and eighty-one and a half miles.

Miss Dillon has between three hundred and fifty and four hundred employees, and knows them all, having started them at their jobs. For the general manager passes personally upon prospective new members for the Brooklyn Borough Gas family. She has some thirty-eight thousand customers, and most of them know her by name at least.

Miss Dillon is not an engineer, but she knows the intricacies of gas making. She is not an accountant, but she understands accountancy; she is not a banker, but she can grasp problems of finance and conduct successfully a customers' ownership campaign; she is not a lawyer, but she has knowledge of business law. She has learned the gas business from the bottom up. Some six or seven years ago she was called as witness before the New York Public Service Commission when they were engaged in re-adjusting gas rates. Her grasp of the accounting, statistical and financing departments of her company, exhibited at that time, made an impression upon the commission that many members still recall.

She has a way with the "Brooklyn Borough Gas folks." In 1919 operations of the company were seriously crippled when the gas-fitters and helpers had been on strike a couple of weeks. They threatened to call out the gas-makers, too, and to cut off the gas from every home in the district. After other officials had failed, Miss Dillon notified the strikers that she wished to meet their representatives. In her simple, straightforward manner she assured them that their grievances, if real, would be redressed, and asked them to trust her as an intermediary, provided they would go back to work. In ten minutes the men accepted her offer and the strike was speedily settled.

MISS DILLON gladly gives her ideas on any question concerning gas or business management, but she does not like to talk about herself or to hand out "success" advice.

"She once told me she hoped no one would ever again ask her to what she attributed her success," a friend of hers explained. "To answer that, she said, would be to take too much from Providence."

Possibly her aloneness was the greatest of

Miss Dillon's difficulties, as she plugged on to open a route for women in an industry run altogether by men. The men did not actually resent her, but they did not know how to take a woman executive. When gas men gathered after meetings or went out together for lunch to discuss problems close to her, the "gas lady" was not invited. Miss Dillon is no longer excluded in any way, but she has not forgotten the time when she missed more than anything else contact with others who had gone further in the same line than herself. This pioneer woman gas executive has learned that it takes men long to recognize that women may qualify for a "man's job." But she has found, to that "once they accept you, they go much further in giving you credit than they would if you were a man."

Since Miss Dillon's "pioneer days" the attitude of the gas industry has largely changed. The usefulness of women "in gas" has been recognized. Miss Dillon considers women an asset to any business, because they are naturally apt in handling human relations. She thinks they fit especially well into the gas business, because they understand women, its most interested customers.

In this "public be pleased" era, gas company executives are busy addressing Rotary Clubs and meetings of Kiwanis and Lions. Lately they have become aware that women, too, as family purchasing agents, are worth winning to their side. They are beginning to bid for the goodwill of women through their clubs.

Miss Dillon has had much to do with recent developments in the relationship between the gas business and women, both the woman worker and the woman consumer. She is chairman of the Woman's Section of the Empire State Gas and Electric Association, with the dual purpose of training women workers for advancement in the gas business and making friends of women consumers.

When they asked who would be available to represent gas and electric companies before women's clubs, it was agreed that women could most effectively handle the job, and women on the inside at that. But whom did they have to send?

"You can not send a filing clerk, you know," was Miss Dillon's pointed remark. Then men got her point. They needed women executives. Miss Dillon has done much missionary work among gas men on behalf of better chances for women employees. Under her leadership practically all the gas and electric companies in New York State have begun systematic training of their women employees to qualify them for advancement and to enable them to explain all phases of the industry to women outside.

"It is my ideal," she said upon one occasion, "to enter a room full of public-utility women



"OUR EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL would lose weeks of school work, besides being incapacitated while she was in school from attacks of stomach trouble. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I began with half a cake mixed with peanut butter on bread, and then I served it in many different ways. My child has never had another attack of stomach trouble since I gave her yeast. Yeast is just as good for children as for grown-ups."

Mrs. G. A. VIELE, Costa Mesa, Cal.



"AFTER I GAVE BIRTH to my child, I felt very much 'run down.' I had constant trouble with my stomach, and what troubled me most—I suffered from terrible sties. Finally an eye specialist prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast. In two months there wasn't a trace left of the sties. My complexion improved wonderfully. I no longer have an aversion for food. And I manage to keep and look young with the help of Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. SARAH STEINHARDT, New York City.

What Everybody Knows

*The danger of clogged intestines
The evils of digestive troubles
and disfiguring skin eruptions
The tragedy of lowered vitality*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! Buy several cakes at a time—they will



keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Z-18, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

(LEFT)

"INVALIDED from Royal Navy with chronic constipation. Went to India. . . . Advised to try Canada. Was just able to get into army, but after 2½ years in trenches, returned to Canada totally unfit and pensioned. In 1919 I gave Fleischmann's Yeast a fair trial, thank God. Six months afterward I passed for life insurance and my pension stopped. I am now absolutely fit and never need a laxative; and this after over 20 years of suffering."

HERBERT J. PARROTT, Calgary, Alta.

EAT 2 OR 3 CAKES regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.

and hear them discussing major utility problems as public utility men do. Before they can do this, women will have to learn to consider the business in its larger aspects. It will take intelligence and enthusiasm, work and study, but the opportunities are there. Both from the standpoint of profit and personal satisfaction it is worth the while of executives to help them all they can."

When considering assigning a job to any one, Miss Dillon asks herself the question, "Can this person handle it?" It makes no difference to her whether the person is a woman or a man. By this very impartial attitude she insures a fair deal for women. This is, she believes, the secret of handling women employees profitably. In most companies of the kind, women form from ten to twenty per cent. of the personnel. In hers the percentage is twenty-five. Women besides herself are in responsible positions there. One of her "right-hand men" is a woman, and a woman employee, without outside help, put across their successful stock-selling campaign.

The relationship between the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company and its public is based upon its general manager's idea of service. It is an inflexible rule there that the employee who handles a customer's complaint must make his investigations from the consumer's point of view, rather than the company's. This practice, she thinks, is essential to good feeling. She has another idea that makes for the same end:

"Your gas company is your neighbor. Why shouldn't it try to be the best neighbor you have?"

Just how well the idea has been carried out is best attested to by the people of Coney Island. They do not hesitate to call on the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company for all sorts of neighborly offices.

One hot Sunday last summer, for instance, when a water main in one of the larger bath-houses broke and the manager was tearing his hair, some one thought of the gas company, and spoke up, "She'll lend us tools and men."

And "She" did, thus saving the day.

The gas company's home is assuming the functions of a community center. Meetings are held there and in the evening, when the stoves have been cleared from the foyer, dances for employees' organizations or charity. The Girl Scouts of Coney Island may spend Saturday morning in the roomy assembly hall, taking the cooking lessons that their mothers learn there on Wednesday afternoons.

"Miss Dillon has inspired her personnel with the spirit of service," is the estimate of one Coney Islander. "She takes part in every progressive movement and has led her employees along the same lines. They are as public spirited an office force as you will find

anywhere. One may look to them always for attention and courtesy. They have an office boy who never passes this way but he looks in to see if I have an errand for him to do on his way. It's not easy to train an office boy like that."

In Coney Island practically every one knows the "gas lady." Business people know her as one of the most enthusiastic boosters of the city, an ardent worker for making Coney Island an all-year-round resort. She helped to organize the Chamber of Commerce there, now less than two years old, and is serving on its board of directors. As secretary of the Coney Island Hotel Corporation, a two-and-a-half-million-dollar enterprise, she is giving much of her best to make a great dream come true. "Home folks" know the general manager of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company as a steady worker for better homes and better babies. She helped launch the American Frugality League and the Baby Center at Coney Island.

WHENEVER and wherever there is a community gathering or enterprise, Mary Dillon is an essential part of it. Her days and evenings are full with making more and better gas and a greater Coney Island. Even her Sundays are not always free.

In private life Miss Dillon is Mrs. Henry Farber, wife of a wholesale coal dealer. But even in her home town this fact is not generally known. When she was married in 1922, she saw no need for creating confusion through changing the name by which customers and business friends had known her for years. Miss Dillon looks upon it as a tribute to her husband if his wife can have a career, since it can be worked out, she feels, only with his cooperation and aid.

To hear an account of Miss Dillon's schedule one would not think she believed in recreation at all. But, she will tell you, she loves to play. Occasionally she steals away to a retreat she has in the hills of Vermont, and rides, shoots, reads and dreams. All work, in her opinion, makes life a dull thing, cuts out the things that are most worth living for. It is her fond hope some day to leave the gas company business behind and retire on full time to her hills.

Several years ago a personal friend asked Miss Dillon for a magazine story about her career.

"Not now," she replied, though even at the time she had made a name for herself. "Possibly I have done some unusual things for a woman, but they would be nothing for a man. Wait until I have accomplished work worth of notice for either a man or a woman."

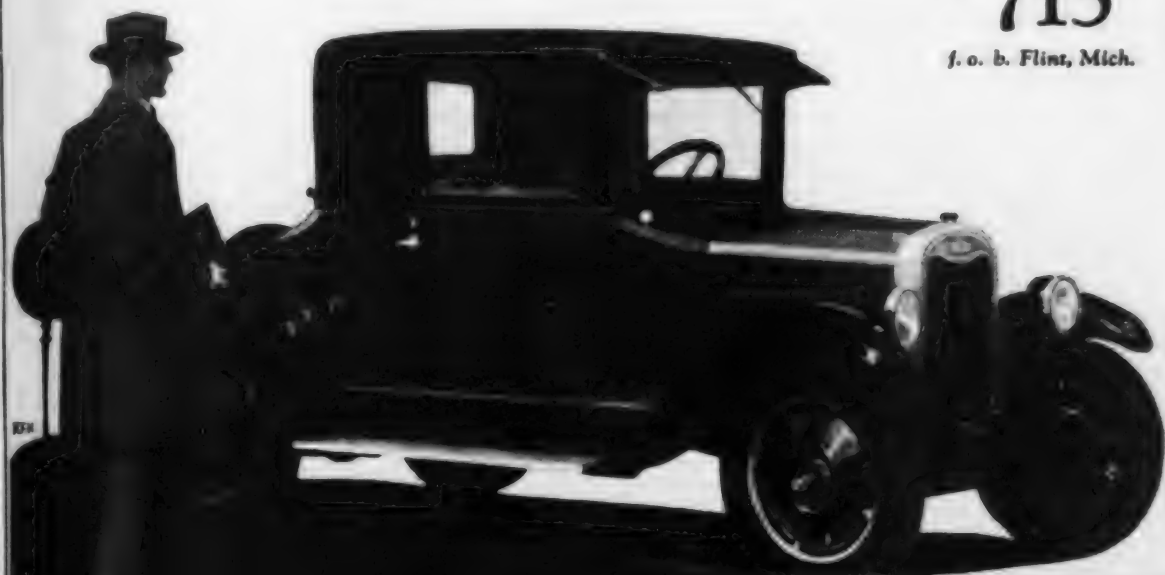
That time has now come. Applying to her work masculine ability for handling affairs and feminine knack for managing people, she has effected a "human" gas company that would do credit to any executive in the industry.



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finish—a low-cost car of great util-
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or as a second car for the family.

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

QUALITY AT LOW COST

The Misfit

[Continued from page 96]

start he gave as he looked up I knew he had not noticed me before.

"Why didn't you go for him?" I asked.

He cringed away from me and looked down at the floor.

"Well, why didn't you?" I insisted.

Without raising his head he muttered, "Because I was afraid."

He stood there with head bent for several moments. Then he raised his glass, but the drink almost choked him, and he set it back on the bar. Without picking up his change, head still bent, he stumbled out into the street.

I WENT aboard Sunday night as the pubs had lost all attraction for me. As I climbed over the rail, Foster, who had stayed aboard as watchman, greeted me.

"What's the matter with Tommy? He must be sick. He came aboard last night and turned in with all his clothes on. He won't speak, and he's lying there yet. He hasn't eaten a bite since he came aboard."

I found him in the fo'c'sle just as Foster had said, but as soon as he saw me he tumbled out of his bunk and went on deck, and I never saw him again until we were casting off our moorings the following morning.

During that day the men never spoke to him unless it was absolutely necessary, and when they did there was a sneer in every word. He wouldn't look at one of us, and when he had nothing to do, he'd slip away by himself somewhere, out of sight. He never came near the mess room at meal times. Joe told us he'd come in after we left, grab a handful, then slip out again without a word.

That night, out in the North Sea, it was my first anchor watch. It was a beautiful bright night, with a full moon well up in the east. As I came for'ard after taking a turn around the deck, I saw Tommy lying down beside the gun-platform, close to the fo'c'sle. Going up into the bows I looked across at the *Sea Gull*, anchored a cable's length away, and watched her rise and fall with the swell. Everything was quiet and still except for the men's voices coming up from the fo'c'sle.

Suddenly Sanderson's voice rose above the rest, and every word was distinct.

"I can't understand him; I didn't think Tommy was yellow. If he'd only made a break for Robbins we could have helped him, but you can't help a fellow who won't fight for himself."

As the words ceased I looked toward Tommy. He had partly risen, and with one hand on the deck was staring toward the companion in the direction of the voice. The moon shone full on

his face. It was drawn, haggard, miserable. For several seconds he remained in that position, then rose unsteadily to his feet, and bled his way aft. He did not sleep in his bunk that night, nor for several nights after, when he did venture to come in he'd wait until he thought all the rest were asleep, and creep in as silently as possible, lying down all his clothes on, hardly daring to breathe.

We were too busy those days to think much about reasons for things. None of us had time to remember how the kid had lived upon our friendship, and how he'd run his feet off to please us, and grinned and blushed when we praised him. Some fellows, shut off from the boat like that, would have whistled it off and slept as sound as ever. Not Tommy. The contempt of the men was torture to his friendly soul, and when he cringed before the look in our eyes, we not understanding, felt as if the kid had turned yellow clean through. And Sanderson, who had made a pet of Tommy, and who therefore hated him more for his cowardice, made it hardest for him.

The following morning, as we were getting ready for sweeping, Sanderson looked at Tommy, but without speaking a word, pointing to the end of the sweep wire, which had been passed outboard amidships before being attached to the kite, then he stepped to the deck and waited. Tommy picked up the end and started to push it through, so that Sanderson, by leaning over the side, could get hold, but his hands shook and he was making a slow job.

"Well, mamma's pet, have I got to wait all day?" sneered Sanderson.

Tommy reddened, and after Sanderson had taken the end from him he stood up, trembling, and with eyes on the deck waited for further orders. After that the men's sole pastime seemed to be to see who could make him cower most from their sneers. If we had planned this as a piece of systematic torture, I don't suppose we could have done better. Men who are lithe and cheek by jowl with destruction aren't given to analyzing either their own or other's behavior, otherwise we might perhaps have had some notion we were overdoing it. I think that a few more days of it would have finished the boy, and he'd have dropped overboard some night. As it was, fate stepped in and made a hero of him.

WE'LL not any of us forget that day. The sun shone in a cloudless sky. There was hardly a ripple on the water, only a low undulating ground swell. We were making about five knots, our sweep wire out on the



What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

port side. Up in the bows Foster was on lookout; in the wheelhouse above the chart room amidship the skipper was at the wheel, and on a small platform above him was the signal boy with his flags.

Suddenly Foster yelled. "A mine, a mine!" he screamed, pointing slightly ahead on the port quarter.

The skipper must have seen it before Foster, for on the instant he signaled for the engines to stop, then for full speed astern, at the same time throwing the wheel over so that the *Lapwing* would go to starboard as far as the sweep wire would permit. While he was doing this he shouted for the bunting boy to signal the *Sea Gull* to go astern.

For a moment we looked at each other with blanched faces, panic stricken, then rushing to the port side we looked ahead. On the top of a swell we could see it, a round red-rusty dome of iron, plunging toward us. The next moment it was almost out of sight in a hollow, a devil's own engine of destruction; the slightest bump against it would blow the *Lapwing* into scattered wreckage.

One glance was enough. We turned and fell over each other in our mad haste to get as far away as possible from that thing. We brought up against the starboard rail, some going as far as to throw their legs over the side, Robbins among them. Next to me, crouching up against the rail, was Tommy, clinging with both hands, his face the picture of death, his teeth chattering, his whole body trembling.

Terror made us dumb. We gazed fearfully over to port, dreading to see the mine come alongside, now hidden from our sight by the high bows. Aided by the drag of the wire sweep, we began to lose way rapidly, but a few moments later we could see the mine going slowly by, not three yards from our side. Now a fresh horror seized us; how deep was it in the water? Would it strike our kite? Spellbound, our eyes riveted on it, we watched it go by, slower and slower as the propeller churned to stop our way before it was too late. Finally, when way was stopped, it was somewhere over the spot where our kite was. Then slowly we began to go astern—but the mine followed. Its mooring wire had got foul of our kite.

Then the skipper shouted, "One of you will have to go overboard and cut that mine adrift!" and at the same time he rang for quarter speed astern.

You have never looked death in the face with some one asking you to go closer to him? No. But one of us was asked to go over the side and under water to tinker with something we knew nothing about, except that it was bottled death, and that the slightest touch in the wrong place would blow us to pieces. We looked at each other. No one spoke. Of course we were in danger of running into a mine any day; we had

grown accustomed to the thought; that danger was invisible, something that might never happen. Even if it did, we had told ourselves, it would be just a sudden death; we would know nothing about it. This was different. This death was waiting for us, a tangible horror, a few feet away.

Again the skipper's voice, tense, exasperated. "Isn't there a man among you? What about you, Robbins? You know more about these things than the others!"

There was a brief silence. Then the man with his body hanging over the side, clung to the rail with both hands, white-faced, teeth chattering, managed to gasp, "Can't we let the kite and sweep wire go?"

"You damn fool," yelled the skipper savagely. "If we let go with a taut wire like that, there is sure to strike the kite, and if I ease up on the wire first it will strike our side; the only way is to cut the mine adrift!"

At that Robbins made a suggestion that most caused a stampede. "Let's lower the boat and leave her!"

The skipper came back with a roar, "We shoot the first man who makes a move to desert ship! Are you all curs?"

THAT stung. We looked anywhere but at the skipper, and our feet shuffled uneasily on the deck. My eyes rested on Sanderson a moment, as brave a man as there was aboard, and even he was white-faced and trembling. From him I looked to Tommy; his very lips were bloodless, his forehead wet. His eyes were fastened on mine, and unthinkingly I kept my gaze riveted on his. We must have stood like that for several seconds, when I became aware that his face was turning red, that he was beginning to tremble. He shifted his gaze to the deck. But only for a moment. Suddenly looking up to the skipper, who was leaning out of the wheelhouse window watching us, he began "I—I—" Then he cringed back, shuddering, head down.

All our eyes were on him now. He was breathing hard and shivering. At last he straightened up slowly and looked steadily across at the mine. Seconds passed. Then he muttered, more to himself than to any one else, "I'll do it!"

He started across the deck in the direction of the chart room, and after a few fumbling steps he threw back his shoulders and walked the rest of the distance firmly as though going about some ordinary business.

A few moments later he came out of the chart room with a pair of wire cutters in his hand. Shoving them into his pocket, he put his foot on the rail and calmly commenced to unlace his shoes.

Fascinated, first one took a step forward, then another, and slowly, very slowly, we edged



If you want the truth, go to a child

JEPSON had a spectacular record as a salesman. They used to call him "Crash-'em-down" Jepson. And the bigger they were, the harder they fell.

Lately, though, Jepson felt himself slipping. He couldn't seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified. Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it.

And even your closest friends won't tell you. Maybe not even your wife.

But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. For Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

By using this really remarkable, safe antiseptic systematically, you know your breath is right and that you are on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid, Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.

nearer to him. But when he prepared to drop over the side, we instinctively drew back, shuddering. As he dropped over we leaned forward so that we might lose nothing of what might be seen, but we moved closer not an inch.

Time passed. I never want to go through a time like that again. Facing sure death a man can brace his nerves to meet it, but this was uncertain—a mental torture that was like physical pain.

After he had been down so long that we began to fear he had become entangled in the wire and drowned, he came to the surface gasping for breath.

We gasped; unconsciously we had held our breath.

A minute, maybe, he rested, with one hand on the mine, then he dived again. Again that long agonizing breathless wait, but when he came to the surface this time, after he had partly regained his breath, he gave us a smile. Not a word, just a smile, but it was the first smile in over two weeks, and there wasn't one of us who didn't breathe more freely at the

sight of the once familiar grin on the white, dripping face.

Again he went down, and probably a minute had passed when we saw the mine bob up a bit above the surface. Then slowly it began to go for'ard; we were going astern and leaving it.

We rushed to the side and grabbed Tommy; laughing, crying, and cursing, we lifted him shoulder high and carried him all around the deck.

A few minutes later the skipper's rifle finished that rusty horror, and we saw the sea ripped open by the explosion that might have done for us.

That night Tommy did not keep away from the mess room, or the fo'c'sle either. After that he was the idol of the crew, who acclaimed his courage as simply as they had condemned his cowardice. Courage? Possibly. But I know that the minutes that Tommy spent under water monkeying with that bottled hell were not so hard as the nights he lay on deck waiting for us to get to sleep so that he could crawl into his bunk without having to face our eyes.

A Daughter of Father Time

[Continued from page 86]

skill of a trained nurse, and the sympathy which long ago won the loyalty of her workers.

This business, which is her pride, was started sixty years ago. Until 1916 it was in the hands of the Wittnauer brothers, Albert and Emil, and for them their sister kept house and acted as hostess, inspiration, and adviser. Following their deaths, the business was left to her. Without specific training in trade, she was thoroughly familiar with all phases of watchmaking, and she knew the problems of marketing from long family conversations. Moreover there were certain standards which she wanted to maintain, and she longed to keep the name alive among watchmakers. So she decided to take her brothers' place.

"IT WAS a great responsibility," Miss Wittnauer's thoughts were with that first hard decision. "You see, the business was worth well over a million dollars. There was the famous Longines factory in Saint Imier for which we were American agents and importers. We were handling the Majestic and the Audemars Piguet, too. There were the Agassiz and Touchon factories which made our own watches. There were our offices in Geneva, Montreal, Chicago, and New York. Looking back, I don't see how I had the courage to step into the presidency."

But at the time she not only concealed any qualms she may have had, but took upon herself one more task. All their watches were coming over in European cases, and there were

various reasons why she felt that the best way to keep in touch with American desires was to make cases in America. So she set aside a single room, and installed an expert. Today that factory has spread over all its original floor, and has filtered through to the floors below. The number of employees has grown from two to a hundred, and they not only make cases, but make the tools for making cases.

It needs only a moment or two in the shop to make one realize that the old spirit of fine craftsmanship which pervades the outer offices has spread through the whole establishment. And the person who has spread it is the engaging woman who is its president. She is like a master worker among the members of her guild. She knows every process and every detail. She is proud of her product, and proud of the men who make it, and she inspires them with a loyalty and an interest in fine workmanship that is too often absent from modern factory work.

ONCE through the door marked "No Admittance," she beckoned to a kindly man who was inspecting work.

"This," she introduced him, "is the man who planned the shop for us, and who is constantly finding better ways of doing things. He has just invented a marvelous new method of extracting the metal from the sweepings of the shop, which is going to be very valuable to us."

The man's eyes smiled, but he shook a

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In this tube is the white balm that magically floods the face with tingling coolness, refreshing odor, real antiseptic effect—making after-shaving a treat. No bottle—no bother.

nearer to him. But when he prepared to drop over the side, we instinctively drew back, shuddering. As he dropped over we leaned forward so that we might lose nothing of what might be seen, but we moved closer not an inch.

Time passed. I never want to go through a time like that again. Facing sure death a man can brace his nerves to meet it, but this was uncertain—a mental torture that was like physical pain.

After he had been down so long that we began to fear he had become entangled in the wire and drowned, he came to the surface gasping for breath.

We gasped; unconsciously we had held our breath.

A minute, maybe, he rested, with one hand on the mine, then he dived again. Again that long agonizing breathless wait, but when he came to the surface this time, after he had partly regained his breath, he gave us a smile. Not a word, just a smile, but it was the first smile in over two weeks, and there wasn't one of us who didn't breathe more freely at the

sight of the once familiar grin on the white, dripping face.

Again he went down, and probably a minute had passed when we saw the mine bob up a bit above the surface. Then slowly it began to go for'ard; we were going astern and leaving it.

We rushed to the side and grabbed Tommy; laughing, crying, and cursing, we lifted him shoulder high and carried him all around the deck.

A few minutes later the skipper's rifle finished that rusty horror, and we saw the sea ripped open by the explosion that might have done for us.

That night Tommy did not keep away from the mess room, or the fo'c'sle either. After that he was the idol of the crew, who acclaimed his courage as simply as they had condemned his cowardice. Courage? Possibly. But I know that the minutes that Tommy spent under water monkeying with that bottled hell were not so hard as the nights he lay on deck waiting for us to get to sleep so that he could crawl into his bunk without having to face our eyes.

A Daughter of Father Time

[Continued from page 86]

skill of a trained nurse, and the sympathy which long ago won the loyalty of her workers.

This business, which is her pride, was started sixty years ago. Until 1916 it was in the hands of the Wittnauer brothers, Albert and Emil, and for them their sister kept house and acted as hostess, inspiration, and adviser. Following their deaths, the business was left to her. Without specific training in trade, she was thoroughly familiar with all phases of watchmaking, and she knew the problems of marketing from long family conversations. Moreover there were certain standards which she wanted to maintain, and she longed to keep the name alive among watchmakers. So she decided to take her brothers' place.

"IT WAS a great responsibility," Miss Wittnauer's thoughts were with that first hard decision. "You see, the business was worth well over a million dollars. There was the famous Longines factory in Saint Imier for which we were American agents and importers. We were handling the Majestic and the Audemars Piguet, too. There were the Agassiz and Touchon factories which made our own watches. There were our offices in Geneva, Montreal, Chicago, and New York. Looking back, I don't see how I had the courage to step into the presidency."

But at the time she not only concealed any qualms she may have had, but took upon herself one more task. All their watches were coming over in European cases, and there were

various reasons why she felt that the best way to keep in touch with American desires was to make cases in America. So she set aside a single room, and installed an expert. Today that factory has spread over all its original floor, and has filtered through to the floors below. The number of employees has grown from two to a hundred, and they not only make cases, but make the tools for making cases.

It needs only a moment or two in the shop to make one realize that the old spirit of fine craftsmanship which pervades the outer offices has spread through the whole establishment. And the person who has spread it is the engaging woman who is its president. She is like a master worker among the members of her guild. She knows every process and every detail. She is proud of her product, and proud of the men who make it, and she inspires them with a loyalty and an interest in fine workmanship that is too often absent from modern factory work.

ONCE through the door marked "No Admittance," she beckoned to a kindly man who was inspecting work.

"This," she introduced him, "is the man who planned the shop for us, and who is constantly finding better ways of doing things. He has just invented a marvelous new method of extracting the metal from the sweepings of the shop, which is going to be very valuable to us."

The man's eyes smiled, but he shook a

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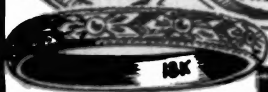
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deprecatory head at her praise. Together they led the way about the factory, exchanging quick phrases, using French or German interchangeably, and stopping to explain a process in careful English. Everywhere faces brightened as Miss Wittnauer moved lightly between work tables and machines. She said something in rapid French to a white-haired workman, and they both laughed.

"He is a Swiss," she explained as she turned away, "and he kept his farm in Switzerland when he came to America. Every summer, when people find it too hot to think about watches, he gets very restless. And then he says he's going to leave, and I tell him all right. So he goes back to his farm and works there for a vacation. When things begin to speed up in the fall, back he comes."

A merry-faced woman with rosy cheeks stirred some mysterious potion on a small stove. "She is 'putting on the rouge,'" Miss Wittnauer explained, "a distinctly feminine occupation. When the cases come from their makers, all scratches must be smoothed away, and then she coats them with this red polish and gives them a final high shine."

She turned and spoke in French to a solitary worker. "Show her what you do."

He was shaping crystals in little molds of soap-stone, heated so that the glass would bend without breaking. "To cut, and polish, when they are very small, that is difficult," he explained carefully, picking up bits of glass that were much smaller than dimes, and curiously indented to fit jeweled shapes. "Sometimes it cuts the hands, too," and he opened his fingers, white with the polishing powder, their nails filed to the quick, and with myriads of tiny scars.

Miss Wittnauer has encouraged the spirit of the ancient guilds among her watchmakers, in whom traditions of accuracy and fidelity are very strong. Swiss, Finns, Italians, Russians, Danes, Norwegians—they sink differences of nationality in the common interest of fine work. To encourage this, the work is so planned that each watchmaker handles a complete job. "No," their able chief shook a decided head. "We would not like it the other way. To do nothing but drill a certain kind of hole in a certain place would be too monotonous. A man would lose interest. They like it better this way, and they are proud of good jobs."

Back in her office again Miss Wittnauer reached for a pile of shallow black trays. "You have seen how we work. Now you shall see what we sell all over the world."

She took out watches of every size and shape, from the fat eight-day type in their leather cases to the flashing beauty of tiny pendants set with diamonds and sapphires, chronometers, chronographs, split-second timers,

pocket watches, masculine and feminine wrist watches for all occasions, repeaters, watches made for airplane instrument boards, bits of lovely jewelry, some of them with stories in their making, others of the same family as watches that have made history.

To a woman with Miss Wittnauer's wide interest, there is endless fascination in the personalities of the people who wear her watches, and the places to which they take them.

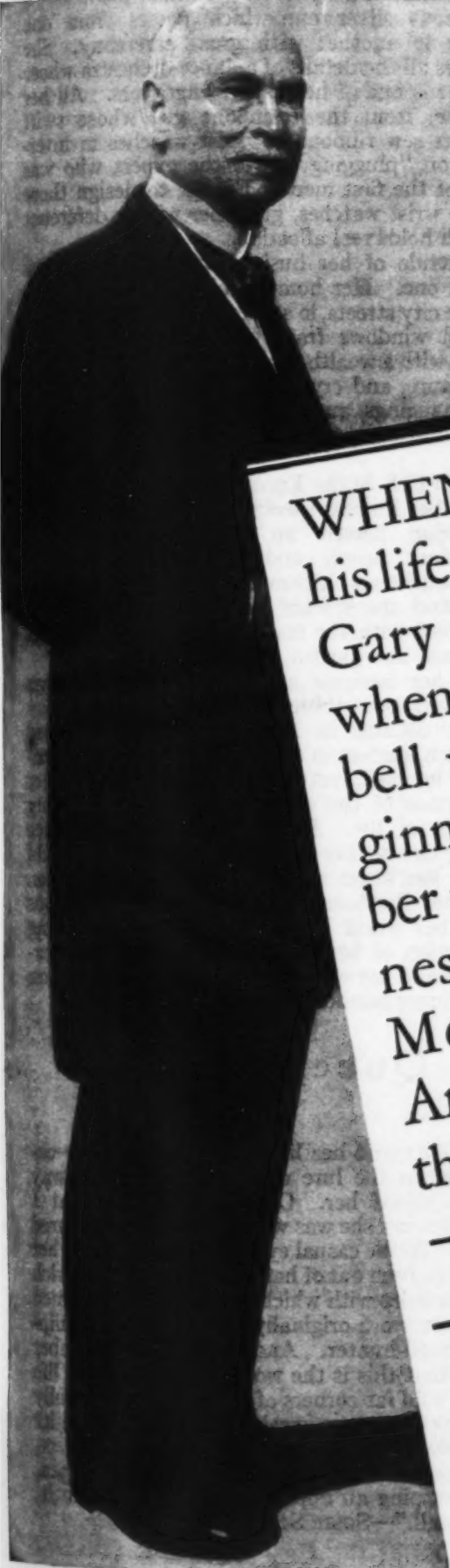
"There was Captain Bernier, who took chronometers like this one when he spent that year in the Arctic. He was a very interesting man. That was several years after the expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi, who took the same type of chronometer on his expedition. Both men were kind enough to send some of them in their books."

"Ever since the war we have been getting stories of people who used our watches in queerest places. An English army captain, for instance, bought his watch in Alexandria, Egypt, and wore it all through the sand storms and the camel journeys of the Palestine campaign. A Russian commander got his in Leningrad when it was still St. Petersburg, and ran the campaigns of the Lettish army by its time. An engineer wrote from Mozambique, East Africa, and another from Lima, Peru, praising a watch he bought in 1884. One army man wrote us that his watch had gone through three airplane crashes, and in one of them the aviator to whom he had loaned it was killed. Yet the watch escaped unharmed. And speaking of aviators, the man who made that first wonderful dawn-to-dusk cross-country flight, Lieutenant Maugham, timed it by one of our instruments."

SHE took from the trays an intricate split-second watch. "This," she said, "is the type that recorded Nurmi's extraordinary time for the Amateur Athletic Association. Their timer, Mr. Chris Dalton, is our friend, and he has told us all sorts of tales about things that have happened in the thirty years he has used our watches."

"Many scientists use them in a different kind of recording. The tests of the Einstein theory which Professor Lacalme made recently at Mont Blanc were calculated with the aid of one of our chronometers. And since the eclipse we have had endless letters from people who used both pocket watches and timers to be sure it arrived on the fraction of a second."

"But all the stories connected with watch-making aren't happy ones. For one of the best jewelers in New York we ordered a repeater like this one, only much thinner." She pressed the tiny curved bar of a green-gold watch, and a magic bell chimed hour, quarter, and minute as an accompaniment to her words. "It was to be only about the thickness of a nickel."



WHEN asked if the story of his life might be written Judge Gary gave his consent only when assured that Ida M. Tarbell would do the work. Beginning with the May number this epic of Steel and Business will appear serially in McClure's Magazine. No American will want to miss the "Life of Elbert H. Gary"—the biggest story in years.

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The man who made the watch could work on it only a few hours each day because its parts were so delicate, and so endlessly complicated. It took him two years, working on it by day till his eyes protested, and dreaming of it by night. He was a conscientious artist, and a martyr to his beloved trade. When the job was finished he went completely to pieces, nervously. His whole life had gone from him into that watch. It is the only one of its kind in the world. We'll never take an order for another."

Of all her watches that have been in strange places and performed important duties, she is proudest of those which serve the United States Government. Chronographs, chronometers, and torpedo-boat watches, they must pass the most stringent of observatory tests under the most exacting conditions. And their acceptance by the government means to her the official sanction of the land of her adoption.

Different branches of her business hold for her different kinds of absorbing interest, but the real heart of the matter lies in what economists describe as "the labor element," and she describes as "my men." She has a genius for picking men, and for inspiring such loyalty and devotion that twenty years in her company's service is no uncommon thing, and the veterans have been there thirty. She knows the personal difficulties and enthusiasms of the people who work for her. The man whose wife is ill, and the woman whose son has been promoted find her equally understanding. No one will ever know how many people she has helped through personal crises, because she will not talk about it.

But she is full of enthusiasm over their sports, their picnics, and their competitions. Baseball matches between the casemakers and the other employees find her an excitedly

impartial rooter, and she has provided a gorgeous silver cup which passes from one team to another with great ceremony. She knows all the details of a dance orchestra whose leader is one of her expert engravers. All her people, from the telephone girl whose swift fingers sew ribbons on wrist watches in intervals on "plugging in" to the expert who was one of the first men in Europe to design those same wrist watches, greet her with a deference which holds real affection.

Outside of her business, her life is a very quiet one. Her home is high above the noise of the city streets, in a spacious apartment whose broad windows frame the busy river. It is filled with a wealth of old French art in pictures, sculpture, and crystal chandeliers, in furniture and hangings, and it speaks of dignity and culture, and a great love of beauty.

IN SPITE of the European accent that clings to her English speech, she is very earnest in declaring herself an American. She likes American people and American ways. She has bought an old American farm in Connecticut, and she spends long summer week-ends occupied with the traditional and endless tasks of house and garden.

In her business and outside of it she has achieved something of the same harmony which obtains in her watches. And indeed a watch, perfect in every detail, each part complete in itself, yet contributing to the higher perfection of the whole, is to her the guiding symbol of life. Friction and lack of balance in life are to her as abhorrent as they would be in her finest watch. It is a nice question whether the harmony governing her relations with her world has grown from the working perfection of her product, or whether the excellence of her watches has been the expression of an inner harmony.

The Sapphire Queen

[Continued from page 146]

sapphire mines of Brazil in South America.

In addition to being an expert on jewels Miss Kaye is a photographer of unusual ability. Her kodak and many rolls of film are her constant traveling companions. Her snap-shots have included every unusual sight from the Great Wall of China and the riverside laundries of Malay to the Grand Cañon.

IF YOU saw Miss Kaye in her home in New York, it would be difficult to realize that her favorite garb is knickers, high boots, a flannel shirt and a knapsack. But during her mining expeditions to Ceylon, or the Philippines, or the Gobi Desert, it would probably be just as difficult to realize that she was born in New

York City and has lived there all her life—except when the lure of adventure in far-away places seized her. On the afternoon that I talked to her she was wearing a smartly tailored frock. To the casual eye she might never in her life have been out of hail of a taxi. But the rich embroideries with which her frock was trimmed had been worn originally as a sash by a Philippine head-hunter. And then you remember again that this is the woman who risks her life in the wild far corners of the earth, successfully running down rare jewels. How does she do it? "Oh, well," she modestly dismisses the subject, "It's only a matter of keeping your eyes open, and grasping an opportunity when you see it. That's all."—SUSIE SEXTON.